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THE DISTURBER OF TRAFFIC.

THE Brothers of the Trinity order that none unconnected with their service shall be found in or on one of their Lights during the hours of darkness. Their employees can be led to think otherwise. If you are fair-spoken and take an interest in their duties, they will permit you to sit with them through the long night and help to scare the ships into mid-channel.

Of all the English south-coast Lights, that of St. Cecilia-under-the-Cliff is the most powerful, for it guards a very foggy coast. When the sea-mist veils all, St. Cecilia turns a hooded head to the sea and sings a song of two words once every minute. From the land that song resembles the bellowing of a brazen bull; but at sea they understand, and the steamers grunt gratefully in answer.

Fenwick, who was on duty one night, lent me a pair of black glass spectacles, without which no man can look at the Light unblinded, and busied himself with last touches to the lenses before twilight fell. The width of the English Channel beneath us lay as smooth and as many-colored as the inside of an oyster shell. A little Sunderland cargo-boat had made her signal to Lloyd's Agency, half a mile up the coast, and was lumbering down to the sunset, her wake lying white behind her. One star came out over the cliffs, the waters turned to lead color, and St. Cecilia's Light shot out across the sea in eight long pencils that wheeled slowly from right to left, melted into one beam of

solid light laid down directly in front of the tower, dissolved again into eight, and passed away. The light-frame of the thousand lenses circled on its rollers, and the compressed-air engine that drove it hummed like a bluebottle under a glass. The hand of the indicator on the wall pulsed from mark to mark. Eight pulse-beats timed one half-revolution of the Light; neither more nor less.

Fenwick checked the first few revolutions carefully; he opened the engine's feed pipe a trifle, looked at the racing governor, and again at the indicator, and said: "She'll do for the next few hours. We've just sent our regular engine to London, and this spare one's not by any manner so accurate."

"And what would happen if the compressed air gave out?" I asked, out of curiosity.

"We'd have to turn the flash by hand, keeping an eye on the indicator. There's a regular crank for that. But it hasn't happened yet. We'll need all our compressed air to-night."

"Why?" said I. I had been watching him for not more than a minute.

"Look," he answered, and I saw that the dead sea-mist had risen out of the lifeless sea and wrapped us while my back had been turned. The pencils of the Light marched staggeringly across tilted floors of white cloud. From the balcony round the light-room the white walls of the lighthouse ran down into swirling, smoking space. The noise of the tide coming in very lazily over

the rocks was choked down to a thick drawl.

"That 's the way our sea-fogs come," said Fenwick, with an air of proprietorship. "Hark, now, to that little fool calling out 'fore he 's hurt."

Something in the mist was bleating like an indignant calf; it might have been half a mile or half a hundred miles away.

"Does he suppose we 've gone to bed?" continued Fenwick. "You 'll hear us talk to him in a minute. He knows puffickly where he is, and he 's carrying on to be told like if he was insured."

"Who is 'he'?"

"That Sunderland boat, o' course. Ah!"

I could hear a steam-engine hiss down below in the mist where the dynamos that fed the Light were clacking together. Then there came a roar that split the fog and shook the lighthouse.

"*Gir-toot!*" blared the foghorn of St. Cecilia. The bleating ceased.

"Little fool!" Fenwick repeated. Then, listening: "Blest if that are n't another of them! Well, well, they always say that a fog do draw the ships of the sea together. They 'll be calling all night, and so 'll the siren. We 're expecting some tea ships up-Channel. . . . If you put my coat on that chair, you 'll feel more so fash, sir."

It is no pleasant thing to thrust your company upon a man for the night. I looked at Fenwick, and Fenwick looked at me; each gauging the other's capacities for boring and being bored. Fenwick was an old, clean-shaven, gray-haired man who had followed the sea for thirty years, and knew nothing of the land except the lighthouse in which he served. He fenced cautiously to find out the little that I knew, and talked down to my level till it came out that I had met a captain in the merchant service who had once commanded a ship in which Fenwick's son had served; and further, that I had seen some places that

Fenwick had touched at. He began with a dissertation on pilotage in the Hugli. I had been privileged to know a Hugli pilot intimately. Fenwick had only seen the imposing and masterful breed from a ship's chains, and his intercourse had been limited to "Quarter less five," and remarks of a strictly business-like nature. Hereupon he ceased to talk down to me, and became so amazingly technical that I was forced to beg him to explain every other sentence. This set him fully at his ease; and then we spoke as men together, each too interested to think of anything except the subject in hand. And that subject was wrecks, and voyages, and old-time trading, and ships cast away in desolate seas, steamers we both had known, their merits and demerits, lading, Lloyd's, and, above all, Lights. The talk always came back to Lights: Lights of the Channel; Lights on forgotten islands, and men forgotten on them; Light-ships — two months' duty and one month's leave — tossing on kinked cables in ever-troubled tideways; and Lights that men had seen where never lighthouse was marked on the charts.

Omitting all those stories, and omitting also the wonderful ways by which he arrived at them, I tell here, from Fenwick's mouth, one that was not the least amazing. It was delivered in pieces between the roller-skate rattle of the revolving lenses, the bellowing of the foghorn below, the answering calls from the sea, and the sharp tap of reckless night-birds that flung themselves at the glasses. It concerned a man called Dowse, once an intimate friend of Fenwick, now a waterman at Portsmouth, believing that the guilt of blood is on his head, and finding no rest either at Portsmouth or Gosport Hard.

. . . "And if anybody was to come to you and say, 'I know the Javva currents,' don't you listen to him; for those currents is never yet known to mortal

man. Sometimes they're here, sometimes they're there, but they never runs less than five knots an hour through and among those islands of the Eastern Archipelagus. There's reverse currents in the Gulf of Boni — and that's up north in Celebes — that no man can explain; and through all those Javva passages from the Bali Narrows, Dutch Gut, and Ombay, which I take it is the safest, they chop and they change, and they banks the tides fust on one shore and then on another, till your ship's tore in two. I've come through the Bali Narrows, stern first, in the heart o' the southeast monsoon, with a sou'-sou'west wind blowing atop of the northerly flood, and our skipper said he would n't do it again, not for all Jamrach's. You've heard o' Jamrach's, sir?"

"Yes; and was Dowse stationed in the Bali Narrows?" I said.

"No, he was not at Bali, but much more east o' them passages, and that's Flores Strait, at the east end o' Flores. It's all on the way south to Australia when you're running through that Eastern Archipelagus. Sometimes you go through Bali Narrows if you're full-powered, and sometimes through Flores Strait, so as to stand south at once, and fetch round Timor, keeping well clear o' the Sahul Bank. Elseways, if you are n't full-powered, why it stands to reason you go round by the Ombay Passage, keeping careful to the north side. You understand that, sir?"

I was not full-powered, and judged it safer to keep to the north side — of Silence.

"And on Flores Strait, in the fairway between Adonare Island and the mainland, they put Dowse in charge of a screw-pile Light called the Wurlee Light. It's less than a mile across the head of Flores Strait. Then it opens out to ten or twelve mile for Solor Strait, and then it narrows again to a three-mile gut, with a topplin' flamin' volcano by it. That's old Loby Toby by Loby

Toby Strait, and if you keep his Light and the Wurlee Light in a line you won't take much harm, not on the darkest night. That's what Dowse told me, and I can well believe him, knowing these seas myself; but you must ever be mindful of the currents. And there they put Dowse, since he was the only man that that Dutch government which owns Flores could find that would go to Wurlee and tend a fixed Light. Mostly they uses Dutch and Italians, Englishmen being said to drink when alone. I never could rightly find out what made Dowse accept of that position, but accept he did, and used to sit watching the tigers come out of the forests to hunt for crabs and such like round about the lighthouse at low tide. The water was always warm in those parts, as I know well, and uncommon sticky, and it ran with the tides as thick and smooth as hogwash in a trough. There was another man along with Dowse in the Light, but he was n't rightly a man. He was a Kling. No, nor yet a Kling he was n't, but his skin was in little flakes and cracks all over, from living so much in the salt water as was his usual custom. His hands was all webby-foot, too. He was called, I remember Dowse saying now, an Orange-Lord, on account of his habits. You've heard of an Orange-Lord, sir?"

"Orang-Laut?" I suggested.

"That's the name," said Fenwick, smacking his knee. "An Orang-Laut, of course, and his name was Challong; what they call a sea-gypsy. Dowse told me that that man, long hair and all, would go swimming up and down the straits just for something to do; running down on one tide and back again with the other, swimming side-stroke, and the tides going tremenjus strong. Elseways he'd be skipping about the beach along with the tigers at low tide, for he was most part a beast; or he'd sit in a little boat praying to old Loby Toby of an evening when the volcano was spitting red at the south end of the

strait. Dowse told me that he was n't a companionable man, like you and me might have been to Dowse.

"Now I can never rightly come at what it was that began to ail Dowse after he had been there a year or something less. He was saving all his pay and tending his Light, and now and again he'd have a fight with Challong and tip him off the Light into the sea. Then, he told me, his head begun to feel streaky from looking at the tides so long. He said there was long streaks of white running inside it; like wall paper that had n't been properly pasted up, he said. The streaks, they would run with the tides, north and south, twice a day, accordin' to them currents, and he'd lie down on the planking — it was a screw-pile Light — with his eye to a crack and watch the water streaking through the piles just so quiet as hogwash. He said the only comfort he got was at slack water. Then the streaks in his head went round and round like a sampan in a tide-rip; but that was heaven, he said, to the other kind of streaks, — the straight ones that looked like arrows on a wind-chart, but much more regular, and that was the trouble of it. No more he could n't ever keep his eyes off the tides that ran up and down so strong, but as soon as ever he looked at the high hills standing all along Flores Strait for rest and comfort his eyes would be pulled down like to the nesty streaky water; and when they once got there he could n't pull them away again till the tide changed. He told me all this himself, speaking just as though he was talking of somebody else."

"Where did you meet him?" I asked.

"In Portsmouth harbor, a-cleaning the brasses of a Ryde boat, but I'd known him off and on through following the sea for many years. Yes, he spoke about himself very curious, and all as if he was in the next room laying there dead. Those streaks, they preyed upon his intellects, he said; and he

made up his mind, every time that the Dutch gunboat that attends to the Lights in those parts come along, that he'd ask to be took off. But as soon as she did come something went click in his throat, and he was so took up with watching her masts, because they ran longways, in the contrary direction to his streaks, that he could never say a word until she was gone away and her masts was under sea again. Then, he said, he'd cry by the hour; and Challong swum round and round the Light, laughin' at him and splashin' water with his webby-foot hands. At last he took it into his pore sick head that the ships, and particularly the steamers that came by, — there was n't many of them, — made the streaks, instead of the tides as was natural. He used to sit, he told me, cursing every boat that come along, — sometimes a junk, sometimes a Dutch brig, and now and again a steamer rounding Flores Head and poking about in the mouth of the strait. Or there'd come a boat from Australia running north past old Loby Toby hunting for a fair current, but never throwing out any papers that Challong might pick up for Dowse to read. Generally speaking, the steamers kept more westerly, but now and again they came looking for Timor and the west coast of Australia. Dowse used to shout to them to go round by the Ombay Passage, and not to come streaking past him, making the water all streaky, but it was n't likely they'd hear. He says to himself after a month, 'I'll give them one more chance,' he says. 'If the next boat don't attend to my just representations,' — he says he remembers using those very words to Challong, — 'I'll stop the fairway.'

"The next boat was a Two-streak cargo-boat very anxious to make her northing. She waddled through under old Loby Toby at the south end of the strait, and she passed within a quarter of a mile of the Wurlee Light at the north end, in seventeen fathom o' water, the tide

against her. Dowse took the trouble to come out with Challong in a little prow that they had, — all bamboos and leakage, — and he lay in the fairway waving a palm-branch, and, so he told me, wondering why and what for he was making this fool of himself. Up come the Two-streak boat, and Dowse shouts: 'Don't you come this way again, making my head all streaky! Go round by Ombay, and leave me alone.' Some one looks over the port bulwarks and shies a banana at Dowse, and that's all. Dowse sits down in the bottom of the boat and cries fit to break his heart. Then he says, 'Challong, what am I a-crying for?' and they fetch up by the Wurlee Light on the half flood.

"'Challong,' he says, 'there's too much traffic here, and that's why the water's so streaky as it is. It's the junks and the brigs and the steamers that do it,' he says; and all the time he was speaking he was thinking, 'Lord, Lord, what a crazy fool I am!' Challong said nothing, because he could n't speak a word of English except say 'dam,' and he said that where you or me would say 'yes.' Dowse lay down on the planking of the Light with his eye to the crack, and he saw the muddy water streaking below, and he never said a word till slack water, because the streaks kept him tongue-tied at such times. At slack water he says, 'Challong, we must buoy this fairway for wrecks,' and he holds up his hands several times, showing that dozens of wrecks had come about in the fairway; and Challong says, 'Dam.'

"That very afternoon he and Challong goes to Wurlee, the village in the woods that the Light was named after, and buys canes, — stacks and stacks of canes, and coir rope thick and fine, all sorts, — and they sets to work making square floats by lashing of the canes together. Dowse said he took longer over those floats than might have been needed, because he rejoiced in the corners, they being square, and the streaks in his

head all running longways. He lashed the canes together, criss-cross and thwartways, — any way but longways, — and they made up twelve-foot-square floats, like rafts. Then he stepped a twelve-foot bamboo or a bundle of canes in the centre, and to the head of that he lashed a big six-foot W letter, all made of canes, and painted the float dark green and the W white, as a wreck-buoy should be painted. Between them two they makes a round dozen of these new kind of wreck-buoys, and it was a two months' job. There was no big traffic, owing to it being on the turn of the monsoon, but what there was Dowse cursed at, and the streaks in his head, they ran with the tides, as usual.

"Day after day, so soon as a buoy was ready, Challong would take it out, with a big rock that half sunk the prow and a bamboo grapnel, and drop it dead in the fairway. He did this day or night, and Dowse could see him of a clear night, when the sea brimed, climbing about the buoys with the sea-fire dripping off him. They was all put into place, twelve of them, in seventeen-fathom water; not in a straight line, on account of a well-known shoal there, but slantways, and two, one behind the other, mostly in the centre of the fairway. You must keep the centre of those Javva currents, for currents at the side is different, and in narrow water, before you can turn a spoke, you get your nose took round and rubbed upon the rocks and the woods. Dowse knew that just as well as any skipper. Likeways he knew that no skipper dare n't run through uncharted wrecks in a six-knot current. He told me he used to lie outside the Light watching his buoys ducking and dipping so friendly with the tide; and the motion was comforting to him on account of its being different from the run of the streaks in his head.

"Three weeks after he'd done his business up comes a steamer through Loby Toby Straits, thinking she'd run into Flores Sea before night. He saw her

slow down; then she backed. Then one man and another come up on the bridge, and he could see there was a regular powwow, and the flood was driving her right on to Dowse's wreck-buoys. After that she spun round and went back south, and Dowse nearly killed himself with laughing. But a few weeks after that a couple of junks came shouldering through from the north, arm in arm, like junks go. It takes a good deal to make a Chinaman understand danger. They junks set well in the current, and went down the fairway, right among the buoys, ten knots an hour, blowing horns and banging tin pots all the time. That made Dowse very angry; he having taken so much trouble to stop the fairway. No boats run Flores Straits by night, but it seemed to Dowse that if junks'd do that in the day, the Lord knew but what a steamer might trip over his buoys at night; and he sent Chal-long to run a coir rope between three of the buoys in the middle of the fairway, and he fixed naked lights of coir steeped in oil to that rope. The tides was the only things that moved in those seas, for the airs was dead still till they began to blow, and *then* they would blow your hair off. Chal-long tended those lights every night after the junks had been so impident, — four lights in about a quarter of a mile, hung up in iron skillets on the rope; and when they was alight, — and coir burns well, most like a lamp wick, — the fairway seemed more madder than anything else in the world. Fust there was the Wurlee Light, then these four queer lights, that could n't be riding-lights, almost flush with the water, and behind them twenty mile off, but the biggest light of all, there was the red top of old Loby Toby volcano. Dowse told me that he used to go out in the prow and look at his handiwork, and it made him scared, being like no lights that ever was fixed.

"By and by some more steamers came along, snorting and sniffing at the buoys,

but never going through, and Dowse says to himself: 'Thank goodness, I've taught them not to come streaking through my water. Ombay Passage is good enough for them and the like of them.' But he did n't remember how quick that sort of news spreads among the shipping. Every steamer that fetched up by those buoys told another steamer and all the port officers concerned in those seas that there was something wrong with Flores Straits that had n't been charted yet. It was block-buoyed for weeks in the fairway, they said, and no sort of passage to use. Well, the Dutch, of course they did n't know anything about it. They thought our Admiralty Survey had been there, and they thought it very queer but neighborly. You understand us English are always looking up marks and lighting sea-ways all the world over, never asking with your leave or by your leave, seeing that the sea concerns us more than any one else. So the news went to and back from Flores to Bali, and Bali to Probolingo, where the railway is that runs to Batavia. All through the Javva seas everybody got the word to keep clear o' Flores Straits, and Dowse, he was left alone except for such steamers and small craft as did n't know. They'd come up and look at the straits like a bull over a gate, but those nodding wreck-buoys scared them away. By and by the Admiralty Survey ship — the *Britomarte* I think she was — lay in Macassar Roads off Fort Rotterdam, alongside of the *Ambolina*, a dirty little Dutch gunboat that used to clean there; and the Dutch captain says to our captain, 'What's wrong with Flores Straits?' he says.

"'Blowed if I know,' says our captain, who'd just come up from the *Angelica Shoal*.

"'Then why did you go and buoy it?' says the Dutchman.

"'Blowed if I have,' says our captain. 'That's your lookout.'

"'Buoyed it is,' says the Dutch cap-

tain, 'according to what they tell me ; and a whole fleet of wreck-buoys, too.'

" 'Gummy!' says our captain. 'It's a dorg's life at sea, any way. I must have a look at this. You come along after me as soon as you can;' and down he skimmed that very night, round the heel of Celebes, three days' steam to Flores Head, and he met a Two-streak liner, very angry, backing out of the head of the strait; and the merchant captain gave our Survey ship something of his mind for leaving wrecks uncharted in those narrow waters and wasting his company's coal.

" 'It's no fault o' mine,' says our captain.

" 'I don't care whose fault it is,' says the merchant captain, who had come aboard to speak to him just at dusk. 'The fairway's choked with wreck enough to knock a hole through a dock-gate. I saw their big ugly masts sticking up just under my forefoot. Lord ha' mercy on us!' he says, spinning round. 'The place is like Regent Street of a hot summer night.'

" And so it was. They two looked at Flores Straits, and they saw lights one after the other stringing across the fairway. Dowse, he had seen the steamers hanging there before dark, and he said to Challong: 'We'll give 'em something to remember. Get all the skillets and iron pots you can and hang them up alongside o' the regular four lights. We must teach 'em to go round by the Ombay Passage, or they'll be streaking up our water again!' Challong took a header off the lighthouse, got aboard the little leaking prow, with his coir soaked in oil and all the skillets he could muster, and he began to show his lights, four regulation ones and half a dozen new lights hung on that rope which was a little above the water. Then he went to all the spare buoys with all his spare coir, and hung a skillet-flare on every pole that he could get at, — about seven poles. So you see, taking one with

another, there was the Wurlee Light, four lights on the rope between the three centre fairway wreck-buoys that was hung out as a usual custom, six or eight extr'y ones that Challong had hung up on the same rope, and seven dancing flares that belonged to seven wreck-buoys, — eighteen or twenty lights in all crowded into a mile of seventeen-fathom water, where no tide 'd ever let a wreck rest for three weeks, let alone ten or twelve wrecks, as the flares showed.

"The Admiralty captain, he saw the lights come out one after another, same as the merchant skipper did who was standing at his side, and he said: —

" 'There's been an international catastrophe here or elseways,' and then he whistled. 'I'm going to stand on and off all night till the Dutchman comes,' he says.

" 'I'm off,' says the merchant skipper. 'My owners don't wish for me to watch illuminations. That strait's choked with wreck, and I should n't wonder if a typhoon had n't driven half the junks o' China there.' With that he went away; but the Survey ship, she stayed all night at the head o' Flores Strait, and the men admired the lights till the lights was burning out, and then they admired more than ever.

"A little bit before morning the Dutch gunboat come flustering up, and the two ships stood together watching the lights burn out and out, till there was nothing left 'cept Flores Straits, all green and wet, and a dozen wreck-buoys, and Wurlee Light.

"Dowse had slept very quiet that night, and got rid of his streaks by means of thinking of the angry steamers outside. Challong was busy, and did n't come back to his bunk till late. In the very early morning Dowse looked out to sea, being, as he said, in torment, and saw all the navies of the world riding outside Flores Straits fairway in a half-moon, seven miles from wing to wing, most wonderful to behold. Those were the

words he used to me time and again in telling the tale.

"Then, he says, he heard a gun fired with a most tremenjous explosion, and all them great navies crumbled to little pieces of clouds, and there was only two ships remaining, and a man-o'-war's boat rowing to the Light, with the oars going sideways instead o' longways as the morning tides, ebb or flow, would continually run.

"What the devil's wrong with this strait?' says a man in the boat as soon as they was in hailing distance. 'Has the whole English Navy sunk here, or what?'

"There's nothing wrong,' says Dowse, sitting on the platform outside the Light, and keeping one eye very watchful on the streakiness of the tide, which he always hated, 'specially in the morning. 'You leave me alone and I'll leave you alone. Go round by the Ombay Passage, and don't cut up my water. You're making it streaky.' All the time he was saying that he kept on thinking to himself, 'Now that's foolishness, — now that's nothing but foolishness;' and all the time he was holding tight to the edge of the platform in case the streakiness of the tide should carry him away.

"Somebody answers from the boat, very soft and quiet, 'We're going round by Ombay in a minute, if you'll just come and speak to our captain and give him his bearings.'

"Dowse, he felt very highly flattered, and he slipped into the boat, not paying any attention to Challong. But Challong swum along to the ship after the boat. When Dowse was in the boat, he found, so he says, he could n't speak to the sailors 'cept to call them 'white mice with chains about their neck,' and Lord knows he had n't seen or thought o' white mice since he was a little bit of a boy. So he kept himself quiet, and so they come to the Survey ship; and the man in the boat hails the quarter-deck with something that Dowse could

not rightly understand, but there was one word he spelt out again and again, — m-a-d, mad, — and he heard some one behind him saying it backwards. So he had two words, — m-a-d, mad, d-a-m, dam; and he put those two words together as he come on the quarter-deck, and he says to the captain very slowly, 'I be damned if I am mad,' but all the time his eye was held like by the coils of rope on the belaying pins, and he followed those ropes up and up with his eye till he was quite lost and comfortable among the rigging, which ran criss-cross, and slopeways, and up and down, and any way but straight along under his feet north and south. The deck-seams, they ran *that* way, and Dowse dares n't look at them. They was the same as the streaks of the water under the planking of the lighthouse.

"Then he heard the captain talking to him very kindly, and for the life of him he could n't tell why; and what he wanted to tell the captain was that Flores Strait was too streaky, like bacon, and the steamers only made it worse; but all he could do was to keep his eye very careful on the rigging and sing: —

'I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And oh, it was all lading
With pretty things for me!'

Then he remembered that was foolishness, and he started off to say about the Ombay Passage, but all he said was: 'The captain was a duck, — meaning no offense to you, sir, — but there was something on his back that I've forgotten.

'And when the ship began to move
The captain says, "Quack-quack."'

"He noticed the captain turn very red and angry, and he says to himself, 'My foolish tongue's run away with me again. I'll go forward;' and he went forward, and caught the reflection of himself in the binnacle brasses; and he saw that he was standing there and talking mother-naked in front of all them sailors, and he ran into the fo'c's'le howling most

grievous. He must ha' gone naked for weeks on the Light, and Challong o' course never noticed it. Challong was swimmin' round and round the ship, sayin' 'dam' for to please the men and to be took aboard, because he did n't know any better.

"Dowse did n't tell what happened after this, but seemingly our Survey ship lowered two boats and went over to Dowse's buoys. They took one sounding, and then finding it was all correct they cut the buoys that Dowse and Challong had made, and let the tide carry 'em out through the Loby Toby end of the strait; and the Dutch gunboat, she sent two men ashore to take care o' the Wurlee Light, and the Britomarte, she went away with Dowse, leaving Challong to try to follow them, a-calling 'dam — dam' all among the wake of the screw, and half heaving himself out of water and joining his webby-foot hands together. He dropped astern in five minutes, and I suppose he went back to the Wurlee Light. You can't drown an Orange-Lord, not even in Flores Strait on flood-tide.

"Dowse come across me when he came to England with the Survey ship, after being more than six months in her, and cured of his streaks by working hard and not looking over the side more than he could help. He told me what I've told you, sir, and he was very much ashamed of himself; but the trouble on his mind was to know whether he had n't sent something or other to the bottom with his buoyings and his lightings and such like. He put it to me many times, and each time more and more sure he was that something had happened in the straits because of him. I think that distructed him, because I found him up at Fratton one day, in a red jersey, a-praying before the Salvation Army, which had produced him in their papers

as a Reformed Pirate. They knew from his mouth that he had committed evil on the deep waters, — that was what he told them, — and piracy, which no one does now except Chinesees, was all they knew of. I says to him: 'Dowse, don't be a fool. Take off that jersey and come along with me.' He says: 'Fenwick, I'm a-saving of my soul; for I do believe that I have killed more men in Flores Strait than Trafalgar.' I says: 'A man that thought he'd seen all the navies of the earth standing round in a ring to watch his foolish false wreck-buoys' (those was the very words I used) 'ain't fit to have a soul, and if he did he could n't kill a flea with it. John Dowse, you was mad then, but you are a damn sight madder now. Take off that there jersey.'

"He took it off and come along with me, but he never got rid o' that suspicion that he'd sunk some ships a-cause of his foolishnesses at Flores Straits; and now he's a wherryman from Portsmouth to Gosport, where the tides run cross-ways and you can't row straight for ten strokes together. . . . So late as all this! Look!"

Fenwick left his chair, passed to the Light, touched something that clicked, and the glare ceased with a suddenness that was pain. Day had come, and the Channel needed St. Cecilia no longer. The sea-fog rolled back from the cliffs in trailed wreaths and dragged patches, as the sun rose and made the dead sea alive and splendid. The stillness of the morning held us both silent as we stepped on the balcony. A lark went up from the cliffs behind St. Cecilia, and we smelt a smell of cows in the light-house pastures below.

So you see we were both at liberty to thank the Lord for another day of clean and wholesome life.

Rudyard Kipling.

RABIAH'S DEFENSE.¹

Go not away from us; stay, O Rabiah, son of Mukàd!
 Soft may the clouds of dawn spread dew on thy grassy grave,
 Rabiah, the long-locked boy, who guardedst thy women, dead.

Fast rode the fleeing band, straight for the pass al-Khadìd,
 Mother and daughters, wives, and Rabiah the only man,
 Fleeing for honor and life through lands of a vengeful tribe.
 Sudden a moving cloud came swift o'er the hill behind.
 Dark rode the men of Sulaim, and Death rode dark in their midst.
 "Save us!" the mother cried. "O boy, thou must fight alone!"
 "Hasten, ride!" he said, calm. "I only draw rein till a wind
 Blowing this dust away gives place to look for the foe."
 His sisters moaned, "He deserts!" "Have you known it?" Rabiah cried.
 The women rode and rode. When the dust cleared, his arrows sprang
 Straight at the following foe: the pride of their host went down.
 Swift turned Rabiah his mare, and o'ertook his retreating kin;
 Halting to face again as the men of Sulaim closed round.
 Once more his mother called: "Charge thou again, O son!
 Keep off their hands from us all, meet them with shaft on shaft."
 Still he kept turning and aimed, till every arrow was gone;
 Still rode the women on; by sunset the pass was near.
 Still the black horses came, and Rabiah drew his sword,
 Checked for the last time there, and face to face with a clan.

Then rode Nubaishah up, son of the old Habib,
 Thrust young Rabiah through, and cried aloud, "He is slain!
 Look at the blood on my lance!" Said Rabiah only, "A lie!"
 Turned and galloped once more, and faced when he reached al-Khadìd.
 There had the women paused, to enter the pass one by one.
 "Mother," he cried, "give me drink!" She answered, "Drink, thou art
 dead,

Leaving thy women slaves. First save thou thy women, then die!"
 "Bind up my wound," he said; she bound with her veil. He sang,
 "I was a hawk that drove the tumult of frightened birds,
 Diving deep with my blows, before and again behind."
 Then she said, "Smite again!" and he, where the pass turns in,
 Sat upright on his steed, barring the road once more.
 Then drew the death-chill on; he leaned his head on his spear,
 Dim in the twilight there, with the shadows darkening down.
 Never a dog of Sulaim came up, but they watched and watched.
 The mare moved never a hoof; the rider was still as she;
 Till sudden Nubaishah shrieked, "His head droops down on his neck!
 He is dead, I tell you, dead! Shoot one true shaft at his mare!"

¹ The tradition may be found in Lyall's *Ancient Arabian Poetry*, page 56. The measure is an imitation of the Arabic Tawil.

The mare started, she sprang; and Rabiah fell, stone cold.
— Far and away through the pass the women were safe in their homes.

Then up rode a man of Sulaim, struck Rabiah hard with his spear,
Saying, "Thou Pride of God, thou alone of mortals wast brave.
Never a man of our tribe but would for his women die;
Never before lived one who guarded them yet, though dead!"

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

SPEECH AS A BARRIER BETWEEN MAN AND BEAST.

MAX MÜLLER, after admitting "the extraordinary accounts of the intellect, the understanding, the caution, the judgment, the sagacity, acuteness, cleverness, genius, or even social virtues of animals," intrenches himself behind the "one palpable fact, namely, that, whatever animals do or do not do, *no animal has ever spoken.*" This assertion is not strictly true. Parrots and ravens utter articulate sounds as distinctly as the average cockney, and in most cases make quite as intelligent and edifying use of them for the expression of ideas.

That no animal has ever made a natural and habitual use of articulate speech for the communication of its thoughts and feelings is a truism which it would seem superfluous to emphasize or italicize. Equally irrelevant to the point at issue is the statement that "in every book on logic language is quoted as the specific difference between man and other beings." It is not by the definitions of logicians that questions of this kind are to be decided. The Greeks called beasts speechless creatures (*τὰ ἄλογα*) just as they called foreigners tongueless (*ἄγλωττοι*), meaning thereby persons whose language was unintelligible to them; and the epithet was no more appropriate in the former case than in the latter. It was for the same reason that the Roman poet Ovid, when banished to the Pontus, characterized himself as a barbarian, because his lan-

guage was not understood by the inhabitants of that country, — *barbarus hic ego sum, quia non intelligor ulli.* But such expressions must not be taken too literally.

Hobbes makes speaking the test of rationality, — *homo animal rationale, quia orationale*, — and assumes both powers to be the exclusive property of man; but his pithy statement is a quibble in fact as well as in form, and much better as a pun than as a psychological proposition. "Language is our Rubicon," says Max Müller, "and no brute will dare to cross it." Why not? Because, if he does, our definitions will transform him from a brute into a man. "In a series of forms graduating from some apelike creature to man," Max Müller maintains that the point where the animal ceases and the man begins can be determined with absolute precision, since "it would be coincident with the beginning of the radical period of language, with the first formation of a general idea embodied in the only form in which we find it embodied, namely, in the roots of our language."

In reply to the statement that "both man and monkey are born without language," Müller asks "why a man always learns to speak, a monkey never." This query, if it is to be regarded as anything more than a bit of banter, implies a gross misconception of the theory of evolution, as though it involved the

development of an individual monkey into an individual man. One might as well deny the descent of the dog from the wolf because a dog always learns to bark, a wolf never. In the course of ages, and as the result of long processes of evolution and transformation, monkeys have learned to speak, but when they have acquired this faculty we call them men.

Max Müller stops at roots or "phonetic cells" as "ultimate facts in the analysis of language," and virtually says to the philologist, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther, and here shall thy researches be stayed." "The scholar," he declares, "begins and ends with these phonetic types; or, if he ignores them, and traces words back to the cries of animals or to the interjections of men, he does so at his peril. The philosopher goes beyond, and he discovers in the line which separates rational from emotional language, conceptual from intuitional knowledge, — in the roots of language he discovers the true barrier between Man and Beast."

The philologist, who recognizes in the roots of language the Ultima Thule beyond which he dare not push his investigations, confesses thereby his incompetency to solve the problem of the origin of language, and must resign this field of inquiry to the zoöpsychologist, who, freeing himself from the trammels and illusions of metaphysics, seeks to find a firm basis for his science in the strict and systematic study of facts. Imagine the folly of the physiologist who should say to his fellow-scientists: "In your researches you must begin and end with cells. If, in studying organic structures, you go back of cells and endeavor to discover the laws underlying their origin, you do so at your peril. Beware of the dangerous seductions of cytoblast and cytogenesis and treacherous quagmires of protoplasm."

Nevertheless, this attitude of mind is natural enough to the philologist, who

is so absorbed in the laws which govern the transmutations of words that he comes to regard these metamorphoses as finalities, and never goes behind and beyond them. We must look, therefore, not to comparative philology, but to comparative psychology, for the discovery of the origin of language. Philology has to do with the growth and development of speech out of roots, which are assumed to be ultimate and unanalyzable elements, like the purely hypothetical particles which the physicist calls atoms; but as to the nature and genesis of roots themselves the philologist of to-day is as puzzled and perplexed as was the old Vedic poet when, in the presence of the universe and its mysterious generation, he could only utter the pathetic and helpless cry, "Who indeed knows, who can declare, whence it sprang, whence this evolution?"

Doubtless the emotional stage precedes the intellectual or rational stage in the growth of language, but the former mode of expression does not cease when the latter begins, nor is it possible to draw a fixed and fast line of demarcation between them. *Pâ* and *mâ* are the roots of *pâtri* and *mâtri*, and mean in Sanskrit to protect and to form, indicating the function of the father as the defender, and of the mother as the moulder, of children. But how did they come to have these significations? Surely the infant who first used these expressions — and they are universally recognized as belonging to the vocabulary of babes — did not associate with them the ideas which philologists now discover, and which grammarians and etymologists at a very early period put into them. How arbitrary these inferences are is evident from the variety of interpretations of which such words are susceptible. Thus *mâ* means also to measure; hence the moon, as the measurer of time, was called *mâtri*; and from this point of view the term for mother was explained as referring to her

office as the head of the household, who kept the keys of closet and pantry, and meted out to the servants and other members of the family the things necessary for them. It is furthermore a suspicious circumstance touching the habits of the Indo-Aryan's progenitors that *pâ* means to drink, and *pâtṛi* signifies a drinker; and for aught we know the verbal coincidence may not be accidental. As regards *mā*, it means also bleating as a goat, and occurs in this sense in the Rig-Veda; and it is probable that in this onomatopoeic expression we come nearer to the real origin of the word for mother.

There is a vast deal of vague speculation and untenable assertion concerning the origin and formation of roots in language. In Sanskrit, for example, there are three radical words *gar*, meaning respectively to swallow, to make a noise, and to wake. It is conceivable, says Max Müller, that the first two of these roots may have been originally one and the same, and that *gar*, from meaning to swallow, may have come to mean the indistinct and disagreeable noise which often attends deglutition, and which in speaking is called swallowing letters or words. Yet the third root, he adds, can hardly be traced back to the same source, but has the right to be treated as a legitimate and independent companion of the other roots. From this example he deduces the general principle that if roots have the same form, but a different meaning, they are to be regarded as originally different, notwithstanding their outward resemblance. He then passes from etymology to embryology, and reasons from analogy that "if two germs, though apparently alike, grow, under all circumstances, the one always into an ape and never beyond, the other always into a man and never below, then the two germs, though indistinguishable at first, and though following for a time the same line of embryonic development, are different from the begin-

ning, whatever their beginning may have been."

In this statement he begs the whole question at issue; and the philological illustration which he brings to bear upon an anthropological theory for the purpose of refuting it is itself exceedingly questionable, since nothing is easier or would be more natural than to derive *gar*, to wake, from *gar*, to make a noise; so that all three roots not only may have had, but probably did have, a common origin. In no case can it be positively affirmed that roots of the same form are not of the same origin, however widely they may differ from one another in signification.

One of Darwin's grandchildren, as Mr. Romanes states, called a duck "quack," and by a special and easily intelligible association called water also "quack." The same term was afterwards extended to all fowls and winged creatures and to all fluids. A French sou and an American dollar were called "quack" on account of the eagle stamped upon them, and the same name was then given to all coins. Thus "quack" came to mean bird, fly, angel, wine, pond, river, shilling, medal, etc., and it is easy to trace every step of the process by which it acquired these various significations.

According to Max Müller's reasoning, "quack" in the sense of duck or bird must have a radically different origin from "quack" in the sense of pond or shilling. But how do we know that all roots having the same form, but different meanings, may not have originated in this manner? Because we can no longer trace a word through all phases of its development and metamorphosis is no proof that the development and metamorphosis never took place. The evolution of the word "quack" in the vocabulary of the aforesaid child shows furthermore that a purely onomatopoeic root is not always sterile, but may be prodigiously and puzzlingly prolific, germinating in the mind of the primitive

man, and springing up and bearing fruit fifty or a hundred fold.

When we speak of a train of cars as "telescoped," this use of the word has nothing in common with its primary and etymological meaning, and can be understood only by a knowledge of the construction of a telescope out of concentric tubes sliding into each other. Again, the telescopic chimney of a war vessel is not a point of far-seeing observation, as the composition of the qualifying word would imply, but a chimney that may be shoved together endwise, and thus put out of reach of the enemy's shot.

Dr. Hun records in *The Monthly Journal of Psychological Medicine* (1868) the case of a girl who invented a language of her own, and taught it to her younger brother. *Papa* and *mamma* used separately meant father and mother; but when linked together in the compound *papa-mamma* they meant church, prayer-book, praying and other acts of religious worship, because the child saw her parents going to church together. *Gar odo* meant "Send for the horse," and also paper and pencil, because the order for the horse was often written. *Bau* signified soldier and bishop, because both seemed to be more gorgeously dressed than other persons. Here the clothes made the man, and furnished the sole basis of his classification. It needed only the simplest and most superficial point of association in order to attach the most diverse significations to the same word.

To the objection that these examples are mere childish whimsies, and that languages never originate and grow up in this manner, it may be replied that such an assertion assumes the very point to be proved. Mr. Horatio Hale maintains that the aboriginal tongues of South America and South Africa were produced in precisely this way. He thinks, too, that the numerous tribal dialects west of the Rocky Mountains had their origin

in the isolation of orphaned children, and that such a result is possible, and indeed inevitable, wherever the climate and other external conditions are favorable to the survival of small children bereft of their parents and separated from their kinsmen.

Again, Max Müller observes, in explanation of the manner in which roots were formed, that, "after a long struggle, the uncertain phonetic imitations of special impressions became the definite phonetic representations of general concepts." Thus "there must have been many imitations of the falling of stones, trees, leaves, rivers, rain, and hail, but in the end they were all combined in the simple root *pat*, expressive of quick movement, whether in falling, flying, or running. By giving up all that could remind the hearer of any special sound of rushing objects, the root *pat* became fitted as a sign of the general concept of quick movement." There was a great number of "imitative sounds of falling, out of which *pat* was selected, or out of which *pat*, by a higher degree of fitness, struggled into life and fixity." So, too, the prolific root *mar*, to grind or to break, "must be looked upon as tuned down from innumerable imitations of the sounds of breaking, crushing, crunching, crashing, smashing, mashing, cracking, creaking, rattling and clattering, mauling and marring, till at last, after removing all that seemed too special, there remained the smooth and manageable Aryan root of *mar*."

Now, pray, when did this remarkable evolution, which implies the close and continuous exercise of rare powers of comparison and abstraction and the perfect maturity of the intellectual faculties, take place? "Language," we are informed, "presupposes the formation of concepts," and "all such concepts are embodied in roots." The formation of these concepts, then, must have preceded, logically and chronologically, the formation of the roots in which they are

embodied, and must therefore have been effected without the aid of language, which was subsequently evolved or elaborated out of these roots. What becomes, then, of the assertion that it is impossible to think or to generalize without language, since language itself originated in a long and laborious process of thought and generalization?

The manner in which the word "quack," in the case already cited, gradually acquired its widely different meanings is perfectly intelligible. Suppose, now, that the child, after having grown to manhood, retained, as the result of isolation, the use of the word "quack" in its diverse significations, and taught and transmitted it to his posterity, so that it became incorporated in the language of his race. In a few generations, especially among a rude people, the origin of the word would be forgotten, and it would be difficult to imagine how it came to acquire such a variety of meanings, and to stand for so many objects having apparently no connection with one another. In due time the philologist would come with his *apparatus criticus*, subject the word to a strictly scientific analysis, apply all the approved tests, and, after great expenditure of etymological erudition and conjectural ingenuity, would discover half a dozen wholly independent roots of "quack" which could not be traced to one and the same source.

No one knows how often, in the formative period of language, it may have happened that the growth of a word and the multiplication of its meanings may have been obscured and rendered incomprehensible because the intermediate stages of its development were forgotten, and the connecting links that made the transition easy and natural were lost. In the instance just cited we have also an example of a fruitful onomatopoeic root. Indeed, in our own tongue, "quack," the mere imitation of an animal cry, has given rise to a va-

riety of words and conceptions, such as quack, quacksalver, quackery, which are as remote in their relations to the web-footed fowl as is the man who "plays at ducks and drakes" with his money, and ends his career as a "lame duck."

Nothing could be more abrupt or incredible, to take an illustration from nature, than the metamorphoses of the Lepidoptera, the same individual undergoing the most marvelous changes from caterpillar into chrysalis, and again into butterfly. Here the transformations are so great that, if we saw merely the result, we should never suspect the nature of the process. Creatures that for a long time were supposed to be entirely distinct, and were classified as belonging not only to different genera, but even to different orders of animals, are now known to be the same individual in different phases or stages of its development. Thus, as we are told by an eminent authority on crustacea, "the Zoëa, the Megalops, and the Carcinus Mœnas, or shore crab, are but the baby, the child, and the adult forms of a single individual."

What is here shown to be true of living organisms is still more probable of roots of speech; and the naturalist might, with at least equal cogency and validity, argue analogically from the identity of these so exceedingly diverse crustacea, or from the common origin of man and ape, that roots like *dâ* and *gar*, however much they may differ in meaning, are really traceable to one and the same source.

"Show me only one root in the language of animals," says Max Müller, "such as *ak*, to be sharp and quick, and from it two derivatives, as *âśva*, the quick one, — the horse, — and *acutus*, sharp or quick witted; nay, show me one animal that has the power of forming roots, that can put one and two together, and realize the simplest dual concept; show me one animal that can think and say 'two,' and I should say

that, so far as language is concerned, we cannot oppose Mr. Darwin's argument, and that man has, or at least may have been, developed from some lower animal."

Nothing could be more absurd than this sort of philological ultimatum, since, according to the theory of evolution, the language of animals has not yet reached the root stage and never can reach it; for it would then become articulate speech, and be no longer the language of animals, but the language of man. But this is surely no evidence or indication that one may not grow out of the other; on the contrary, it rather suggests the possibility of such growth and development.

We cannot be certain, however, that animals may not have general concepts. When a dog, in eager pursuit of some object, yelps *ak-ak*, how do we know that this sharp utterance, which expresses the strong and impatient desire of the dog to overtake the object, may not stand in the canine mind for the general concept of quickness? It is used in pursuing all animals and inanimate things, bird, hare, squirrel, stick, or stone, and cannot therefore denote any single one of them, but must have a general signification. For aught we know, the language of animals may be made up of undeveloped roots vaguely expressive of general concepts, or may even contain derivative sounds. The bark of a dog after bringing a stick or a stone to its master and requesting him to throw it again is slightly different from the sharp yelp uttered in pursuing it; and it is impossible to know whether these sounds may not stand to each other in the relation of the radical to its derivative.

Darwin asserts that "the dog, since being domesticated, has learned to bark in at least five or six distinct tones, namely: the bark of eagerness, as in the chase; that of anger, as well as growling; the yelp, or howl of despair, when

shut up; the baying at night; the bark of joy, when starting on a walk with his master; and the very distinct one of demand or supplication, as when wishing for a door or window to be opened." This variety of tones, expressing different desires and emotions in an animal that in its wild state could not bark at all, marks a very considerable advance in the power of vocal utterance as the result of association with man.

Max Müller has recently come to the conclusion that roots originated in cries uttered by men in performing certain actions, such as digging, cutting, lifting, or pounding. This so-called *clamor concomitans*, or sound attending the action, became by association a *clamor significans*, or sound signifying the action. This explanation of the genesis of roots is doubtless, to a certain extent, correct, but comes perilously near to the "bow-wow" and "pooh-pooh" theories which he formerly rejected with ridicule and ineffable scorn. It would be hard, however, to find a finer combination of concomitant and significant clamor than the deep bay of a pack of hounds.

In one of his lectures Müller quotes, as "an excellent answer to the interjectional theory," the following observations of Horne Tooke in the *Diversions of Purley*: "The dominion of speech is erected upon the downfall of interjections. Without the artful contrivance of language, mankind would have had nothing but interjections with which to communicate orally any of their feelings. The neighing of a horse, the lowing of a cow, the barking of a dog, the purring of a cat, sneezing, coughing, groaning, shrieking, and every other involuntary convulsion with oral sound have almost as good a title to be called parts of speech as interjections have. Voluntary interjections are employed only when the suddenness and vehemence of some affection or passion return men to their natural state, and make them for a moment forget the use of speech; or when,

from some circumstance, the shortness of time will not permit them to exercise it."

This passage really confirms in the strongest manner the theory which it is cited in order to refute. The dominion of every improved implement is founded upon the downfall of an inferior implement. Thus the steel plough has superseded the pointed piece of wood with which the primitive husbandman scratched the surface of the earth; the matchlock has supplanted the crossbow, the Remington rifle the rude musket, and the steam car the old stagecoach. Everywhere in the progress of human invention the better instrument takes the place of the poorer one and robs it of its supremacy. The evolution of language furnishes no exception to this universal law. It is a means of communicating ideas and emotions from one person to another, and the more clearly, concisely, and forcibly it performs this function the more perfect it is as an instrument. To speak of the grammatically complicated, and therefore practically clumsy, Sanskrit as superior to the simple and handy English, and to characterize the latter as the result of degeneration and decay, is an abuse of terms involving an utter misconception of the purpose for which language exists. Sanskrit may be more interesting philologically than English, just as the five-toed eolippus and the three-toed hipparion may be more interesting anatomically than the horse; but no one would deny that the modern quadruped combines in a greater degree simplicity of structure with efficiency of function, and is therefore, as an animal, superior to its ancient prototypes.

The very fact that, as Horne Tooke observes, men return to their natural state in the use of interjections and exclamations well-nigh proves that these are the raw material, or linguistic protoplasm, out of which articulate or organic speech was evolved. But to compare a cough and a sneeze to an interjection, or

to put them in the same category with the neigh of a horse, the bark of a dog, or the purr of a cat, shows a strange lack of discrimination between purely physical and involuntary convulsions and vocal sounds intended to express emotions of the mind. A cough or a sneeze may be more or less successfully imitated, like a stage laugh, and thus become the sign and suggestion of an idea; but a genuine cough or sneeze is a violent expulsion of the air through the throat or nose in consequence of local irritation beyond a man's control, and has, therefore, no oral or intellectual element in it.

As regards the ability of animals to "think and say 'two,'" it has been proved conclusively that the magpie and some other birds, even in their wild state, can count at least four, and this fact is recognized and utilized by fowlers; but if it be true that it is impossible to form the concept "four" without the aid of language, it follows that the magpie must be able to say "four" in a language of its own. To deny this conclusion because we do not understand "margot" (as the magpie language might be called) would be to set up our own ignorance as a standard by which to test the magpie's intellectual capacity, and thus fall into the fallacy of *argumentum ab ignorantia facti*. This knowledge of numeration can be greatly extended by instruction. A chimpanzee in the London Zoölogical Gardens, says Mr. Romanes, has been taught to count five. Ask her for four, three, two, or five straws in any order of succession, and she will give the exact number required. She understands not only the names of these numerals, but also other words and phrases, just as a child does before learning to speak.

All classification rests upon the power of generalization, and this faculty belongs to the lower animals as well as to men. As has been remarked by an acute observer: "Dogs can distinguish

strangers and acquaintances, well-dressed persons from persons in rags, the canine species from all other species. They cannot carry their classification far, not from want of memory and intelligence, but from want of a well-defined language and printed books." The dullest dog has a lively perception of the difference between canine and feline. No matter how much the particular dog may vary from other individuals of the species,

"As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves,"

he is never confounded with the cat, but is at once recognized as canine. The dog not only thinks of these so diverse creatures as belonging to the same class, but is also conscious of belonging to it himself. Man's intellectual superiority consists in possessing a greater number of these concepts, and in being able to compare and combine them in reasoning processes with greater accuracy and facility, than the beast, although there are tribes of men in which this superiority is so slight as to be scarcely perceptible.

Exclamations, according to Max Müller, "are as little to be called words as the expressive gestures which usually accompany these exclamations." No one asserts that they are words in the strict sense of the term; all that is claimed for them is that they express thoughts and feelings or reveal states of the mind, and may be regarded as language. This he admits when he adds, "In fact, interjections, together with gestures, the movements of the muscles of the mouth and the eye, would be quite sufficient for all purposes which language answers with the majority of mankind." But as such exclamations and gesticulations are not words and do not constitute language, the majority of mankind are destitute of thought, since we are assured that "language and thought are inseparable," and that "there is no thought without words,

as little as there are words without thought."

Professor Mansel is nearer the truth when he says, "As a matter of necessity, men must think by symbols; as a matter of fact, they do think by language." But although words are the most convenient and most perfect symbols of thought, they are by no means the only ones. A man can count three by holding up three fingers, or by touching three objects, or by laying down three sticks, as the Veddahs do in bartering, without the aid of articulate speech. A dog can do the same by barking three times. It is not true that "language begins where interjections end." Articulate speech begins where pantomimic expression, emphasized by mere hooting and hallooing, ends; but both are instruments of thought and symbols for the representation and communication of ideas.

"Speech," as Professor Whitney has justly observed, "is not a personal possession, but a social institution. What we may severally choose to say is not language until it is accepted and employed by our fellows. The whole development of speech is wrought out by the community. That is a word, and only that, which is understood in a community. Their mutual understanding is the tie that connects it with the idea. It is a sign which each one has acquired from without, from the usage of others." Goethe, in his epigram *Etymologie*, expresses the same thought:—

"So wird erst nach und nach die Sprache
festgerammelt,

Und was ein Volk zusammen sich gestammelt,

Muss ewiges Gesetz für Herz und Seele
sein."

"Man," says Wilhelm von Humboldt, "understands himself fully only by testing the intelligibility of his words on others. The objectivity is increased when the word which he has formed is echoed back to him from the mouth of another. At the same time, it is not

thereby robbed in the least of its subjective character, since man feels himself always one with man." What is felt and expressed by the individual must be re-felt and re-expressed by the mass and stamped with its indorsement before it is accepted as speech.

Among savage tribes, and even among a people so highly civilized as the Arabs, signs and gestures play a very important part in the expression of thought, and the Neapolitan's love of pantomime and skill in the use of it are well known. Of the Veddahs of Ceylon Sir James Emerson Tennent says, "So degraded are some of these wretched outcasts that it has appeared doubtful in certain cases whether they have any language whatever;" and Mr. G. R. Mercer, who, by a long residence in their country, acquired an intimate knowledge of their habits, affirms that "even their communications with one another are made by signs, grimaces, and guttural sounds which bear little or no resemblance to distinct words or systematized language." It is not correct, from an anthropological point of view, to characterize the Veddahs as "degraded." They are simply primitive and undeveloped. They are the remains of the aborigines of Ceylon; and the few articulate words they utter they have learned, parrot-like, from the Singhalese, who invaded and conquered the country, and now constitute its chief population.

Lord Monboddo's seemingly absurd and much-ridiculed theory that language was formed by an assembly of learned men convened for that purpose is right so far as it affirms the conventional and communal character of articulate speech and written language; and this is doubtless all that the laird meant to imply by his rather bullshy statement. He did not intend to assert that language was framed, like a political platform, by a body of men come together expressly for that object, but that it was gradually developed in consequence of their

coming together as individuals, families, and communities, and endeavoring to understand one another by means of gestures and exclamations and onomatopoeic sounds. It was also the most intelligent men of their time; those who were endowed with the greatest amount of wisdom, the quickest wits, and the readiest faculty of invention; in short, the foremost men of primitive life, who contributed most to this result. Then, as now, the progress of the race was due to the impetus imparted to it by the best brains, and was far less the effect of happy chance than we are fain to imagine.

Articulate speech is an immense help to the intellectual processes of induction and deduction, abstraction and generalization, but by no means essential to these mental operations. As Dr. Paul Carus observes, "the act of naming is an enormous economy of mental activity;" but it is not absolutely necessary to this kind of activity.

The fox must have an abstract idea of danger apart from any concrete form or embodiment of it; otherwise he would not be constantly on the alert, anticipating peril when it is not present. Flourens asserts, "It is a fact that beasts do not form general ideas, and it is another fact that man does form them;" he then adds: "The study of mind by mind is that which puts the final stamp upon the profound difference separating beast from man. Intelligence in beasts does not study intelligence." Buffon caps the climax of this sort of dogmatism by declaring that in animals "*c'est le corps qui parle au corps.*" A body talking to another body without the mediation of mental faculties would be a phenomenon worth seeing.

Pantomime is the natural language of man and the lower animals, and is intelligible without previous study. In this respect it differs from articulate speech, which is mainly conventional in its character. A word has the meaning which

common consent has tacitly attributed to it, and which usage has sanctioned. It is not necessary, however, that any two persons should agree beforehand as to the signification of mimetic movements in order to be able to communicate their ideas in this manner. Two deaf-mutes, or savages of alien tribes, on meeting for the first time, have no definite stock of signs with which to converse, but create them as they go along. If one sign fails to express the thought clearly, they try another. If A wishes to convey to C the drift of a previous conversation with B, he will do so by means of signs many of which differ from those used in conversing with B. He will constantly invent new and more expressive signs, and thereby convey his meaning more fully and distinctly than in his first conversation. This natural sign language may be enlarged and perfected, as it is in institutes for deaf-mutes, by the introduction of conventional elements, and thus an extended mimetic system for the communication of thought may be developed.

The dog expresses thoughts and emotions by wagging his tail to quite as good purpose as many persons do by wagging their tongues. We impart our wishes to animals almost exclusively by gestures, until they learn to understand our words, which then alone suffice, so that the pantomime is no longer necessary except for sake of emphasis in case they refuse to obey. Animals also, in communicating their desires to us, make use of signs accompanied by all sorts of vocal utterances, which through association have become intelligible.

Among insects, especially ants and bees, the language of gesture is highly developed. Owing to the smallness of these creatures, it is difficult to observe them in their conversational intercourse, and their remoteness from us in structure and organization renders it still more difficult for us to identify ourselves with them through sympathy, and to get

a clear conception of their states of mind. We are fully justified, however, in inferring from their conduct that they communicate their ideas to one another with rapidity, precision, and intelligibility. "If psychologists of to-day," remarks Professor Wundt, "overlooking all that an animal can express through gestures and sounds, limit the possession of language to mankind, such a conclusion is scarcely less absurd than that of many philosophers of antiquity who regarded the languages of barbarous nations as animal cries."

This observation is perfectly true, but not new, inasmuch as it was made more than fourteen centuries ago by the Neoplatonist Porphyrius in his treatise on abstinence from animal food (*περί ἀποχῆς ἐμψύχων*). After stating that the different tones used by animals show that they have a language for the expression of different sentiments, such as anger, fear, and affection, he adds: "To deny animals language because it is unintelligible to us would be as absurd as for the crows to maintain that their croaking is the only rational speech, and that we are devoid of reason because we do not understand it; or for the inhabitants of Attica to claim that theirs is the only language, and that all who do not speak it are devoid of reason. Nevertheless, an inhabitant of Attica could as easily understand the language of crows as those of Persians and Syrians." Foreign tongues, to those who hear them for the first time, are hardly more intelligible than the inarticulate sounds uttered by animals. The Emperor Julian compared the speech of the Germans to the caw of ravens, and to the Athenians the conversation of Thracians and Scythians sounded like the chatter of cranes.

Professor Jaeger's assertion that animals have merely emotional language (*Gefühlssprache*) in distinction from the language of thought (*Gedankensprache*) is psychologically untenable. In all operations of the mind, thoughts and feel-

ings are inextricably interblended, and it is impossible to draw a line of demarcation between them. There is no language of emotion as opposed to or essentially distinct from language of thought. Emotion is only thought under tension, thought strongly emphasized and impelled by desire. Every cry or exclamation presupposes an idea or intellectual conception, without which the emotion would never arise; and it is hardly possible to determine where the one begins and the other ends.

To what an extent animals are at the mercy of metaphysicians is illustrated by the following passage from a treatise by Professor Green: "There is no reason to suppose, because the burnt dog shuns the fire, that it perceives any relation between it and the pain of being burnt. . . . The dog's conduct may be accounted for by the simple sequence of an imagination upon a visual sensation, resembling ones which actual pain has previously followed. . . . Till dogs can talk, what data have we on which to found another explanation?" We have precisely the same data in the case of the burnt dog as in the case of the burnt child who shuns the fire; and we are justified in reasoning from analogy that the conduct of the dog is due to the same perception of cause and effect as that of the child. "The simple sequence of an imagination upon a visual sensation, resembling ones which actual pain has previously followed," means, when translated from metaphysical jargon into plain English, that, when a dog sees a flame, its resemblance to another flame which burned him leads him to avoid it, lest this one should also burn him. The misfortune of dogs in not being endowed with articulate speech is greatly aggravated if it renders them liable to have such elaborate philosophy as this mouthed over them.

The phenomenon of aphasia furnishes additional evidence that the faculty of speech is not essential to the exercise of

thought or to the power of reasoning. Aphasia, or speechlessness, as has been shown by Bouilland, Broca, and other pathologists, is the result of a disease or lesion of the third frontal convolution of the left hemisphere of the brain. Any injury of this part produces a partial or complete loss of articulate speech without disturbing or diminishing in the least the action of the intellectual faculties. The vocal organs and all the mechanism of articulation remain intact, and the ability to think logically and consecutively is unimpaired. There is no paralysis of the muscular apparatus necessary to the enunciation of words, and no derangement of the mental operations so far as the formation and orderly sequence of conceptions are concerned; only the power of correct verbal expression is gone. Max Müller speaks with contempt of "a fold of the brain;" but here we have an instance in which articulate speech is dependent upon the full development and the healthy action of a mere fold of the brain, which, if his own theory be true, is the Rubicon separating man from the brute.

The aphasiac can express his thoughts and feelings by facial movements, gesticulations, and guttural noises, but is unable to articulate words correctly. He thus reverts to the condition of mankind prior to the development of the speech-producing cerebral convolution plus the knowledge and mental capacity acquired since that time. Finkelnburg reports the extreme case of a woman whose memory for things and persons was normal, and in whose general conduct nothing anomalous was observable, but who had lost entirely the use of speech, and could understand neither spoken nor written words. She was a pious Catholic, but never made the sign of the cross of her own accord or when told to do so, yet readily imitated others when she saw them do it. She was in the hospital three months, but never

learned that the ringing of the bell was the signal for dinner. Symbols even of the most general character had for her no significance; her understanding was confined strictly and directly to things, and her consciousness seems to have sunk to the level of a rather dull anthropoid.

In apes, cretins, and many microcephalous persons, the convolution of the brain on which the power of articulate speech depends is rudimentary. Human and simian brains are constructed on precisely the same plan, and differ only in the development and consequent arrangement of the convolutions. "In man," says Professor Vogt, "the third frontal convolution is extraordinarily developed and covers the insula, whilst the transverse central convolutions are much less prominent; in the ape, on the contrary, the third frontal convolution is but slightly developed, whilst the central transverse convolutions are very large, descending quite to the edge of the hemisphere and giving to the fissure of Sylvius the form of a V."

The difference is one of degree, and not of kind, resulting from the higher evolution of the same type. Max Müller admits it to be possible and intelligible that "that most wonderful of organs, the eye, has been developed out of a pigmentary spot, and the ear out of a particularly sore place in the skin,—that, in fact, an animal without any organs of sense may in time grow into an animal with organs of sense;" but "by no effort of the understanding, by no stretch of imagination," he declares, "can I explain to myself how language could have grown out of anything which animals possess, even if we granted them millions of years for that purpose." In other words, he can imagine how a sore spot in the skin could grow into a complex and delicate organ like the ear, or a sensitive black spot could develop into the marvelous mechanism of the eye, but by no mental effort can he conceive how

an imperfectly developed convolution in the brain of an ape could become a perfectly developed convolution in the brain of a man. Surely this is one of the strangest freaks of the imagination on record. Yet he admits the correctness of Dr. Broca's conclusions on this subject. "So much," he says, "seems to be established: if a certain portion of the brain on the left side of the anterior lobe happens to be affected by disease, the patient becomes unable to use rational language; while, unless some other mental disease is added to aphasia, he retains the faculty of emotional language, and of communicating with others by means of signs and gestures." This statement is not exact. Aphasia is not the loss of rational language, but of articulate speech, which is something quite different. The aphasiac can exercise his reasoning powers and can entertain and express by pantomime rational ideas, but he is unable to utter or embody them in either oral or written words, although he may understand them when addressed to his ear or eye.

Sometimes there is not an entire cessation, but a curious and comical perversion of speech in the patients, who use words having no connection with the ideas they wish to convey, and are often, though not always, unconscious of any discrepancy or impropriety in their language. Thus Trousseau narrates the case of a lady who, on receiving a call, met her visitor with a kindly smile, and, pointing to a chair, exclaimed, "Pig, brute, stupid fool!" "Madame begs you to be seated," said a friend who was present, and thus interpreted the courtesy really intended by the rude greeting. The lady's conduct was otherwise sensible, and her process of thought logical and rational, although her utterances were wholly irrelevant, and usually most coarse when meant to be most charming.

Another striking case, recorded by Trousseau and cited by Bateman, is that

of Professor Rostan, who, while occupied in reading one of Lamartine's literary conversations, began to be aware that he only partially comprehended the sense of the text. He stopped for a moment, then resumed his reading, and again experienced the same difficulty. He became alarmed and wished to call for assistance, when, to his surprise, he found himself unable to speak a word. It now occurred to him that he might have had a stroke of apoplexy, but he could move all his limbs and discover no evidences of paralysis. He rang the bell, but when the servant appeared he could not tell what he wanted. He could move his tongue in all directions, and seemed to have full control of his vocal organs, but could not express a thought by speech. He made a sign that he wished to write, but when pen and ink and paper were brought, although he had the perfect use of his hand, he could not express a thought by writing. After the lapse of two or three hours a physician came, and Rostan, turning up his sleeve and pointing to his arm, thereby manifested the desire to be bled. No sooner was this done, and the local pressure on the brain relieved, than he was able to utter a few words, and after twelve hours was completely restored and could speak as well as ever.

An orang-outang that had once been bled on account of illness, not feeling well some time afterwards, went from one person to another, and, pointing to the vein in his arm, signified plainly enough that he wished the operation to be repeated. In this instance, the orang, not being endowed with articulate speech owing to the rudimentary condition of a convulsion of the brain, expressed his ideas just as the Frenchman did, who had been temporarily deprived of the faculty of articulate speech owing to the suspension of function in the same convulsion of the brain. The process of reasoning was identical in both cases.

The idea of recovery from sickness was associated with the act of venesection as the result of experience. In short, the man reverted for the time being to the condition of the monkey. How then should it be deemed a thing impossible for him to have risen out of such a condition?

It is also interesting to note that an injury to the brain of the lower animals sometimes produces phenomena analogous to those of aphasia in man; causing birds, for example, to sing their notes wrong, reversing the intonation and accent, like the quail mentioned by Dr. Abbott, which, owing to such an accident, persistently whistled "white-bob" instead of "bob-white."

It would be superfluous to multiply instances of the capability of understanding articulate speech manifested by monkeys, horses, dogs, cats, elephants, birds, and other animals that acquire this power, as children do, through the ear and by the exercise of attention. They also show a nice discrimination in distinguishing between words similar in sound. A parrot or a raven masters a new sentence by repeating it, and working at it, just as a schoolboy solves a hard problem. These birds associate sounds with objects, and thus invent names for them. Every dog is a "bow-wow," and every cat a "miau-miau." The denotative term has an onomatopoeic origin, and by the process of generalization is applied to all animals of the species; it is not necessary that the parrot should have heard each individual dog bark or cat mew before giving it its appropriate name. A raven belonging to Gotthard Heidegger, a clergyman and rector of the gymnasium in Zürich, was constantly picking up words dropped in general conversation, and using them afterwards in the most surprising manner.

Even animals whose laryngeal apparatus is not structurally adapted to the production of articulate sounds may be

taught to utter them. Leibnitz mentions a dog which had learned to pronounce thirty words distinctly. In the *Dumfries Journal* of January, 1829, an account is given of a dog which called out "William" so as to be clearly understood; and Mr. Romanes cites the case of an English terrier which had been taught to say, "How are you, grandmam?" The careful and systematic experiments now being made in this direction by Professor A. Graham Bell and other scientists are exceedingly interesting, and may lead to important results.

In view of these facts, it is evident

that the barrier between human and animal intelligence, once deemed impassable, is becoming more and more imperceptible, and with the rapid progress of zoöpsychological research will soon disappear altogether. "When we remember," says Professor Sayce, "the inarticulate clicks which still form part of the Bushman's language, it would seem as if no line of division could be drawn between man and beast, even when language is made the test." Apes make use of similar clicks for a like purpose, and these sounds are doubtless survivals of speech before it became distinctively articulate.

E. P. Evans.

SONG FOR SETTING.

INSCRIBED TO KARL PFLUEGER, MELODIST.

Oh, marry me to music soon!

My lover's lay kept saying, saying.

Let some fine harmonist give tune

To my sweet words — and I, obeying,

Laid in my master's hand the song

For him to grace with gentle measure,

And give it life to linger long

In maidens' hearts a joy and treasure.

And now my song seems new to me

That all day long I'm singing, singing,

And all the summer by the sea

My master's measure shall be ringing.

Our brook shall stay to list the lay

That Master Karl to music married,

And then go bounding to the bay

All the more bright for having tarried.

Thomas William Parsons.

DYER'S HOLLOW.

I LIVED for three weeks at the "Castle," though, unhappily, I did not become aware of my romantic good fortune till near the close of my stay. There was no trace of battlement or turret, nothing in the least suggestive of Warwick or Windsor, or of Sir Walter Scott. In fact, the Castle was not a building of any kind, but a hamlet; a small collection of houses, — a somewhat scattered collection, it must be owned, — such as, on the bleaker and sandier parts of Cape Cod, is distinguished by the name of village. On one side flowed the river, doubling its course through green meadows with almost imperceptible motion. As I watched the tide come in, I found myself saying, —

"Here twice a day the Pamet fills,
The salt sea-water passes by."

But the rising flood could make no "silence in the hills;" for the Pamet, as I saw it, is far too sedate a stream ever to be caught "babbling." It has only some three miles to run, and seems to know perfectly well that it need not run fast.

My room would have made an ideal study for a lazy man, I thought, the two windows facing straight into a sand-bank, above which rose a steep hill, or perhaps I should rather say the steep wall of a plateau, on whose treeless top, all by themselves, or with only a graveyard for company, stood the Town Hall and the two village churches. Perched thus upon the roof of the Cape, as it were, and surmounted by cupola and belfry, the hall and the "orthodox" church made invaluable beacons, visible from far and near in every direction. For three weeks I steered my hungry course by them twice a day, having all the while a pleasing consciousness that, however I might skip the Sunday sermon, I was by no means neglecting my religious privi-

leges. The second and smaller meeting-house belonged to a Methodist society. On its front were the scars of several small holes which had been stopped and covered with tin. A resident of the Castle assured me that the mischief had been done by pigeon woodpeckers, — flickers, — a statement at which I inwardly rejoiced. Long ago I had announced my belief that these enthusiastic shouters must be of the Wesleyan persuasion, and here was the proof! Otherwise, why had they never sought admission to the more imposing and, as I take it, more fashionable orthodox sanctuary? Yes, the case was clear. I could understand now how Darwin and men like him must have felt when some great hypothesis of theirs received sudden confirmation from an unexpected quarter. At the same time I was pained to see that the flickers' attempts at church-going had met with such indifferent encouragement. Probably the minister and the class leaders would have justified their exclusiveness by an appeal to that saying about those who enter "not by the door into the sheepfold;" while the woodpeckers, on their part, might have retorted that just when they had most need to go in the door was shut.

One of my favorite jaunts was to climb this hill, or plateau, the "Hill of Storms" (I am still ignorant whether the storms in question were political, ecclesiastical, or atmospheric, but I approve the name), and go down on the other side into a narrow valley whose meanderings led me to the ocean beach. This valley, or, to speak in the local dialect, this hollow, like the parallel one in which I lived, — the valley of the Pamet, — runs quite across the Cape, from ocean to bay, a distance of two miles and a half, more or less.

At my very first sight of Dyer's Hol-

low I fell in love with it, and now that I have left it behind me, perhaps forever, I foresee that my memories of it are likely to be even fairer and brighter than was the place itself. I call it Dyer's Hollow upon the authority of the town historian, who told me, if I understood him correctly, that this was its name among sailors, to whom it is a landmark. By the residents of the town I commonly heard it spoken of as Longnook or Pike's Hollow, but for reasons of my own I choose to remember it by its nautical designation, though myself as far as possible from being a nautical man.

To see Dyer's Hollow at its best, the visitor should enter it at the western end, and follow its windings till he stands upon the bluff looking out upon the Atlantic. If his sensations at all resemble mine, he will feel, long before the last curve is rounded, as if he were ascending a mountain; and an odd feeling it is, the road being level for the whole distance. At the outset he is in a green, well-watered valley on the banks of what was formerly Little Harbor. The building of the railway embankment has shut out the tide, and what used to be an arm of the bay is now a body of fresh water. Luxuriant cat-tail flags fringe its banks, and cattle are feeding near by. Up from the reeds a bittern will now and then start. I should like to be here once in May, to hear the blows of his stake-driver's mallet echoing and reëchoing among the close hills. At that season, too, all the uplands would be green. So we were told, at any rate, though the pleasing story was almost impossible of belief. In August, as soon as we left the immediate vicinity of Little Harbor, the very

bottom of the valley itself was parched and brown; and the look of barrenness and drought increased as we advanced, till toward the end, as the last houses were passed, the total appearance of things became subalpine: stunted, weather-beaten trees, and broad patches of bearberry showing at a little distance like beds of mountain cranberry.

All in all, Dyer's Hollow did not impress me as a promising farming country. Acres and acres of horseweed, pinweed, stone clover, poverty grass,¹ reindeer moss, mouse-ear everlasting, and bearberry! No wonder such fields do not pay for fencing-stuff. No wonder, either, that the dwellers here should be mariculturists rather than agriculturalists. And still, although their best garden is the bay, they have their gardens on land also, — the bottoms of the deepest hollows being selected for the purpose, — and by hook or by crook manage to coax a kind of return out of the poverty-stricken soil. Even on Cape Cod there must be some potatoes to go with the fish. Vegetables raised under such difficulties are naturally sweet to the taste, and I was not so much surprised, therefore, on a certain state occasion at the Castle, to see a mighty dish of string beans ladled into soup-plates and exalted to the dignity of a separate course. Here, too, — but this was in Dyer's Hollow, — I found in successful operation one of the latest, and, if I may venture an unprofessional opinion, one of the most valuable, improvements in the art of husbandry. An old man, an ancient mariner, no doubt, was seated on a camp-stool and plying a hoe among his cabbages. He was bent nearly double with age ("triple" is the word in my notebook, but that may have been an

¹ In looking over the town history, I was pleased to come upon a note in defense of this lowly plant, on the score not only of its beauty, but of its usefulness in holding the sand in place; but, alas, "all men have not faith," and where the historian wrote *Hudsonia tomen-*

tosa the antipathetic compositor set up *Hudsonia tormentosa*. That compositor was a Cape Cod man, — I would wager a dinner upon it. "Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges," I hear him mutter, as he slips the superfluous consonant into its place.

exaggeration), and had learned wisdom with years. I regretted afterward that I had not got over the fence and accosted him. I could hardly have missed hearing something rememberable. Yet I may have done wisely to keep the road. Industry like his ought never to be intruded upon lightly. Some, I dare say, would have called the sight pathetic. To me it was rather inspiring. Only a day or two before, in another part of the township, I had seen a man sitting in a chair among his bean-poles picking beans. Those heavy, sandy roads and steep hills must be hard upon the legs, and probably the dwellers thereabout (unlike the Lombardy poplars, which there, as elsewhere, were decaying at the top) begin to die at the lower extremities. It was not many miles from Dyer's Hollow that Thoreau fell in with the old wrecker, "a regular Cape Cod man," of whom he says that "he looked as if he sometimes saw a doughnut, but never descended to comfort." Quite otherwise was it with my wise-hearted agricultural economists; and quite otherwise shall it be with me, also, who mean to profit by their example. If I am compelled to dig when I get old (to beg may I ever be ashamed!), I am determined not to forget the campstool. The Cape Cod motto shall be mine, — He that hoeth cabbages, let him do it with assiduity.

This aged cultivator, not so much "on his last legs" as beyond them, was evidently a native of the soil, but several of the few houses standing along the valley road were occupied by Western Islanders. I was crossing a field belonging to one of them when the owner greeted me; a milkman, as it turned out, proud of his cows and of his boy, his only child. "How old do you think he is?" he asked, pointing to the young fellow. It would have been inexcusable to disappoint his fatherly expectations, and I guessed accordingly: "Seventeen or eighteen." "Sixteen," he rejoined,

—"sixteen!" and his face shone till I wished I had set the figure a little higher. The additional years would have cost me nothing, and there is no telling how much happiness they would have conferred. "Who lives there?" I inquired, turning to a large and well-kept house in the direction of the bay. "My nephew." "Did he come over when you did?" "No, I sent for him." He himself left the Azores as a cabin boy, landed here on Cape Cod, and settled down. Since then he had been to California, where he worked in the mines. "Ah! that was where you got rich, was it?" said I. "Rich!" — this in a tone of sarcasm. But he added, "Well, I made something." His praise of his nearest neighbor — whose name proclaimed his Cape Cod nativity — made me think well not only of his neighbor, but of him. There were forty-two Portuguese families in Truro, he said. "There are more than that in Provincetown?" I suggested. He shrugged his shoulders. "Yes, about half the people." And pretty good people they are, if such as I saw were fair representatives. One boy of fourteen (unlike the milkman's heir, he was very small for his years, as he told me with engaging simplicity) walked by my side for a mile or two, and quite won my heart. A true Nathanael he seemed, in whom was no guile. He should never go to sea, he said; nor was he ever going to get married so long as his father lived. He loved his father so much, and he was the only boy, and his father could n't spare him. "But did n't your father go to sea?" "Oh, yes; both my fathers went to sea." That was a puzzle; but presently it came out that his two fathers were his father and his grandfather. He looked troubled for a moment when I inquired the whereabouts of the poorhouse, in the direction of which we happened to be going. He entertained a very decided opinion that he should n't like to live there; a wholesome aver-

sion, I am bound to maintain, dear Uncle Venner to the contrary notwithstanding.

A stranger was not an every-day sight in Dyer's Hollow, I imagine, and as I went up and down the road a good many times in the course of my visit I came to be pretty well known. So it happened that a Western Islands woman came to her front door once, broom in hand and the sweetest of smiles on her face, and said, "Thank you for that five cents you gave my little boy the other day." "Put that in your pocket," I had said, and the obedient little man did as he was bidden, without so much as a side glance at the denomination of the coin. But he forgot one thing, and when his mother asked him, as of course she did, for mothers are all alike, "Did you thank the gentleman?" he could do nothing but hang his head. Hence the woman's smile and "thank you," which made me so ashamed of the paltriness of the gift (Thackeray never saw a boy without wanting to give him a *sovereign*!) that my mention of the matter here, so far from indicating an ostentatious spirit, ought rather to be taken as a mark of humility.

All things considered, I should hardly choose to settle for life in Dyer's Hollow; but with every recollection of the place I somehow feel as if its score or two of inhabitants were favored above other men. Why is it that people living thus by themselves, and known thus transiently and from the outside as it were, always seem in memory like dwellers in some land of romance? I cannot tell, but so it is; and whoever has such a picture on the wall of his mind will do well, perhaps, never to put the original beside it. Yet I do not mean to speak quite thus of Dyer's Hollow. Once more, at least, I hope to walk the length of that straggling road. As I think of it now, I behold again those beds of shining bearberry ("resplendent" would be none too fine a word; there is no plant for which the sunlight does

more), loaded with a wealth of handsome red fruit. The beach-plum crop was a failure; plum wine, of the goodness of which I heard enthusiastic reports, would be scarce; but one needed only to look at the bearberry patches to perceive that Cape Cod sand was not wanting in fertility after a manner of its own. If its energies in the present instance happened to be devoted to ornament rather than utility, it was not for an untaxed and disinterested outsider to make complaint; least of all a man who was never a wine-bibber, and who believes, or thinks he believes, in "art for art's sake." Within the woods the ground was carpeted with trailing arbutus and a profusion of checkerberry vines, the latter yielding a few fat berries, almost or quite a year old, but still sound and spicy, still tasting "like tooth-powder," as the benighted city boy expressed it. It was an especial pleasure to eat them here in Dyer's Hollow, I had so many times done the same in another place, on the banks of Dyer's Run. Lady's-slippers, likewise (nothing but leaves), looked homelike and friendly, and the wild lily of the valley, too, and the pipsissewa. Across the road from the old house nearest the ocean stood a still more ancient-seeming barn, long disused, to all appearance, but with old maid's pinks, catnip, and tall, stout pokeberry weeds yet flourishing beside it. Old maid's pinks and catnip! Could that combination have been fortuitous?

No botanist, nor even a semi-scientific lover of growing things, like myself, can ever walk in new fields without an eye for new plants. While coming down the Cape in the train I had seen, at short intervals, clusters of some strange flower, — like the yellow aster, I thought. At every station I jumped off the car and looked hurriedly for specimens, till, after three or four attempts, I found what I was seeking, — the golden aster, *Chrysopsis falcata*. Here in Truro it was growing everywhere, and of course in

Dyer's Hollow. Another novelty was the pale greenbrier, *Smilax glauca*, which I saw first on the hill at Provincetown, and afterward discovered in Longnook. It was not abundant in either place, and in my eyes had less of beauty than its familiar relatives, the common greenbrier (cat-brier, horse-brier, Indian brier) of my boyhood and the carrion flower. This glaucous smilax was one of the plants that attracted Thoreau's attention, if I remember correctly, though I cannot now put my finger upon his reference to it. Equally new to me, and much more beautiful, as well as more characteristic of the place, were the broom-crowberry and the greener kind of poverty grass (*Hudsonia ericoides*), inviting pillows or cushions of which, looking very much alike at a little distance, were scattered freely over the grayish hills. These huddling, low-lying plants were among the things which bestowed upon Longnook its pleasing and remarkable mountain-top aspect. The rest of the vegetation was more or less familiar, I believe: the obtuse-leaved milkweed, of which I had never seen so much before; three sorts of goldenrod, including abundance of the fragrant *odora*; two kinds of yellow gerardia, and, in the lower lands at the western end of the valley, the dainty rose gerardia, just now coming into bloom; the pretty *Polygala polygama*, — pretty, but not in the same class with the rose gerardia; ladies' tresses; bayberry; sweet fern; crisp-leaved tansy; beach grass; huckleberry bushes, for whose liberality I had frequent occasion to be thankful; bear oak; chinquapin; chokeberry; a single vine of the Virginia creeper; wild carrot; wild cherry; the common brake, — these and doubtless many more were there, for I made no attempt at a full catalogue. There must have been wild roses along the roadside and on the edge of the thickets, I should think, yet I cannot recollect them, nor does the name appear in my penciled memoranda.

Had the month been June instead of August, notebook and memory would record a very different story, I can hardly doubt; but out of flower is out of mind.

In the course of my many visits to Dyer's Hollow I saw thirty-three kinds of birds, of the eighty-four species in my full Truro list. The number of individuals was small, however, and, except at its lower end, the valley was, or appeared to be, nearly destitute of feathered life. A few song sparrows, a cat-bird or two, a chewink or two, a field sparrow, and perhaps a Maryland yellow-throat might be seen above the last houses, but as a general thing the bushes and trees were deserted. Walking here, I could for the time almost forget that I had ever owned a hobby-horse. But farther down the hollow there was one really "birdy" spot, to borrow a word — useful enough to claim lexicographical standing — from one of my companions: a tiny grove of stunted oaks, by the roadside, just at the point where I naturally struck the valley when I approached it by way of the Hill of Storms. Here I happened upon my only Cape Cod cowbird, a full-grown youngster, who was being ministered unto in the most devoted manner by a red-eyed vireo, — such a sight as always fills me with mingled amusement, astonishment, admiration, and disgust. That any bird should be so befooled and imposed upon! Here, too, I saw at different times an adult male blue yellow-backed warbler, and a bird of the same species in immature plumage. It seemed highly probable, to say the least, that the young fellow had been reared not far off, the more so as the neighboring Wellfleet woods were spectral with hanging lichens, of the sort which this exquisite especially affects. At first I wondered why this particular little grove, by no means peculiarly inviting in appearance, should be the favorite resort of so many birds, — robins, orioles, wood pewees, kingbirds, chippers, golden warblers, black-and-

white creepers, prairie warblers, red-eyed vireos, and blue yellow-backs; but I presently concluded that a fine spring of water just across the road must be the attraction. Near the spring was a vegetable garden, and here, on the 22d of August, I suddenly espied a water thrush teetering upon the tip of a bean-pole, his rich olive-brown back glistening in the sunlight. He soon dropped to the ground among the vines, and before long walked out into sight. His action when he saw me was amusing. Instead of darting back, as a sparrow, for instance, would have done, he flew up to the nearest perch; that is, to the top of the nearest bean-pole, which happened to be a lath. Wood is one of the precious metals on Cape Cod, and if oars are used for fence-rails, and fish-nets for hencoops, why not laths for bean-poles? The perch was narrow, but wide enough for the bird's small feet. Four times he came up in this way to look about him, and every time alighted thus on the top of a pole. At the same moment three prairie warblers were chasing each other about the garden, now clinging to the sides of the poles, now alighting on their tips. It was a strange spot for prairie warblers, as it seemed to me, though they looked still more out of place a minute later, when they left the bean-patch and sat upon a rail fence in an open grassy field. Cape Cod birds, like Cape Cod men, know how to shift their course with the wind. Where else would one be likely to see prairie warblers, black-throated greens, and black-and-white creepers scrambling in company over the red shingles of a house-roof, and song sparrows singing day after day from a chimney-top?

In all my wanderings in Dyer's Hollow, only once did I see anything of that pest of the seashore, the sportsman; then, in the distance, two young fellows, with a highly satisfactory want of success, as well as I could make out, were trying to take the life of a meadow lark.

No doubt they found existence a dull affair, and felt the need of something to enliven it. A noble creature is man, — "a little lower than the angels"! Two years in succession I have been at the seashore during the autumnal migration of sandpipers and plovers. Two years in succession have I seen men, old and young, murdering sandpipers and plovers at wholesale for the mere fun of doing it. Had they been "pot hunters," seeking to earn bread by shooting for the market, I should have pitied them, perhaps, — certainly I should have regretted their work; but I should have thought no ill of them. Their vocation would have been as honorable, for aught I know, as that of any other butcher. But a man of twenty, a man of seventy, shooting sanderlings, ring plovers, golden plovers, and whatever else comes in his way, not for money, nor primarily for food, but because he enjoys the work! "A little lower than the angels"! What numbers of innocent and beautiful creatures have I seen limping painfully along the beach, after the gunners had finished their day's amusement! Even now I think with pity of one particular turnstone. Some being made "a little lower than the angels" had fired at him and carried away one of his legs. I watched him for an hour. Much of the time he stood motionless. Then he hobbled from one patch of eelgrass to another, in search of something to eat. My heart ached for him, and it burns now to think that good men find it a pastime to break birds' legs and wings and leave them to perish. I have seen an old man, almost ready for the grave, who could amuse his last days in this way for weeks together. An exhil-arating and edifying spectacle it was, — this venerable worthy sitting behind his bunch of wooden decoys, a wounded tern fluttering in agony at his feet. Withal, be it said, he was a man of gentlemanly bearing, courteous, and a Christian. He did not shoot on Sunday. —

not he. Such sport is to me despicable. Yet it is affirmed by those who ought to know — by those, that is, who engage in it — that it tends to promote a spirit of manliness.

But thoughts of this kind belong not in Dyer's Hollow. Rather let me remember only its stillness and tranquillity, its innocent inhabitants, its gray hills, its sandy road, and the ocean at the end of the way. Even at the western extremity, near the railway and the busy harbor, the valley was the very abode of quietness. Here, on one of my earlier excursions, I came unexpectedly to a bridge, and on the farther side of the bridge to a tidy house and garden; and in the garden were several pear-trees, with fruit on them! Still more to my surprise, here was a little shop. The keeper of it had also the agency of some insurance company, — so a signboard informed the passer-by. As for his stock in trade, — sole leather, dry goods, etc., — that spoke for itself. I stepped inside the door, but he was occupied with an account book, and when at last he looked up there was no speculation in his eyes. Possibly he had sold something the day before, and knew that no second customer could be expected so soon. We exchanged the time of day, — not a very valuable commodity hereabout, — and I asked him a question or two touching the hollow, and especially "the village," of which I had heard a rumor that it

lay somewhere in this neighborhood. He looked bewildered at the word, — he hardly knew what I could mean, he said; but with a little prompting he recollected that a few houses between this point and North Truro (there used to be more houses than now, but they had been removed to other towns, — some of them to Boston!) were formerly called "the village." I left him to his ledger, and on passing his house I saw that he was a dealer in grain as well as in sole leather and calico, and had telephonic communication with somebody; an enterprising merchant, after all, up with the times, in spite of appearances.

The shop was like the valley, a careless tourist might have said, — a sleepy shop in Sleepy Hollow. To me it seemed not so. Peaceful, remote, sequestered, — these and all similar epithets suited well with Longnook; but for myself, in all my loitering there I was never otherwise than wide awake. The close-lying, barren, mountainous-looking hills did not oppress the mind, but rather lifted and dilated it, and although I could not hear the surf, I felt all the while the neighborhood of the sea; not the harbor, but the ocean, with nothing between me and Spain except that stretch of water. Blessed forever be Dyer's Hollow, I say, and blessed be its inhabitants! Whether Western Islanders or "regular Cape Cod men," may they live and die in peace.

Bradford Torrey.

THE HOUSE OF MARTHA.

XLIV.

PRELIMINARY BROTHERHOOD.

WHEN I returned to Arden, I gave Walkirk an outline of what had occurred; but I did not go into details,

having no desire that the preposterous idea which had gotten into the head of Miss Laniston should enter that of my understudy. Walkirk was not in good spirits.

"I had hoped something," he said, "from your interview with Mother An-

astasia, though perhaps not exactly in the line of a brotherhood. I thought, if she came thoroughly to understand your earnestness in the matter, she might use her influence with Miss Raynor, which at some time or other, or in some way or other, might result to your advantage and that of the young lady. I had, and still have, great belief in the capabilities of Mother Anastasia, but now I am forced to believe, very much against my will, that there is no hope ahead. With Mother Anastasia decidedly against us, the fight is lost."

"Us?" I repeated.

"My dear sir," said he, "I am with you, soul and body."

Without a word I took him by the hand, and pressed it warmly.

"What do you think of continuing your recitals of travel?" Walkirk asked me, later in the day. "I should think they would interest you, and I know they were vastly interesting to me. You must have a great deal more to tell."

"I have," I answered, "but I shall not tell it now. Instead of talking about travels, I have determined to travel. At present it is awkward for me to remain here. It is impossible to feel independent and able to do what I please, and know that there are persons in the village who do not wish to meet me, and whom it would be embarrassing, and perhaps unpleasant, to meet. I know I must meet them some time or other, unless they shut themselves up, or I shut myself up. That sort of thing I cannot endure, and I shall go to Turkey and Egypt. Those countries I have not visited. If it suits you, I shall take you with me; and I shall also take a stenographer, to whom I shall dictate, on the spot, the materials for my book."

"Do you mean," asked Walkirk, "that you will dispense altogether with that preparatory narration to me of what you intend afterwards to put into your book? I consider that a good method, and I think you found it of advantage."

"That is true," I replied; "the plan worked admirably. I did not propose to work in that way again, but I will do it. Every night I will tell you what I have done and what I think about things, and the next morning I will dictate that material, revised and shaped, to the stenographer, who can then have the rest of the day in which to write it out properly."

"A capital plan," said Walkirk, "and I shall be charmed to go with you."

I was indeed very anxious to leave Arden. I could not believe that Mother Anastasia had ever imagined any of the nonsense that Miss Laniston had talked about, but she certainly had shown me that she was greatly offended with me, and nothing offends me so much as to have people offended with me. Such persons I do not wish to meet.

I did not immediately fix a date for my departure, for it was necessary for me to consider my grandmother's feelings and welfare, and arrange to make her as happy as possible while I should be gone. In the mean time it was of course necessary that I should take air and exercise; and while doing this one morning, in a pretty lane, just out of the village, a figure in the House-of-Martha gray came into sight a little distance ahead of me. Her back was toward me, and she was walking more slowly than I was. "Now, then," thought I, "here is a proof of the awkwardness of my position here. Even in a little walk like this I must run up against one of those sisters. I must pass her, or turn around and go back, for I shall not slow up and appear to be dogging her footsteps. But I shall not turn back,—that does not suit me." Consequently I walked on, and soon overtook the woman in gray. She did not turn her head as I approached, for the sisters are taught not to turn their heads to look at people. After all, it would be easy enough for me to adopt the same rule, and to pass her without turning my

head or paying the slightest attention to her. This was the manner, indeed, in which the general public was expected to act toward the inmates of the House of Martha when met outside their institution.

When I came up with her I turned and looked into her bonnet. It was Sylvia. As my eyes fell upon the face of that startled angel, my impulse was to throw my arms around her, and rush away with her, gray bonnet, shawl, and all, to some distant clime where there were no Houses of Martha, Mother Anastasias, or anything which could separate my dear love and me; but I crushed down this mad fancy, smothered as well as I could my wild emotions, and remarked as calmly as possible, "Good-morning, sister."

Over her face there spread a quick flush of pleasure.

"I like that," she said; "I am glad to have you call me 'sister.' I thought you would be prejudiced against the name, and would not use it."

"Prejudiced?" I answered. "Not a bit of it. I am delighted to use it."

"That is really good of you," she said. "And how have you been? You look a little wan and tired. Have you been doing your own writing?"

"Oh, no," I said. "I have given up writing, at least for the present. I wish I could make you understand how glad I am to call you 'sister,' and how it would joy my heart if you would call me 'brother.'"

"Oh, that would not do at all," she replied, in a tone which indicated surprise at my ignorance; "that would be quite a different thing. I am a sister to everybody, but you are not a brother to anybody."

"When you hear what I have to say about this," I answered, "you will understand what I mean by wishing to be called 'brother.' May I ask where you are going?"

"I am going to visit a sick person in

that little house at the bottom of the hill. Sister Agatha started with me, but she had the toothache and had to go back. I expect Sister Sarah will send some one of the others to join me, for she always wishes us to go about in pairs."

"She is entirely right," said I. "I did not know she had so much sense, and I shall make one of the pair this time. You ought not to be walking about here by yourself."

"I suppose I ought to have gone back with Sister Agatha," she remarked, "but I did n't want to. I'm dreadfully tired of staying in the House of Martha, trying to learn typewriting. I can do it pretty well now, but nothing has come of it. Sister Sarah got me one piece of work, which was to copy a lot of bad manuscript about local option. I am sure, if I am to do that sort of thing, I shall not like typewriting."

"You shall not do that sort of thing," I replied; "and now let us walk on slowly, while I tell you what I meant by the term 'brother.'"

I was in a whirl of delight. Now I should talk to one who I believed would sympathize with my every thought, who would be in harmony with my outreachings, if she could do no more, and from whom I need expect neither ridicule nor revilings. We walked on, and I laid before her my scheme for the brotherhood of the House of Martha.

I was not mistaken in my anticipation of Sylvia's sympathy. She listened with sparkling eyes, and when I had finished clapped her hands with delight.

"That is one of the best plans that was ever heard of in this world!" she cried. "How different it would make our life at the institution! Of course the brothers would n't live there, but we should see each other, like ordinary people in society, and everything would not be so dreadfully blank; and there is no end to the things which you could do and we cannot do unless we take a

great deal of trouble. The usefulness of your plan seems to have no limits at all. How many brothers do you think we ought to have?"

"I have not considered that point," I said; "at present I know of but one person besides myself who would have the necessary qualifications for the position."

"I suspect," she replied, looking at me with a twinkle of fun in her eye, "that if you had the selection of the other brothers they would be a tame lot."

"Perhaps you are right," I said, and we both broke into a laugh.

"I wish I could tell you," continued Sylvia, "how much I am charmed with your idea of the brotherhood. I have n't enjoyed myself so much for ever so long."

We were now nearing the little house at the bottom of the hill. An idea struck me.

"Who is it you are going to visit?" I asked.

"It is an old man," she said, "who has rheumatism so badly that he cannot move. He has to take his medicine every hour, and his wife is worn out sitting up at night and giving it to him; so Sister Agatha and I were sent to take care of him during the morning, and let the poor old woman get some sleep."

"Very good," observed I; "here is a chance for me to make a beginning in my scheme of brotherhood, and that without asking leave or license of anybody. I will go in with you, and help you nurse the old man."

"I believe you can do it splendidly," said Sylvia, "and now we can see how a brotherhood would work."

We entered a little house which apparently had once been a home good enough for humble dwellers, but which now showed signs of extreme poverty. A man with gray hair and placid pale face was lying on a bed in one corner of the room into which the door opened,

and in a chair near by sat an old woman, her head bobbing in an uneasy nap. She roused when we entered, and seemed glad to see us.

"He's about the same as he was," she said, "and as he's loike to be with thim little draps of midicine; but if you're a docther, sir, it ain't for me to be meddlin', and sayin' that one of thim pepper-pod plasters with howles in it would do more good to his poor back than thim draps inside of him."

"Rheumatism is not treated externally so much as it used to be," I answered. "You will find that internal medication will be of much more service in the long run."

"That may be, sir," said she, "but it won't do to make the run too long, considtherin' he hasn't been able to do a sthroke of work for four weeks; and if ye'd ever tried one of thim plasters, sir, ye'd know they's as warmin' as sand-paper and salt. But if I kin git a little slape, it will be better for me than any midicine, inside or out."

"That's what we came to give you," said Sylvia. "Go into the other room and lie down, and you shall not be called until it is time for your dinner."

The woman gave a little shrug, which I imagine was intended to indicate that dinner and dinner time had not much relation to each other in this house, and going into an adjoining room, she was probably soon fast asleep.

"It would be better to begin by giving him his medicine. I know all about it, for I was here yesterday. I forgot to ask his wife when she gave it to him last," said Sylvia, "but we might as well begin fresh at the half-pasts."

She poured out a teaspoonful of a dark draught and administered it to the old man, who opened his mouth and took it calmly.

"He is very quiet and very patient," remarked Sylvia to me in an undertone; and it is quite impossible to describe how delightful it was to have her speak

to me in such a confidential manner. "He does n't talk any," she continued, "and does n't appear to care to have anybody read to him, for when Sister Agatha tried that yesterday he went to sleep; but he likes to have his brow bathed, and I can sit on this side of his bed and do that, while you find another chair and sit on the other side, and tell me more about your plan of brotherhood."

There was no other chair, but I found a box, on which I seated myself, while Sylvia, taking a bottle from her pocket, proceeded to dampen the forehead of the patient with its pleasantly scented contents.

I did not much like to see her doing this, nor did I care to discuss our projects over the body of this rheumatic laborer.

"It strikes me," I began, "that it would be a good idea to put on that bay rum, or cologne, or whatever it is, with a clean paintbrush, or something of the kind. Don't you dislike using your fingers?"

Sylvia laughed. "You have much to learn yet," she said, "before you can be a brother; and now tell me what particular kind of work you think the brothers should do. I hardly think nursing would suit them very well."

I did not answer immediately, and Sylvia's quick mind divined the reason of my reluctance.

"Let us talk in French," she said. "That will not disturb this good man, and he can go to sleep if he likes."

"Très bien," I answered, "parlons nous en français."

"Il sera charmant," said she. "J'aime la belle langue."

The old man turned his head from one of us to the other; all his placidity vanished, and he exclaimed, "Ciel! Voilà les anges l'un et l'autre qui vient parler ma chère langue."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Sylvia, "I thought he was Irish."

The patient now took the business of

talking into his own hands, and in his dear language told us his tale of woe. It was a very ordinary tale, and its dullness was relieved by the old man's delight at finding people who could talk to him like Christians. One of his woes was that he had not been married to his wife long enough to teach her much French.

"Better," interpolated Sylvia to me, "if we had kept on in English. It would have been much more satisfactory. I expect one of the sisters will be here before very long, and before she comes I wish you would tell me how you are getting on with your book. I have been thinking about it ever and ever so much."

"I am not getting on at all," said I. "Without you there will be no book."

At this Sylvia knit her brows a little and looked disturbed.

"That is not a good way to talk about it, unless, indeed, the book could be made a part of the brotherhood work in some way. The publisher might want a typewritten copy, and if I should make it I should know the end of the story of Tomaso and Lucilla. You know I had almost given up ever knowing what finally happened to those two."

"You shall know it," said I; "we will work together yet. I can think of a dozen ways in which we can do it, and I intend to prove that my brotherhood idea is thoroughly practicable."

"Of course it is," said Sylvia; "is n't this practical?" and she bedewed the patient's brow so liberally that some of the liquid ran into his eyes and made him wink vigorously.

"Merci, mademoiselle," he cried, "mais pas beaucoup, mais pas beaucoup!"

"A capital practical idea has just occurred to me," I said. "Do you think you shall be here to-morrow?"

"I expect to come here," she answered, "for I take a great deal of interest in this old man. Mother Anastasia is still away, and I think that Sister Sarah will send me again, for this is

the kind of work she believes in. She has a very poor opinion of typewriting. But of course a sister will come with me."

"There is one coming to join you now," I said; "I see her gray figure on the top of the hill. As she will not understand matters, and as I do not wish to talk any more about my plans until I am better able to show how they will work, I think it will be well for me to retire; but I shall be here to-morrow morning, and it will suit my plans very well if another sister come with you."

Sylvia turned and looked at the approaching gray figure.

"I think that is Sister Lydia," she said, — "at least I think I recognize her walk, — and so it might be well for you to go. If it were Sister Agatha it would n't matter so much. However, when your plan is all explained and agreed to, it will not make any difference who comes or goes."

"Very true," I answered; "and now I think I will bid you good-morning. Be sure to be here to-morrow."

We shook hands over the prostrate form of the rheumatic Frenchman, who smiled and murmured, "*Bien, bien, mes anges,*" and Sylvia assured me that I might expect her on the morrow.

XLV.

I MAKE COFFEE AND GET INTO HOT WATER.

I do not like to do anything which looks in the least underhanded, but I must admit that I left that wretched cottage by the back door, and, taking a path through some woods, made a wide circuit before returning to the village.

As soon as I reached my house I called Walkirk from his writing, and rapidly gave him instructions in regard to the execution of an idea which had come into my mind during my brother-

hood labors of the morning. I told him to hasten to the scene of my building operations, and to take all the carpenters, painters, and plasterers he could crowd into a two-horse wagon, and go with them to the house of the invalid Frenchman, from which I knew the sisters would have departed before they should reach it. I promised to join him there, and at the same time that he set out on his errand I hurried to a shop in the village, the owner of which combined the occupations of cabinet-maker and undertaker, and generally kept on hand a small stock of cheap furniture. From this I selected such articles as I thought would be suitable or useful in the small house, which at present contained nothing too good for a bonfire, and ordered them to be sent immediately to the Frenchman's cottage.

I reached this wretched tenement a few minutes before the arrival of Walkirk and the wagonload of mechanics. My understudy had entered heartily into my scheme, and as, by his directions, the men had brought with them everything needed to carry out my plans, in a very short time he and I had set every man to work.

There were carpenters, plasterers, painters, paper-hangers, and a tinner and glazier, and when they learned that I wanted that little house completely renovated in the course of the afternoon, they looked upon the business as a lark and entered into it with great spirit. The astonished wife did not understand what was about to happen, and even when I had explained the matter to her her mind seemed to understand nothing except the fact that the house ought to be cleaned before the painting and paper-hanging began; but there was no time for delays of this sort, and the work went on merrily.

When the wagonful of furniture arrived the woman gave a gasp, for the last time the vehicle had been there it had borne away her previous husband.

But a bureau and tables and a roll of carpet assured her of its different purpose, and she worked with a will in assisting to arrange these articles.

Before dark the work was all done. The rheumatic Frenchman was lying on a shining new bedstead; a box of pepper-pod plasters had been placed in the hands of his delighted wife; a grocery wagon had deposited a load of goods in the kitchen; the mechanics, in gay spirits, had driven away; and Walkirk and I, tired but triumphant, walked home, leaving behind us a magical transformation, a pervading smell of paint and damp wall-paper, and an aged couple as much dazed as pleased with what had happened.

Soon after breakfast the next day I repaired to the bright and tidy cottage, and there I had my reward. Standing near the house, somewhat in the shadow of a good-sized evergreen-tree, which I had ordered transplanted bodily from the woods into the little yard, I beheld Sylvia approaching, and with her a sister with a bandaged face, whom I rightly supposed to be the amiable Sister Agatha.

When the two came within a moderate distance of the cottage they stopped; they looked about them from side to side; and it was plain to see that they imagined they were on the wrong road. Then they walked forward a few steps, stopped again, and finally came running toward the house.

I advanced to meet them.

"Good-morning, sisters," said I.

The two were so much astonished that they did not return my greeting, and for a few moments scarcely noticed me. Then Sylvia turned.

"How in the world," she exclaimed, "did all this happen? It must be the same house."

I smiled, and waved my hand toward the cottage. "This," I said, "is an instance of the way in which the brothers of the House of Martha intend to work."

"And you did this?" cried Sylvia, with radiant eyes.

I explained to the eagerly listening sisters how the transformation had been accomplished, and with a sort of reverent curiosity they approached the house. Sister Agatha's astonishment was even greater than that of Sylvia, for she had long known the wretched place.

"It is a veritable miracle," she said. "See this beautiful white fence, and the gate; it opens on hinges!"

"Be careful," I remarked, as they entered the little yard; "some of the paint may yet be wet, although I told the men to put in as much drying-stuff as possible."

"Actually," ejaculated Sylvia, "a gravel walk up to the house!"

"And the outside a daffodil yellow, with fern-green blinds!" said Sister Agatha.

"And the eaves tipped with geranium red!" cried Sylvia.

"And a real tree on each side of the front door, and new steps!" exclaimed Sister Agatha.

When they entered the house, the amazement and delight of the two sisters were a joy to my soul. They cried out at the carpet on the floor, the paper on the walls, the tables, the chairs, the bureau, the looking-glass, the three framed lithographs on the wall, the clock, and the shining new bedstead on which their patient lay.

"If Mother Anastasia could but see this," observed Sylvia, "she would believe in the brotherhood."

"He sez ye're angels," said the woman of the house, coming forward, — "that's what he sez; and he's roight, too, for with thim pepper-pod plasters, and the shmell of paint in the house, which he hates, he'll be out-o'-doors in two days, or I'm much mishtaken."

Sylvia and I now approached the old man to find out what he thought about the state of affairs. He was very grateful, and did not say anything about the

smell of paint; but we found him with a burning desire in his heart which had been fanned into flames by the arrival of the groceries on the day before. He eagerly asked us if we could make coffee. When he was well he could make it himself, but since he had been sick in bed he had not tasted a drop of the beloved liquid. His wife did not drink it, and could not even make it; but as we could speak French, and had sent coffee, he felt sure that we could compound the beverage so dear to the French heart.

"The angels make coffee," he said, in his best patois; "otherwise, what would heaven be?"

Both of the angels declared that the good man should have some coffee without delay, but Sylvia said to me that, although she had not the least idea how to make it, she was quite sure Sister Agatha could do it. However, that sister declared that she knew nothing about coffee, and did not approve of it for sick people; still, if the man did not like the tea his wife made, she would try what she could do.

But this offer was declined. The old man must have his coffee, and as there was no one else to make it I undertook to do it myself. I thought I remembered how coffee was made when I had been camping out, and I went promptly to work. Everybody helped. The old woman ground the berries, Sister Agatha stirred up the fire, and Sylvia broke two eggs in order to get shells enough to clear the liquid.

It was a good while before the coffee was ready, but at last it was made, and in a great bowl Sylvia carried it to our patient. She sat down on one side of the bed to administer the smoking beverage with a spoon, while I sat on the other side and raised the old man's head that he might drink easily. After swallowing the first teaspoonful the patient winked.

"I hope it did not scald his throat,"

said Sylvia. "Do you know what 'scald' is in French?"

"I cannot remember," I answered. "You might let the next spoonful cool a little." But the patient opened his mouth for more.

"C'est potage," he said, "mais il est bon."

"I am sorry I made soup of it," I observed to Sylvia, "but I am sure it tastes like coffee."

We continued to feed the old man, who absorbed the broth-like drink as fast as it was given to him, until a voice behind me made us both jump.

"Sister Hagar," said the voice, "what does this mean?"

"Goodness, Mother Anastasia!" cried Sylvia, "you made me scald the outside of his throat."

At the foot of the bed stood Mother Anastasia, clad in her severest gray, her brows knit and her lips close pressed.

"Sister Hagar," she repeated, "what is all this?"

I let down the old man's head, and Sylvia, placing the almost empty bowl upon the table, replied serenely:—

"Mr. Vanderley is making a beginning in brotherhood work,—the brotherhood of the House of Martha, you know. I think it will work splendidly. Just look around and see what he has done. He has made this charming cottage out of an old rattletrap house. Everything you see was done in one afternoon, and there are quantities of provisions in the kitchen besides. Sisters alone could never have accomplished this."

Mother Anastasia turned toward me. "I will speak with you outside," she said, and I followed her into the little yard.

As soon as we were far enough from the house to speak without being overheard, she stopped and sternly remarked:

"You are not content with driving me from the life on which I had set my heart back into this mistaken vocation, but you

are determined to make my lot miserable and unhappy. And not mine only, but also the lot of that simple-hearted and unsuspecting girl. I do not see how you can be so selfishly cruel. You are resolved to break her heart, and to do it in the most torturing way. But you shall work her no more harm. I do not now appeal to your honor, to your sense of justice; I simply say that I shall henceforth stand between you and her. What misery may come to her and to me from what you have already done I do not know, but you do no more."

I stood and listened, with the blood boiling within me.

"Marcia Raynor," I said, — "for I shall not call you by that title which you put on and take off as you please, — I here declare to you that I shall never give up Sylvia. If I never speak to her again or see her, I shall not give her up. I make no answer to what you have charged me with, but I say to you that as Sylvia's life and mine cannot be one, as I would have it, I shall live her life even though our lives be ever apart. For the love I bear her, I shall always do the work that she does. But I believe that the time is coming when people wiser than you will see that what I propose to do is a good thing; and the time will come when a man and a woman can labor side by side in good works, and both do better work because they work together. And to Sylvia and to my plan of brotherhood I shall ever be constant. Remember that."

Without a word or change in her expression she left me, went into the house, and closed the door behind her. I did not wish to make a scene which would give rise to injurious gossip, and therefore walked away; and as I did so I turned to look in at the open window, but I did not see Sylvia. I saw only the bandaged face of Sister Agatha looking out at me more mournfully than before.

As I walked rapidly homeward, I said

to myself: "Now I declare myself a full brother of the House of Martha. I shall take up its cause and steadfastly work for it, whether they like it or not."

XLVI.

GOING BACK FOR A FRIEND.

When I reached home, I found my grandmother and told her everything that had happened. My excitement was so great that it was necessary I should talk to some one, and I felt a pang of regret when I remembered that of late I had not made her my confidante.

However, she listened eagerly and without interrupting me, but as I spoke she shook her head again and again, and when I had finished she said: —

"My dear boy, if you understood the world and the people in it as well as I do, you would know that that sort of thing can never, never work. Before long you and Sylvia would be madly in love with each other, and what would happen then nobody knows. It may be that Mother Anastasia has not fully done her duty in this case, or it may be that she has done too much, and other people may have acted improperly and without due thought and caution; but be this as it may, it is plain enough to see that your poor heart has been dreadfully wrung. I wish I had known before of this brotherhood notion and of what you intended to do, and I should have told you, as I tell you now, that in this world we must accept situations. That is the only way in which we can get along at all. Sylvia Raynor has gone, soul and body, into this Martha house, which is the same as a convent, and to all intents and purposes she is a nun. Now there is no use fighting against that sort of thing. Even if she should consent to climb over the wall and run away with you, I do not believe you would like a wife who would do that,

after all she had vowed and given her solemn word to."

"My dear grandmother," I answered, "all that you say may be true, but it makes no difference to me; I shall always be faithful to Sylvia."

"Perhaps so, perhaps so," said she; "still, you must remember this: it may be very well to be faithful, but you must be careful how you show your fidelity. In some respects Mother Anastasia is entirely right, and your faithfulness, if injudiciously shown, may make miserable the life of this young woman."

I sighed, but said nothing. My grandmother looked pityingly upon me.

"I think you can do nothing better than to travel, as you have proposed. Stay away for a year. Dear knows, I do not want to have you stay from me for all that time, but the absence will be for your good. It will influence your life. When you come back you will know yourself better than you can now. Then you will be able to see what you truly ought to do; and I promise you that, if I am alive, I will help you do it."

I took the dear old lady in my arms, and her advice to my heart. I acknowledged to myself that at this juncture the wisest thing, the kindest thing, was to go away. I might not stay away for a year, but I would go.

"Grandmother," I said, "I will do what you advise. But I have something to ask of you. I have vowed that I will be a brother of the House of Martha, and that I will do its work, with or without the consent of the sisters, and with or without their companionship. Now, if I go, will you be my substitute? Will you, so far as you can, aid the sisters in their undertakings, and do what you think I would do if I were here?"

"I cannot change a dilapidated hut into a charming cottage in one afternoon," she answered, placing both hands on my shoulders as she spoke, "but I will do all that I can, and all that you

ought to do if you were here. That much I promise."

"Then I will go," I replied, "with a heavy heart, but with an eased conscience."

Walkirk entirely approved of an immediate start upon the journey which I had before planned. I think he feared that if it were postponed any longer I might get some other idea into my head which would work better than the brotherhood scheme, and that our travels might be delayed indefinitely.

But there was a great deal to be done before I could leave home for a long absence, and a week was occupied in arranging my business affairs, and planning for the comfort and pleasure of my grandmother while I should be away. Walkirk engaged the stenographer, and was the greatest possible help to me in every way; but notwithstanding his efforts to relieve me of work, that was a busier week for me than any other in my whole life. This was an advantage, for it kept me from thinking too much of the reason for my hurried journey.

At last the day arrived on which the steamer was to sail, and the generally cool Walkirk actually grew nervous in his efforts to get me ready to start by the early morning train for the city. In these efforts I did not assist him in the least. In fact, had he not been with me, I think I should not have tried to leave home in time to catch the steamer. The more I thought of catching the steamer, the less I cared to do so; the more I thought of leaving home, the less I cared to do so. It was not that I was going away from Sylvia that made me thus reluctant to start. It was because I was going away without taking leave of her; without a word or even a sign from her. I ground my teeth as I thought how I lost the only chance I had to bid her farewell, and to assure her that, no matter what happened, I would be constant to her and to the principles in which we had both come

to believe. I had been too much excited when I last left her in the Frenchman's cottage to think that would be my last chance of seeing her; that thereafter Mother Anastasia would never cease to guard her from my speech or sight. I should have rushed in, caring for nothing. People might have talked, but Sylvia would have known that prohibitions and separations would make no difference in my feeling for her.

And now I was departing without even the slightest trifle which I could cherish as a memento of her. There was a blankness about it all that deadened my soul.

But Walkirk was inexorable. He made every arrangement, even superintending my farewell to my grandmother, and gently but firmly interrupted me as I repeated my entreaties that she would speedily find out something about Sylvia and write to me. At last we were in the carriage, with time enough to reach the station, and Walkirk wiped his brow as would a man who had had a heavy load lifted from his mind.

We had not gone a quarter of the distance when the thought suddenly struck me, Why should I go away without a memento of Sylvia? Why had I not remembered my friend Vespa, the wasp, whose flight around my secretary's room had made the first break in the restrictions which surrounded her, had first shown me a Sylvia in place of a gray-bonneted nun? That dead wasp pinned to a card on the wall of my study was the only thing I possessed in which Sylvia had a share. I must return and get it; I must take it with me.

When I shouted to the coachman to turn, that I must go back to get something, Walkirk was thrown into a fever of anxiety. If we did not catch this train we should lose the steamer. The next train would be three hours later. But his protestations had no effect upon me; I must have Sylvia's wasp, no matter what happened.

Back to the house we dashed, and upstairs I ran. I took down the card to which the wasp was affixed, I found a little box in which to put it, and while I was looking for a rubber band with which to secure the lid a servant came hurriedly into the room with a telegram for me. I tore it open. It was from Miss Laniston, and read thus: "Come to me as soon as you can. Important business."

"Important business!" I ejaculated. "She can have no business with me that does not concern Sylvia. I will go to her instantly." In a few seconds I was in the carriage, shouting to the man to drive as fast as he could.

"Yes, indeed," remarked Walkirk, "you cannot go too fast."

I handed my companion the telegram. He read it blankly.

"It is a pity," he said, "if the business is important. All that can be done now is to telegraph to her that she must write to you in London by the next steamer."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," I answered. "I am going to her the instant we reach New York."

Walkirk clenched his hands and looked away. He had no words for this situation.

My feeling was very different. "What a wonderful piece of luck!" I exclaimed. "If we had kept on to the station by this short cut, the telegraph boy, who of course came by the main road, would have missed me, and there would not have been time for him to get back to the station before the train started. How fortunate it was that I went back for that wasp!"

"Wasp!" almost screamed Walkirk, and by the way he looked at me I knew he imagined that I was temporarily insane.

We caught the train, and on the way I explained my allusion to the wasp so far as to assure Walkirk that I was no more crazy than men badly crossed in love are apt to be.

"But are you really going to see Miss Laniston?" he asked.

"I shall be able to drive up there, give her fifteen minutes with five as a margin, and reach the steamer in time. You can go directly to the dock, and attend to the baggage and everything."

My understudy sighed, but he knew it was of no use to make any objections. He did not fail, however, to endeavor to impress upon me the importance of consulting my watch while listening to Miss Laniston's communication.

My plan was carried out; we separated as soon as we reached the city, and in a cab I rattled away to see Miss Laniston.

XLVII.

I INTEREST MISS LANISTON.

When I reached Miss Laniston's house that lady was at breakfast, but she did not keep me waiting long.

"Truly," she remarked, as she entered the drawing-room, "you are the most expeditious person I ever knew. I believed that you would come to me, but I did not suppose you would even start as soon as this."

"I had already started when I received your telegram," I said.

"To come here?"

"No, to sail for Europe."

"Well, well!" she exclaimed; "from this moment I shall respect my instincts, a thing I never did before. When I awoke this morning, my first thought was of the message I intended to send to you, and I proposed to attend to it immediately after breakfast; but my hitherto unappreciated instincts hinted to me that no time should be lost, and I called my maid and dispatched the telegram. Moral: Do all the good you can before you get up in the morning. Why are you starting for Europe?"

"I haven't time to tell you," I answered; "in fact, I can remain only a

few minutes longer, or I shall lose the steamer. Please tell me your business."

"Is Sylvia the cause of your going away?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "Is she the reason of your wishing to see me?"

"Most certainly," she said. "When does your steamer start?"

"At ten o'clock," I replied.

"Oh, bless me," she remarked, glancing at the clock, "you have quite time enough to hear all I have to say; and then if you do not catch the steamer it is your own fault. Sit down, I pray you."

Very reluctantly I took a seat, for at last the spirit of Walkirk had infected me.

"Now," said she, "I will cut my story as short as possible, but you really ought to hear it before you start. I made a visit to Arden on the day after you performed the grand transformation scene in your brotherhood extravaganza. I should have been greatly amused by what was told me of this prank, if I had not seen that it had caused so much trouble. Sylvia was in a wretched way, and in an extremely bad temper. Marcia was almost as miserable, for she was acting the part of an extinguisher not only to Sylvia's hopes and aspirations, but to her own. So far as I could see there was no way out of the doleful dumps into which you seem to have plunged yourself and all parties concerned, but I set to work to try what I could do to straighten out matters; my principal object being, I candidly admit, to enable Marcia Raynor to feel free to give up her position of watch-dog and go to her national college, on which her soul is set. However, to accomplish this I must first do something with Sylvia; but that girl has a conscience like a fence post, and a disposition like a squirrel that skips along the rails. I could do nothing with her. She had sworn to be a sister of the House of Martha for life, and yet she would not consent to act like an out-and-

out sister, and give up all that stuff about typewriting for you, and the other nonsensical notions of co-Marthaism with which you had infected her. She stoutly stuck to it, in spite of all the arguments I could use, that there was no good reason why you and she, as well as the other sisters and some other gentlemen, could not work together in the noble cause of I don't remember what fold-erol. Pretty co-Marthas you and she would make!

"Then I tried to induce Marcia to give up her fancies of responsibility and all that, and to leave the girl in the charge of the present Mother Inferior, an elderly woman called Sister Sarah, who in my opinion could be quite as much of a griffin as the case demanded. But she would not listen to me. She had been the cause of her cousin's joining the sisterhood, and now she would not desert her; and she said much about the case requiring not only vigilance, but kindness and counsel, and that sort of thing. Then I went back to the city and tried my hand on Sylvia's mother, but with no success. She is like a stone gatepost and always was, and declared that as Sylvia had entered the institution because Marcia was there, it was the latter's duty to give up everything else, and to throw herself between Sylvia and your mischievous machinations, and to stay there until you were married to somebody and the danger was past."

"Machinations!" I ejaculated. "A most unreasonable person!"

"Perhaps so," said Miss Laniston, "but not a bit more than the rest of you. You are the most unreasonable lot I ever met with. Having failed utterly with the three women, I had some idea of sending for you, and of trying to persuade you to marry some one who is not under the sisterhood's restrictions, and so straighten out this wretched complication; but I knew that you were more obstinate and stiffnecked than any

of them, and so concluded to save myself the trouble of reasoning with you."

"A wise decision," I remarked.

"But I could not give up," she continued. "I could not bear the thought that my friend Marcia Raynor should sacrifice herself in this way. I went back to Arden in the hope that something might suggest itself; that a gleam of sense might be shown by one or other of the lunatics in gray, for whose good I was racking my brains. But I found things worse than I had left them. Sylvia had stirred herself into a spirit of combativeness of which no one would have supposed her capable, and had actually endeavored to browbeat her Mother Superior into the belief that a brotherhood annex was not only necessary to the prosperity and success of the House of Martha, but that it was absolutely wicked not to have it. She had gone on in this strain until Marcia had become angry, and then there had been a scene and tears, and much subsequent misery.

"I talked first with one doleful sister, and then with another, with the only result that I became nearly as doleful as they. In my despair I went to Marcia, and urged her to acknowledge herself vanquished, to give up this contest, which would be her ruin, to show herself a true woman and take up the true work of her life. 'Oh, I could n't do it,' she said, and she looked as if she were going to cry, a most unusual thing with her. 'If I went away, to-morrow they would be together, making mudpies for the children of the poor.' I sprang to my feet. 'Marcia Raynor,' I cried, 'you made this House of Martha! You are the head and the front, the top and the bottom, of it. You are its founder and its autocrat; it lives on your money, for everybody knows that what these sisters make would n't buy their pillboxes; and now, having run it all these years, and having brought yourself and Sylvia to the greatest grief by

it, it is your duty to put an end to it, to abolish it.'

" 'Abolish the House of Martha?' she said, with her great eyes blazing at me.

" 'Yes,' I said, 'abolish it, destroy it, annihilate it, declare it null, void, dead and gone, utterly extinguished and out of existence. You can do this, and you ought to do it. It is your only way out of the dreadful situation in which you have got yourself and Sylvia. Let the rest of the sisters go to some other institutions, or wherever they like. You and Sylvia will be free, — that is the great point. Now do not hesitate. Stop supplies, dissolve the organization, break up the House of Martha, and do it instantly.'

"She made one step toward me and seized me by the wrist. 'Janet,' she said, 'I will do it.' And she did it that day. At present there is no House of Martha."

I sat and gazed at Miss Laniston without comprehending what I had heard.

"No House of Martha!" I exclaimed.

"That is precisely the state of the case," she answered. "The establishment was dissolved at noon yesterday. As I had had all the trouble of bringing this thing about, I considered that I had a right to tell you of it myself. I

thought it would interest me to see how you took it."

I arose to my feet, I stepped toward her; she also arose.

"No House of Martha!" I gasped. "And Sylvia?"

"Sylvia will go home to her mother; she told me so yesterday. I was present at the dissolution. I think she will come to the city this afternoon."

I snatched up my hat. "I must go to her instantly," I said; "I must see her before she reaches her mother. I have lost time already."

"Upon my word," remarked Miss Laniston, "your way of taking it is indeed interesting. Not a word of thanks, not a sign of recognition" —

I was nearly at the door, but now rushed back and seized her hand. "Excuse me," I said, "but you can see for yourself," and with one violent shake I dropped her hand and hurried away.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I can easily see for myself;" and as I left the house I heard her hearty laugh.

I sprang into my cab, ordering the man to drive fast for the railroad station. It mattered not to me whether Walkirk went to Europe or not. All I cared for was to catch the next train that would take me to Arden.

Frank R. Stockton.

TOWN LIFE IN ARKANSAS.

To an inhabitant of a great city a chapter on town life in Arkansas may seem likely to be almost as concise as the famous one on snakes in Ireland. There is no great city in Arkansas, and only four towns can claim more than ten thousand inhabitants, — Little Rock, Fort Smith, Pine Bluff, and Hot Springs. The largest of these has less than fifty thousand. Nevertheless there is a distinct difference between the life of the

town dweller in Arkansas and that of a man in the rural districts. For that matter, there are minor differences among the citizens of towns strongly enough marked to impress a stranger.

The semi-Northern bustle and vigor of Fort Smith, the repose and hospitality of Little Rock, the African din and humor and the tropical aspect of Pine Bluff, have as little likeness one to another as any of them can have to the unique

chaos that we know as Hot Springs. The visitor might imagine the breadth of States between them, only always Southern States. In my fancy, often I relegate them to their proper kindred. Fort Smith is a Georgian town; Little Rock belongs about equally to South Carolina and Virginia; Pine Bluff might have been taken bodily out of Mississippi; Hot Springs — but I have already said Hot Springs can be compared to no town but itself.

Between the denizens of small towns and large, as we reckon size in Arkansas, there is an appreciable line of social demarcation. To speak frankly, the large-town man has in a great measure come into the current of modern civilization. Even when he does not belong to the more educated class, he is a vastly more civilized being than his brother of the same rank in the country or the village. He is more alert, more impressionable, he talks better English, he reads the newspaper, he would like the Arkansas legislature to vote a generous appropriation for the World's Fair. In short, he is of the New South.

Every traveler going south from St. Louis can recall the average Arkansas village in winter. Little strings of houses spread raggedly on both sides of the rails. A few wee shops, that are likely to have a mock rectangle of façade stuck against a triangle of roof, in the manner of children's card houses, parade a draggled stock of haberdashery and groceries. To right or left a mill buzzes, its newness attested by the raw tints of the weather boarding. There is no horizon; there seldom is a horizon in Arkansas, — it is cut off by the forest. Pools of water reflect the straight black lines of tree trunks and the crooked lines of bare boughs, while a muddy road winds through the vista. Generally there are a few lean cattle to stare in a dejected fashion at the train, and some fat black swine to root among the sodden grasses. Bales of cotton are

piled on the railway platform, and serve as seats for half a dozen listless men in high boots and soft hats. Occasionally, a woman, who has not had the time to brush her hair, calls shrilly to some child who is trying to have pneumonia by sitting on the ground. No one seems to have anything to do, yet every one looks tired, and the passenger in the Pullman wonders how people live in "such a hole."

Two months later the "hole" will have changed into a garden. The great live oaks will wave a glossy foliage of richest green. Men will be ploughing in the fields, and the negroes' song will float through the open car window. The house yards will be abloom with Japan quince and lilacs. The very shop windows will have a dash of fresh color in summer bonnets and piles of new prints. Then the stranger will awake to the charm of the South; and were one to leave the train and to stay in one of these unimpressive towns for a few weeks, he would come to appreciate that charm.

Life in an Arkansas town has some strong points of vantage; though, to be sure, the average villager's civilization is at the cabinet-organ stage. An amazing number of such musical instruments is sold all through the State. First comes the sewing-machine, then the cabinet organ. The ambition of rural mothers is to have their children take music lessons. The Arkansan has a great opinion of an education, and will make many sacrifices to give it to his children. Churches abound in all the small towns. They are, one may say, almost too abundant, since they are often scantily supported; the town that might have one church in peace and comfort keeping two or three in discord and leanness. In consequence the salaries of the clergy are always small, and sometimes pitiful. In justice to the Arkansas layman, however, I ought to say that he is not capricious; indeed, he is in general easily

pleased, a willing worker, and, to the limit of his means, a more than willing giver. Nowhere is the cloth more respected. The churches have their own share of the makeshifts of a primitive community. If there are no pews, as sometimes happens, there is a placid borrowing of chairs. One little hill church had no lamps; so the congregation (or, rather, those who remembered it) brought their own lamps to the evening service, and could be seen gathering from afar, a light to the Gentiles, as their steps twinkled over the hills. Such inconveniences are taken in perfect good humor and seriousness. In the same spirit, allowance is made for the habits of the worshipers where they conflict with ecclesiastical decorum. Thus, in a certain church to which an Episcopal clergyman of my acquaintance once ministered, the white wall behind the pulpit was decorated to the right (very amply and blackly) with the pious confidence, *THE LORD WILL PROVIDE*, and to the left (equally amply and blackly) with the courteous request, *PLEASE DO NOT SPIT ON THE FLOOR (!)*

Numerically the Methodists are in the van of all the denominations, especially among the negroes, although hard pressed by the Baptists. Of late years the Episcopalians and the Roman Catholics have made a marked impression on the African imagination. In Little Rock there is a flourishing colored chapel with a vested choir, and very droll it is to hear one black mite after another plead with the organist, "Please, Miss Susie, cayn't I tote de cross?" Another little African — but this story has nothing to do with the subject; it is simply "thrown in," as it were, to encourage the patient reader — rushed to the house of the rector of Fort Smith and frantically rang the bell until he appeared; then gasped, "Oh, Mist' D——, Miz M——, she's dead, and she say for you and Miz D—— come over there right straight!"

There is a popular notion that in a small Arkansas town all the women have snuff sticks in their pockets, and the men flourish bowie knives, while any slight difference of opinion is likely to end in somebody's being shot at sight. It may be my lack of enterprise, but in seven years' acquaintance with Arkansas I have never seen a bowie knife. Snuff sticks I cannot remember, for that is in the plural, but I did see one stick that I fancied was a veritable snuff stick, and I know one woman who is suspected of taking snuff. She does not live in a town. It may also be a surprise to many people to learn that there is a law in Arkansas against carrying concealed weapons, and that it is a law frequently enforced. The law may be a futile one, — to the writer's mind it is, — working simply to prevent the law-abiding people from carrying arms that they are not likely in any event to carry, and would not misuse if they should carry them, while the lawless element naturally stuffs its revolvers a little deeper in its pockets and laughs at the constable; the effect of the law, where it has an effect, being simply to disarm the virtuous and leave the vicious armed. But that does not touch the point which I would make, namely, that there is a public sentiment against carrying deadly weapons, strong enough to pass such a law. Practically there is little fighting. The assassination of Clayton gave the State a bad name that it is far from deserving, whatever may be said of the county in which it occurred.

Conway County has the reputation of harboring more of the "tough" element than any other county in the State; how justly is beyond my guessing. But I suspect that were one to go to the wild Conway towns he would find them, like some other towns that I have known under the same reproach, very mild mannered indeed. I have in mind one town which I was told was the "worst and bloodiest town in Arkansas; they no more mind

killing a man there than they do a hog ;” and I was assured that nobody could be punished for murder. True, no one has been punished for murder there, — during the last seven years, certainly, no one has been ; but then, as no one has been murdered, the ground for reasoning is limited. No doubt bloody fights have been fought in Arkansas towns. I myself know several individuals who have, at some time or other, killed their man. But, if I may trust the papers, there are more murders in the peaceful State of Iowa than in most parts of Arkansas. Certain sections of the State bordering on the Indian Territory, like Fort Smith, get all the surrounding murderers on their dockets, which gives them an unmerited prominence, criminally ; and since these cases come before a judge without fear or favor and of uncommon ability, the guilty so generally get their fatal deserts that the public have two doses of the same crime, — first when the crime is committed, secondly when society avenges it ; thus producing the impression on a careless reader of two separate outrages. “There’s another shocking murder at Fort Smith,” says the reader over his breakfast. “Two Indians hanged ! Arkansas must be a lawless State.” The murder is probably the same that startled the critic weeks before, and five to one was not committed in Fort Smith or Arkansas at all, but in the Indian Territory.

The only affray of which the writer has personal knowledge in this same desperado town was a fight between two negroes. One of them had worked as house boy for my friends on the plantation. He was employed in a hotel of the town, and the landlady told him that (as she expressed it) “some of his folks” were in the house. Thereupon Don sidled up to me, with a modest grin. Don is a handsome brown boy of twenty, in whose appearance there is nothing to attract attention except a peculiarly

gentle, almost timid smile. After the usual amenities had been exchanged, the friends had been inquired about particularly and by name, and I had been instructed to “tell them howdy,” which is the salutation of the country, and I in turn had inquired how Don himself was doing, and been informed “mighty well,” Don rubbed his hands together and wriggled his shoulders in a manner leading me to infer that the real object of the conversation was now rising to the surface. He asked, “Is you gwine home soon, Miss ——?”

I told him in about two months, at which his face fell.

“Why?” I asked.

“Oh, nuffin, ma’am. I jes’ ’lowed I’d like hab you take me ’long er you to wait on you.”

I was not so flattered by this desire to furnish me with a valet as I might have been had I lived fewer years in the South.

“Well, what have you been doing now, Don?” I asked severely.

He smiled his gentlest, timidiest smile ; a baby could not look more guileless.

“Colored boy, he jumped on me t’other night, and I *cut* him,” simpered Don.

“With a razor, I suppose?”

“Yes’m.”

“Did you kill him?”

“No, ma’am. Doctor reckons he’ll be out soon.”

The end of the matter was that I gave Don a little money to pacify the feelings of the cut boy, which was done so successfully that Don’s amiable smile was waiting in the same place to greet me when I returned.

I would not mention this trifling incident were it not that it illustrates the negro character. Don felt the same embarrassment over his unsuccessful homicide that one of another race might have felt over a rather rough practical joke at which the victim was unreasonably angry ; and at the same time he had

the black man's pathetic confidence in his "folks."

The same combination of absence of moral sense with childlike trustfulness was shown by Albert, another of our valuable boys. One day, in an "all sorts store," he was bragging with a pistol, and was so unlucky as to shoot off part of his thumb, and to be arrested for carrying concealed weapons into the bargain. When they had put him in jail, he spent all his time at the window looking out for some of us to come to town. "Mr. Planter or Miss —— won't let me stay here long, if I git sight on 'em," the poor fellow said. We had to patch up some sort of a compromise with justice out of sheer pity for his faith in us, by virtue of which Albert worked his fine out on the sheriff's farm very comfortably.

All this is not to deny that there is crime, or deplorable failure of justice, or mob violence in Arkansas; but the outrages are irregular, not the customary thing. Really, the lawlessness is largely an imported lawlessness, while the occasional failure of justice is due to the costliness of convictions and the poverty of the State. This was notoriously the fact in the Clayton tragedy. The murderers were known to the grand jury, a member of which assured me that only the utter bareness of the state treasury prevented their conviction; but they had fled the State, and the State was not rich enough to pursue them. A kind of fury of impatience at such a condition of things is at the bottom of much of the summary execution of punishment. Ignorant men, who yet know very well the connection between their own pockets and the taxes, reason: "Why should we spend thirty thousand dollars to give the bloody scoundrel every legal chance to escape his just deserts? Shoot him down and save the money!"

It has been the unhappy fate of the State to be a house of refuge for human failures of all kinds. Desperadoes flee-

ing from justice or seeking their prey, broken-down adventurers, bankrupts, poverty-stricken movers who have fled before the sheriff, — all have flocked up the river, down the river, across the country, to poor Arkansas. Crime could hide in her trackless forest, and even the "trifling" could scratch a living out of her fertile fields. There was a time when the "land of the bowie knife" did not belie its name, but that time has passed, and in no other part of the country, not in New England, certainly not in the West, can I remember to have met with such a simple reverence for the law as law as one can find in most Arkansas villages. Of the cities I do not speak now; they are under different conditions.

A photograph of a village in Arkansas would not be complete without a view of the village newspaper. The Arkansas country newspaper is a weekly journal full of the humanities. The rural newspaper is always a mirror. But these small Arkansas papers return more truthfully the reflection of their locality because they fill their columns with news from different little villages adjacent that have no paper of their own. The letters are by local correspondents, and are highly natural. The painstaking editor, who is often the printer as well, amends the spelling and corrects the grammar according to his lights (lights sometimes rather dim), and washes his hands of the rest. Thus, on the same page of the paper before me, I find "Swampy's" prediction that "no man can carry the United States for President in 1893 who is not for free silver," and in the very next column behold "D. K." hurrahing for "Cleveland and his silver letter," and shouting, "Let the battle cry be Cleveland, free trade, and honest money!" Some of the expressions sound strangely to an Eastern ear; for example, this from the editor's own muse: "Circuit court was in session, and after a howdy with the affable clerk," etc.

Here is a paragraph describing the

drowning of a boy: "The body was gotten out three or four hours after, and was interred the same day, and has gone to meet the father of long years of suffering, and also some brothers who have gone before. Freddy was a good boy." The same sheet, in an earlier issue, used a striking but friendly frankness regarding the "Widow C——," who had come to town with her cotton. "The widow," says the kindly editor, "is the right type of widow, and moves on with a firm but sure step to the goal. Her son Tommy is a great help to her. Tommy is a good boy and honors his mother, and his days shall be long in the land."

Indeed, every page radiates an intimate friendliness. Has Squire Leens broken his leg, the correspondent concedes, mentioning in warm terms how usefully and nimbly the squire would otherwise employ that imprisoned limb. "Mrs. Rev. Jones," who has "a severe attack of the La Grippe," and Miss Nettie Howard, who "is suffering from a rising in her ear," each has a whole paragraph of sympathy. Numerous jocose though mysterious allusions enable us, if not the editor, to guess why young "Bud Harrington comes over to our town so often these moonlight nights. Nice, driving with one hand moonlight nights, isn't it, Bud? As Shakespeare or some other poet author says, 'There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream.' That's so!" In this fashion of pleasantry does the wit of the writers disport itself. Frequently, like Mr. Wegg, they drop into poetry. The rhyme is of a free and generous turn, despising the clogging fetters of metre. I have a specimen before me. A correspondent tells of the death of a "prominent citizen," and expresses sympathy for his widow, concluding:—

"Oh, may Mrs. Hotchkiss' path be lit
With consolation from on high;
And may they all live in righteous ways
Until they come to die."

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Thus on, piously if not poetically, through three stanzas. The editor blesses all the brides and praises all the babies. Not in his columns shall you find the ill-bred sneers of his Northern brother in regard to mothers-in-law. He doffs his hat and bows. Once, at the top of an editorial column, I read, "Our mother-in-law, Mrs. S——, is in town."

The country paper has an atmosphere of good will, whatever else you may find in it; not always delicate, but never malicious. The same atmosphere pervades the people's lives. In one of Miss Wilkins's admirable miniatures she pictures two old maiden sisters who genteelly starve together. One day a prying neighbor comes into their dining-room. They are at tea. Their dainty table belongings, their pitiful fare, are exposed to "Matilda Jenkins's" devouring eyes. "Nothing did they guard so sacredly as the privacy of their meals." The younger sister is overwhelmed, but the elder sister rises to the crisis. "Come into the other room," she says, with stately dignity, and sweeps the prying Matilda before her. Such a scene would be impossible in an Arkansas town. Had the sisters lived in an Arkansas town, and had Matilda Jenkins, let her motive be evil as it might, crossed their threshold at a meal-time, she must inevitably have been bidden to "dror up," "rest her hat on the bed," and "take a bite." But then, in an Arkansas town Matilda Jenkins would not have pried.

To every one his due; we have the virtues of our vices in Arkansas. We may be improvident, we may (though I am not so sure of that) lack sustained energy, we may be hot-headed and unjust, but we are not inquisitive, we are not censorious; we are hospitable and kindly affectioned one to another. And these qualities oil the jarring wheels of daily life. They seem to harmonize with the climate. Perhaps one main reason for our unbounded hospitality is, that in an Arkansas village there is no strain to

keep up appearances. One cannot imagine two Arkansas sisters with one gown in common, like Miss Wilkins's pathetic spinsters, laboriously ripping off the lace and putting on velvet to pass it off on the neighbors as two. No; the Southerner would say, "Ain't it lucky sister's dress fits me?" and with all the neighbors discuss trimming it.

If one of the New Englanders so delicately painted by Miss Wilkins were to have shoes too ragged to mend, she would stay away from the sewing society because she had "laid out to clean the house, and all was done except one room, and she could n't feel comfortable till she got that done" (carefully leaving the room undone to make her words good), or because her head ached, or because of some other equally respectable and valid reason. The Arkansan would — in fact, the Arkansan *did* — push out a small foot in the wreck of a shoe, saying: "Why, yes, ma'am, I'd like to come best in the world, and I *could* come, but my shoes do look so distressed I'm ashamed. Reckon you'll have to excuse me till I git a new pair."

Having nothing to conceal, a guest is made welcome to his host's little as heartily as to his abundance. On the guest's part, he — or especially she — expects to lend a friendly hand at the kitchen stove or at the pump outside. Where in a New England or New York or Pennsylvania town will one find whole families going out to spend the day in homes out of their circle of kindred? But in an Arkansas village it is the commonest thing for "all the Joneses," including the favorite among the Jones dogs and at least two of the Jones horses, to go to spend Sunday with the Smiths; or all the Smiths, from old man Smith to his visiting grandchild, to dine with the Joneses.

Mr. Howells, referring to Miss Wilkins's tales, makes a trenchant criticism. He says: "What our artist has done is to catch the American look of life, so

that if her miniatures remain to other ages they shall know just the expression of that vast average of Americans who do the hard work of the country and live narrowly on their small earnings and savings. If there is no gayety in that look, it is because the face of hard work is always sober, and because the consciousness of merciless fortuities and inexorable responsibilities comes early and stays late with our people." Let Mr. Howells except in great measure the Southern workers from his characterization. The face of hard work in the South wears an amiable smile that broadens to a grin where that face is carved in ebony. May not here be the secret of the intangible but potent charm of Southern life?

An Arkansas village cannot be compared, in regard to neat outlines and fresh paint and general prosperity, to a village in New England. But if we are less comfortable, we are vastly more happy, somehow; we have let the sunshine in on poverty! In the South we are not ashamed of being poor; therefore we do not work our brains and our hearts and our consciences to a thread trying to cover up our meagre living. Any one can see it; yes, and any one may share it. Moreover, being less ambitious, we have leisure to enjoy small pleasures, to do small courtesies. Even the "mean man" of an Arkansas village is forced by omnipotent public opinion to be kind. Nobody is too busy to lean over the fence and exchange a good story with a passing neighbor. In the shops, the bargaining always puts on a jocose air of *camaraderie*. "Say, Mr. Trader," says the customer, "cayn't you split this here plaid woolen suit and give me jest a coat and vest?" "No, Billy," answers the shopkeeper, weighing out sugar at the other end of the store. "I'd like to the best in the world; but them's plumb new goods, and I could n't nohow. But we got some mighty nice black alpacey goods; heap more comfortable,

this weather. You lift that box behind you and you'll see 'em; take 'em out and look 'em over. If you open the blind over there, you can see better. Shake it a little fust and it'll come; it's got a sort o' stick to it. Thank ye."

Arkansans are social souls, especially Arkansans with black skins. They can spend hours in an "all sorts store" or on a tavern veranda, conversing and expectorating with slow zest in the moment. The bursts of laughter that roll out from such a group do not come from black throats alone; the Arkansas villager enjoys a joke, and has a good share of the grim Western drollery colored by some more vivid and richer grotesqueness that may be the product of the fervid sun. Western humor has a cynical streak; good-natured as it is, there is in it a toleration, born not only of large opportunities and a liberal nature, but of low expectations of men, — in fine, the toleration of contempt rather than of charity. But Southwestern humor is broad, rich, and gentle. It is the humor of men who have plenty to eat, not wrested from other men, but taken out of the ground. No doubt the Gallic element in the native Arkansan has done its share in burnishing his wit as well as shaping his manners. So far, the effect of the continually swelling stream of Northern immigration has only been to increase his energy without effacing his genial qualities.

But I neglect the large towns; yet why not, since all the large towns, notably the most bizarre and picturesque of all Arkansas towns, Hot Springs, have already been described very completely? And adequately to portray Little Rock, Fort Smith, or Pine Bluff would require a far larger canvas than is mine in this article. The most sharply defined figures in these large towns are the unreconstructed aristocrats, now for the most part of the feminine gender. They are as stanch and as pathetic, poor souls, as Scott's Jacobites, with their locks of hair,

and battered swords, and thin old silver, and hoard of bitter or splendid memories. I can foresee some future novelist paying them a half-humorous, half-affectionate respect, when time shall have healed all the scars of war. These mourners over the past always use one plaint whenever anything is praised: "Ah, you should have seen it before the war!" A story is told of a Little Rock old gentlewoman, who was so constantly bemoaning the contrast of the shabby present with the past that once, when the moonlight was admired by her guest, out of sheer force of habit she sighed, "Yes, ma'am, but oh, you should have seen our moonlight before the war!"

Gentlemen and gentlewomen are so much the same the world over, however, that one feels grateful even for the minor differences. In the North a gentleman is forced to be a man of the world; but in the South a gentleman may still remain a provincial. The Southern man of the world is, as all who know him will admit, a charming fellow. He has a manner of the gentlest suavity. Indeed, there is an ornate leisure to his politeness that one does not often perceive in colder and busier climes. His speech is more studied, more decorated, than his Northern brother's; at the same time it is less artificial than the models of his youth. He is dainty in his toilets, clinging to the black frock coat, and he likes to put himself into full dress. He cares more for society than Northerners of his class, and he is not so careful to conceal his enthusiasms. But he is the most tolerant of men and the most receptive. If back in his soul there are fiery instincts and deeply rooted prejudices of social order and race, an habitual courtesy holds the curtains close. Nevertheless, charming though he be, my heart yearns toward the provincial, whose language slips occasionally into the vernacular, who wears muddy boots, and from whose Southern prejudices and ideals the world has not

brushed the bloom. He is a planter out of the way of railways, helping, pushing, kicking, his tenants into better ways of living; he is a lawyer in a country town; he is a rural banker or merchant; he is a clergyman with a parish large enough to be a diocese; he is a country doctor, the unknown yet valued correspondent of a great medical journal, serving his profession far more successfully than his own fortune, on horseback half his days, and sitting up half his nights to study: but under whatever formal title, he is the same honest gentleman. Rustic and aristocrat in a breath, he has the prejudices of both his orders; so, likewise, he has their virtues, being frank, simple, loyal, and the helper of the helpless. Take him all in all, the Arkansan, with his Italian climate, his wonderful soil and forests and mines, his mixed ancestry, his background of mediæval savagery, and his real awakening to modern forces, is a figure instinct with possibilities.

Do not judge him by the imbecilities

of his legislature or the brutal outbreaking of the State's worst and smallest element: the legislator is the representative of the carelessness of the State, not of its real feelings; and the violence affects but an insignificant section. The sense of a country never makes the noise, and there is vastly more sense among rural Arkansans, even on the subject of money legislation, than would appear.

Life in Arkansas is more attractive than any one who does not live in the State will believe. It has elements which all American life would be the better for absorbing. Perhaps I am not making too strong a statement if I say that the North may have quite as much to learn of the South as the South has to learn of the North; and those of us who love both sections with all our hearts please ourselves by dreaming that the light of the North and the sweetness of the South may some day blend like the melody of a tune, — with infinite variations, let us say, but no discords.

Octave Thanet.

A STUDY OF ANALOGY.

THIRTY years ago I contributed to a New York magazine an essay upon analogy. It is a little curious that, so much later in life, my mind should again turn to that subject. Looking over what I then wrote, I find but little in which I can now rest. This paragraph is a favorable specimen of the essay I then wrote: "There is another sight than that of the eye, there is another sunshine than that of the regal day, there is another world than the one we see and feel. There is a love of the spirit as well as of the passions, a pleasure in the intellect as well as in the senses; so there is a higher temperance than concerns this body, a higher digestion and assimilation than

goes on here. We are related to the winds and tides, to the morning star and to the solar year, and the same craft runs through all."

This is rather a high flight, but it is true that we make the outward or objective world the symbol of the inward or subjective world. I am not going to maintain that the latter is the reality, and the former only the shadow. Things are before ideas with us. Things indeed afford the moulds in which our ideas are cast. Hence all language is more or less symbolical or metaphorical.

Our daily conversation is full of pictures and parables, or the emblematic use of things. From life looked at as a voy-

age we get the symbolic use of anchor, compass, pole-star, helm, haven; from life considered as a battle we read deep meanings in shield, armor, fencing, captain, the citadel, panic, onset. Life regarded under the figure of husbandry gives us the expressive symbols of seed-time and harvest, planting and watering, tares and brambles, pruning and training, the chaff and the wheat. We talk in parables when we little suspect it. What various applications we make of such words as dregs, gutter, eclipse, satellite, hunger, thirst, kindle, brazen, echo, and hundreds of others! We speak of the reins of government, the sinews of war, the seeds of rebellion, the morning of youth, the evening of age, a flood of emotion, the torch of truth, burning with resentment, the veil of secrecy, the foundations of character, the root of the matter. We say, his spirits drooped, his mind soared, his heart softened, his brow darkened, his reputation was stabbed, he clinched his argument. We say, his course was beset with pitfalls, his efforts were crowned with success, his eloquence was a torrent that carried all before it, and so on.

Burke calls attention to the metaphors that are taken from the sense of taste, as a sour temper, bitter curses, bitter fate; and, on the other hand, a sweet person, a sweet experience, and the like. Other epithets are derived from the sense of touch, as a soft answer, a polished character, a cold reception, a sharp retort, a hard problem; or from the sense of sight, implying light, darkness, and color. All trades, pursuits, occupations, furnish types or symbols for the mind. The word "whitewash" has become a very useful one. Thoreau said he would not be as one who drives a nail into mere lath and plaster. Even the railroad has contributed useful terms, as side-tracked, down brakes, the red flag, etc. Great men are like the through train that connects far-distant points; others are merely local. From the builder we get the

effective phrase and idea of scaffolding. So much in the world is mere scaffolding. So much in society is mere varnish and veneer. Life is said to have its "seamy side." The lever and the fulcrum have their supersensuous uses. The chemist with his solvents, precipitations, crystallizations, attractions and repulsions, and the natural philosopher with his statics and dynamics and his correlation of forces, have enlarged our powers of expression. The strata of the geologist furnish a useful type. What a significant symbol is afforded by the wave! There is much in life, in history, and in all nature that is typified by it. We have cold waves and hot waves, and in the spring and fall migrations of the birds we have "bird waves." Earthquake shocks go in waves and circles; how often our views and conceptions of things are expressed by the circle! It is a symbol of most profound meaning. It helps us to understand how the universe is finally inexplicable; that there is neither beginning nor end, and that it retreats forever into itself.

The author of John Inglesant draws this apt illustration from a common game. "Life," he says, "is like a game of cards; you cannot control the cards, but of such as turn up you must make the most." Or this, still more apt: "The election of a new pope is like a change of trumps at a game of cards. All persons and matters remain the same as they were before; yet their realms and relationships are all changed; the aspect of the entire scene is altered."

When Emerson heard Faraday lecture at the Royal Institute, on Diamagnetism, he was so taken with the idea that he declared *dia* (or *cross*) magnetism to be a law of the mind as well; every man had a polarity of his own.

But deeper than the symbolical character of language lies the idea of analogy, or real and valid correspondences and agreements between the world within and the world without, and between different

provinces of nature. Such agreements undoubtedly exist. Yet the analogies that "are constant and pervade nature" are not easily enumerated. One can hardly agree with Emerson that there is "intent" of analogy between man's life and the seasons, because the seasons are not a universal fact of the globe, and man's life is. The four seasons are well defined in New England, but not in Ecuador. St. Paul's inference from the seed, that is "not quickened except it die," will not bear close scrutiny, because the seed, if it germinates, does not die; it is absorbed and transformed into the plant as the egg into the chick. If it dies, it rots and never comes up. There might be force in the argument for immortality drawn from the metamorphosis of the grub into the butterfly if the chrysalis really were a shroud and held a dead body. But it is not, any more than an egg is; it is quick, and capable of movement. The analogy between it and the dead body will not hold. Analogy means an agreement of relations or an equality of ratios. When we speak of the body as a tenement and the soul as the tenant, we mean or aver that the relation of the soul to the body is the same as the man to the house he occupies. In either case, the occupant can move out or in, and is entirely distinct from the structure that shelters him. But if we know anything about the relations of the mind and the body, we know they are not like this; we know they are not truthfully expressed in this comparison. Bishop Butler's "analogy from nature," upon which he built his famous work, will not any better bear close examination. What analogy is there between death and sleep or a swoon, — what agreement of ratios? The resemblance is entirely superficial. Or how can we predict another sphere of existence for man because another sphere awaits the unborn infant? But another sphere does not await the unborn infant; only new and different relations to the same physical sphere. An em-

bryo implies a future, but what is there embryonic about the mature man?

Analogy is at best only a staff or an instrument in the hand; it does not clap wings to our shoulders that will carry us to distant spheres. All arguments for a future life based upon analogy, or upon the laws and conditions of existence in this world, have one fatal defect, — they assume the existence of that which they aim to prove. Butler's argument fails here also, as Matthew Arnold has pointed out. The analogy between the laws of this world and those of the future world where we shall be by and by may be real if that future world is real. It is not hard to believe this; what it is hard to believe, or what we want evidence of, is that this future world exists, and of this analogy cannot furnish a shadow of proof. Out of this whirling, seething, bubbling universe of warring and clashing forces man has emerged. How impossible it all seems to reason! Experience alone tells us it is true. Upon the past history of the earth and of the race of man we may predict astonishing changes and transformations for the future of both, because the continuity of cause and effect is not broken, but the perpetuity of the me and the you is not implied. All that is implied is the perpetuity of the sum of physical forces. But as to the future of the individual, of me and you, what can we predicate upon the past or upon the present? Only this: that as we had a beginning we shall have an ending; that as yesterday we were not, so to-morrow we shall not be. A man is like the electric spark that glows and crackles for an instant between two dark, silent, inscrutable eternities. The fluid is not lost, but that tiny bolt has come and gone. Darkness and silence before, darkness and silence after. I do not say this is the summing up of the whole question of immortality. I only mean to say this is where the argument from analogy lands us.

We can argue from the known to the

unknown in a restricted way. We do this in life and in science perpetually. We do not know that the fixed stars have worlds revolving about them, yet the presumption, based upon our own solar system, is that they have. But could we infer other suns, were none visible, from the existence of our own? Could we predict the future of the earth did we not know its past, or read aright its past did we not know its present state? From an arc we can complete a circle. We can read the big in the little. The motion of a top throws light upon the motion of the earth. An ingenious mind finds types everywhere, but real analogies are not so easily pointed out.

Nearly all writers and speakers give currency more or less to false or fanciful analogies: men of classical minds and training, like Matthew Arnold, to very few; florid and vehement writers, like Ruskin, to many more. In writing or speaking, we employ metaphors and comparisons to amuse or to convince, to kindle the fancy or to influence the judgment, to light up an old truth or to enforce a new one. The poet aims to give us pleasure, and we allow him great liberties. The philosopher aims to give us truth, and we hold him to a stricter account; his figures must not tell lies. Thus when Schopenhauer says "riches are like sea water; the more you drink the thirstier you become," the mind is instantly pleased by the force and aptness of the comparison, and for the moment we look upon riches as something to be avoided. But is the analogy entirely true? Sea water is to be avoided altogether, even a single mouthful of it, but even Schopenhauer defends riches and the pursuit of riches. "People are often reproached for wishing for money above all things, and for loving it more than anything else; but it is natural and even inevitable for people to love that which, like an unwearied Proteus, is always ready to turn itself into what-

ever object their wandering wishes or manifold desires may for the moment fix upon." Here the comparison will bear closer looking into. Wealth is indeed a Proteus that will take any form your fancy may choose. "Other things are only relatively good," the great pessimist further says: "money alone is absolutely good, because it is not only a concrete satisfaction of one need in particular; it is an abstract satisfaction of all." What then becomes of its analogy to sea water, which so mocks and inflames our thirst? Even the resemblance in the one particular that Schopenhauer had in mind is not true. To the great majority of people wealth brings a degree of satisfaction; they give over its pursuit, and seek the enjoyment of it. When a man embarks in the race for wealth, he is unflagging in seeking it as long as his cup of life is full; but when the limits of his powers are reached, he soon loses interest; he takes in sail, and the appetite for gold, as for other things, declines.

When the same philosopher says that to measure a man's happiness only by what he gets, and not also by what he expects to get, is as futile as to try to express a fraction which shall have a numerator, but no denominator, he uses a figure that conveys the truth much more fully. It may be open to the objection of being too technical, but it expresses a real relation for all that. When you increase your expectations you increase your denominator; and as most men expect or want more than they have, human happiness is nearly always a fraction, — rarely is it a whole number. With many it is a very small fraction indeed. Blessed is he who expects little. The man who expects ten and realizes five is more to be envied than he who expects a thousand and realizes fifty. He is nearer the sum of his wishes. Hence the truth of the old saying that it is our wants that make us poor. When a piece of good fortune

that he did not expect comes to a man, his happiness or satisfaction is no longer a fraction; it is more than a unit.

Quintilian says the early blossom of talent is rarely followed by the fruit of great achievement, but the early works of a man or youth are just as much a fruit as his later ones. There is really no analogy between the early works of an author and the blossoms of a tree. The dreams, the visions, the aspirations, of youth are more like blossoms. Probably no great man has been without them, but how they wither and fall, and how much more sober the aspect which life puts on before any solid achievements can be pointed to! There is usually something more fresh and pristine about the earlier works of a man, — more buoyancy, more unctiousness, more of the “fluid and attaching character;” but the ripest wisdom always goes with age.

There are, no doubt, many strict and striking analogies between the mind and the body, their growth and decay, their health and disease, their assimilative, digestive, and reproductive processes. “The mind of Otho,” says Tacitus, “was not, like his body, soft and effeminate.” There are minds that are best described by the word masculine, and others by the word feminine. There are dull, slow, sluggish minds just as there are heavy, sluggish bodies, and the two usually go together. There are dry, lean, spare minds, and there are minds full of unctiousness and juice. We even use the phrase “mental dyspepsia,” but the analogy here implied is probably purely fanciful, though mental dissipation, mental intemperance, are no idle words. Some people acquire the same craze for highly exciting and stimulating mental food that others have for strong drink, or for peppers and condiments. They lose their taste for simple, natural, healthful things, — for good sound literature, and crave sensational novels and the Sunday newspaper. Doubtless a large part of the reading

of the American people to-day is sheer mental dissipation, and is directed by an abnormal craving for mental excitement. There is degeneration in the physical world, and there is degeneration, strictly so called, in the intellectual world. There are proportion, relation, cause and effect, health and disease, in one as in the other. Logic is but the natural relation of parts as we see them in the organic world. In fact, logic is but health and proportion. The mind cannot fly any more than the body can; it progresses from one fact or consideration to another, step by step, though often, or perhaps generally, we are not conscious of the fact. A large view or glance of truth may be suddenly revealed to it, as of the landscape from a hilltop; but it did not fly to the vantage ground; it reached it by a slow and may be obscure process. The world is simpler than we think. The modes and processes of things widely dissimilar are more apt to be identical than we suspect. There are homologies where we see apparent contradiction. There is but one protoplasm for animal and vegetable. A little more or less heat makes the gaseous, makes the liquid, makes the solid. The lava crystallizes or freezes at a high temperature, water at a low one, mercury at a still lower. Charcoal and the diamond are one. The same law of gravitation which makes the clouds float makes the rain fall. The law that spheres a tear spheres a globe. These facts warrant us in looking for real homologies, vital correspondences, in nature. Only such correspondences give logical and scientific value to analogy. If the likeness means identity of law, or is the same principle in another disguise, then is it an instrument of truth. We might expect many analogies between air and water, as we do, the atmosphere being but a finer ocean; also between ice and water, and between ice and the stratified rocks. If water flows, then will ice flow; if ice bends, then will the rocky strata bend.

If cross-fertilization is good in the vegetable world, we should expect to find it good in the animal. There is thought to be a strict analogy between the succession of plants in different months of the year and the prevalence of different diseases at different seasons. The germ theory of disease gives force to the comparison. The different species of germs no doubt find some periods of the year more favorable to their development than others. If on this planet men walk about while trees are rooted to the ground, we may reasonably expect that the same is true on all other planets. If variation and the survival of the fittest are the law of one species, then they will prove to be the law of all. The bud is a kind of seed, the fruit is a kind of leaf. High culture has the same effect upon man and animals that it has upon plants, — it lessens the powers of reproduction. The lowest organisms multiply by myriads; the higher barely keep from retrograding. A wild apple is full of seeds; in a choice pippin the seeds are largely abortive. Indeed, all weeds and parasites seem bent on filling the world with their progeny, while the higher forms fall off and tend to extinction. Such agreements and correspondences point to identity of law. The analogy is vital.

In the animal economy there are analogies with outward nature. Thus respiration is a kind of combustion. Life itself is a kind of fire, which goes out when it has no fuel to feed on. The foliage of a tree has functions like those of the lungs of an animal. Darwin has noted the sleep of plants and their diurnal motions. Dr. Holmes has a bold fancy that trees are animals, with their tails in the air and their heads in the ground; but there is nothing in the trunk and branches of a tree analogous to a tail, though there is a sort of rudimentary intelligence in the root, as Darwin has shown. We use the tree as a symbol of the branching of a family, — hence the family tree. But

the analogy is not a true one. The branches of a family multiply and diverge when traced backward the same as forward. You had two parents, they had four, they had eight, and so on. If the human race sprang from one pair, then are its branchings more a kind of network, an endless multiplication of meshes. All the past appears to centre in you, and all the future to spring from you. We get the family tree only by cutting out a fragment of this network.

There is little doubt that certain natural laws pervade alike both mind and matter. The law of evolution is universally operative, and is the key to development in the moral and intellectual world no less than in the physical. We are probably, in all our thoughts and purposes, much more under the dominion of universal natural laws than we suspect. The will reaches but a little way. I have no doubt that the race of man bears a definite relation to the life of the globe, — that is, to its age, its store of vitality; that it will culminate as the vital power of the earth culminates, and decline as it declines. Like man, the earth has had its youth, — its nebulous, fiery, molten youth; then its turbulent, luxuriant, copious, riotous middle period; then its placid, temperate, ripe later age, when the higher forms emerge upon the scene. The analogy is deep and radical. The vital energy of the globe was once much more rampant and overflowing than it is now; the time will come when the pulse of the planet will be much feebler than it is now. Youth and age, then growth and decay, are universal conditions. The heavens themselves shall wax old as doth a garment. Life and death are universal conditions, and to fancy a place where death is not is to fancy one's self entirely outside of this universe and of all possible universes.

Men in communities and assemblages are under laws that do not reach or affect the single individual, just as vast

bodies of water respond to attractions and planetary perturbations that do not affect the lesser bodies. Men kindle one another as do firebrands, and beget a collective heat and enthusiasm that tyrannize over the individual purpose and will. We say things are in the air, that a spirit is abroad; that is, that influences are at work above the wills and below the consciousness of the people. There are changes or movements in the world and in communities that seem strictly analogous to drifting; it is as when a ship is carried out of its course by unsuspected currents, or as when arctic explorers, with their faces set northward, are unconsciously carried in the opposite direction by the ice floe beneath them. The spirit of the age, or the time-spirit, is always at work, and takes us with it, whether we know it or not. For instance, the whole religious world is now drifting away from the old theology, and drifting faster than we suspect. Certain zealots have their faces very strongly set against it, but, like Commodore Perry on the ice floe, they are going south faster than their efforts are carrying them north. Indeed, the whole sentiment of the race is moving into a more genial theological climate, although it is away from purgatorial fires rather than toward them. The political sentiment of a country also drifts. That of our own may be said to have been drifting for some time now in the direction of freer commercial intercourse with other nations.

A man's life may stagnate as literally as water may stagnate, and just as motion and direction are the remedy for one, so purpose and activity are the remedy for the other. Movement is the condition of life, any way. Set the currents going in the air, in the water, in the body, in the mind, in the community, and a healthier condition will follow. Change, diversity, activity, are the prime conditions of life and health everywhere. People with doubts and perplexities

about life go to work to ameliorate some of its conditions, and their doubts and perplexities vanish, not because the problems are solved, as they think they are, but because their energies have found an outlet, the currents have been set going. Persons of strong will have few doubts and uncertainties. They do not solve the problems, but they break the spell of their enchantment. Nothing relieves and ventilates the mind like a resolution.

A true work of art is analogous to a living organism. "The essential condition of art creations," says Renan, "is to form a living system every portion of which answers and demands every other. . . . The intimate laws of life, of the development of organic products, and of the toning down of shades must be considered at every step." Works like certain of Victor Hugo's, which have no organic unity and proportion, are, according to this dictum, monstrosities. When Matthew Arnold insisted upon it that in all vital prose there is a process of evolution, he enunciated the same principle as Renan. We all know well that which is organic in books as distinguished from the inorganic, the vital as distinguished from the mechanical. Read the learned address of the president of some local scientific or literary society, and then turn to one of Professor Huxley's trenchant papers. The difference is just that between weapons in an armory and weapons in the hands of trained soldiers. Huxley's will and purpose, or his personality, pervade and vitalize his material and make it his own, while the learned president sustains only an accidental and mechanical relation to what he has to say. Happy is the writer who can lop off or cut out from his page everything to which he sustains only a secondary and mechanical relation. It would be easy to show, I think, that Arnold erred in denying to Emerson the meed of a great writer because of the disjointed character of Emerson's

sentences. The sentences themselves are vital. No man's work was ever more a real and valid outcome of his mind and character than was that of Emerson. In his books we feel ourselves in contact with a person, and not merely with a faculty.

The summing up of the matter would then seem to be that there is an analogy of rhetoric and an analogy of science; a likeness that is momentary and accidental, giving rise to metaphor and parable, and a correspondence that is fundamental, arising from the universality of law.

John Burroughs.

AN INNOCENT LIFE.

It was a warm October afternoon. The rich light rested caressingly on the earth, and the village street and the fields and woodlands behind the houses added their own beauty to that of the sweet radiance from the heavens.

Mary Gardner stood at her gateway. She was an elderly woman. She wore a gray woolen gown and had a Quaker kerchief pinned across her breast. Her muslin cap was tied with narrow white ribbons under her chin. That chin was firm and round as a girl's. Her features were straight and delicate, and her brow had a calm and gentle expression. There was just now a wistful look in her gray heavy-lidded eyes.

A young girl came out of the small brown house in the yard and walked to the gate. "It's half an hour since the train whistled," said she.

Mary Gardner sighed. "I'm afraid he has n't come. I don't know whatever we shall do, Rebecca."

"I suppose," said Rebecca, "I'd better milk the cow and feed Jack myself."

"Yes," replied the mother.

The two women went toward the barn, an old unpainted structure. They passed a wagon-shop on the way. The door stood open, and revealed the bench, the tools, an anvil, and a half-finished wagon within. Rebecca shut the door and locked it.

"How lonesome it seems!" observed Mary.

Rebecca was like her mother, but was taller, and her cheeks were pink and her eyes dark. She looked serene and unworldly.

The cow stood in her stall. Rebecca had driven her up from the meadow an hour before. Mary fed the horse while the girl milked. The light meanwhile grew yellower and more mysterious. By the time the two women entered the house heavy shadows had crept into the corners of the rooms.

Rebecca poured the milk into shallow pans.

"I'll make thee a good cup of tea, mother."

Mary Gardner sat down by a little table close to the window that gave a view of the street. Rebecca came and turned up her mother's face, and saw tears upon her cheeks.

"Now," she said, "don't thee cry. Father's all right. They won't keep him in the court room all night. Luke Robbins told me this afternoon that when a jury was kept all night they took 'em to a hotel. Think of father's going to a hotel! I dare say he'll like it."

"No, he won't," sobbed Mary Gardner simply. "Father's such a home body. He was born in the room he sleeps in now. He's never slept out of this house in all his life. He never wanted to go from home. I've often heard his mother tell how, when he was about fifteen, he drove his sister Sally and Martha

Lowe, a visiting Friend from England, over to his uncle Jonathan's, in the Mowry neighborhood, to Quarterly Meeting, and they all calculated to stay two or three days. But toward night his mother heard the gate open, and she run to the window, and there was Roger comin' up the yard. He 'd left the horse and carryall with them, and he 'd walked home by the Loasquissett road, crossing the river in a rowboat. He pretended he 'd come because he thought mother Gardner 'd be lonesome; but she knew it was just because he was such a home body. And it tickled her lots. She used to say she never felt more desirous to please Friends at Quarterly Meeting times than she did that night to make something real tasty for that boy's supper. He never even wanted to go to Yearly Meeting. At first I was afraid he had n't the concerns of the Society at heart, but I've got through thinking that. It's the way he's made. I've left him once or twice, but I never see night come on in this house without his bein' somewheres within call."

Her voice died away in a little quaver. Rebecca felt depressed. Both women, indeed, were really suffering from the strangeness of their situation, alone in Roger Gardner's home without Roger Gardner there.

They sat thus forlorn in the kitchen when a rap sounded at the door.

"It's Luke Robbins, mother," said Rebecca a few moments later, when she returned from ushering the visitor into the sitting-room and lighting the lamp therein.

"Thee go in," said Mary. "I don't feel like seeing any one."

But Rebecca faced her mother, with a laugh in her girlish eyes.

"If thee does n't come in," she declared, "I shall stay here with thee."

Mary sighed, and went into the other room with her daughter. Luke Robbins, a swarthy, middle-aged Quaker with a smoothly shaven face, greeted her awk-

wardly. Rebecca seated herself and folded her hands. The talk languished a little till a neighbor came in, whom Mary took out to the pantry to see her new-made jellies, and Luke was left alone with Rebecca, who dared not flee again.

He stared at the floor and his mouth worked; then he moved his chair toward the girl.

"Rebecca."

She started nervously. This man was almost the only influence which had yet entered her young life which could disturb its serenity. Her susceptibility to irritation from his presence revealed in her a more sensitive and less poised nature than her calm appearance usually implied.

"Rebecca," he said again.

"Now don't speak in that way," she answered. "I don't like it."

"It's the only way I can speak," he retorted boldly, "when I tell thee what is borne in on my mind. I want to marry thee. And I believe the Lord means I shall marry thee, soon or late."

She sprang to her feet, and pushed her chair before her like a barricade between them.

"Well, I don't mean to marry thee, no matter what thee believes, Luke Robbins," she cried impetuously, "and I know I should hate it worse than anything else in the world!"

He came toward her, but she ran out to the kitchen. He could not follow her and meet the older women there, but he said in low tones which pursued her, "I shall wait, Rebecca."

When Mary and her friend came back, he was so decorous and composed in manner that they thought the girl's sudden rush, which they had noticed, must have been caused solely because she had heard her kitten mew at the back door and wished to let it into the house. Luke took his leave speedily, so they had no time to wonder why she did not return with the kitten in her arms.

Roger Gardner had been obliged that day to go to the county town of Preston to serve on the jury. It was a murder case, but as there was no capital punishment in that State Roger's Quaker principles did not prevent his serving. Still, he found everything connected with the service extremely repugnant, — the crowded court room, the odors, the jokes, the brutalized faces.

One of his companions on the jury, a wiry, town-bred man, nudged him occasionally and tried to impart worldly information to him; but Roger shook his head at last, and said, "Thy speech does not seem to me of a gravity befitting the occasion;" and so silenced him.

Roger's face during most of the day was a subject from which to make a study of bewildered simplicity. Innocent as a child or a woman may be, yet no human countenance is so capable of expressing a pathetic, and in one sense beautiful, lack of intelligence in the presence of the larger and worse life of the world as is the face of an old man whose instincts and experience have kept him unsullied and ignorant and child-like. Men are so much less analytic than women that they have to know more of evil than women do in order to comprehend its significance.

For a long time Roger felt stupefied; but finally a sort of intellectual concentration came into his look. His half-opened mouth shut tightly. The lines about his eyes sharpened. His very nostrils seemed more clearly cut. The flesh upon his cheeks acquired a firmer modeling.

The prisoner had drawn a deep sigh, and the sadness of the sound had roused the old man to a tardy recognition of the fact that it was his duty to listen to the evidence. The prisoner was a dull-faced negro who, when drunk, had murdered a woman. There was no doubt about the deed, — only a question as to the man's responsibility in doing it. Roger began to feel how pitiful it all

was. He grew absorbed, and scarcely noted the waning of the afternoon light.

The jury were unable to agree at once, and so it came about that in due time Roger was led to the hotel to pass the night. Ignorant of city customs, uneasy with his fellow-jurors, afraid of gas, alarmed by the table-waiter, the sob in his throat prevented his eating any supper.

The next day dawned in clear, bright beauty. Mary Gardner went about her tasks with an expectant feeling. Toward noon she heard the click of the gate-latch. She was ironing, but she set her flat-iron down on the towel she was smoothing and ran to the door. Roger came up the path, his blue eyes shining mildly. He had a brown, refined face. He held out his hand to his wife.

"Oh," she cried, "thee does n't know how I have missed thee!"

He kissed her rather sedately. "Well," he said, "it looks real natural here. I don't never want to go away again."

"Thee's such a home body," replied Mary admiringly.

Then he told his story, — how lonesome he had felt, how he had got up from bed twice to make sure he had turned off the gas, how his room-mate had snored.

Rebecca hung over him fondly.

"I declare," he said, "thy mother and I lived together without a child nigh twenty year, but I think almost as much of thee as of her, now thee's here, Rebecca."

"We cried last night," observed she, in a tone that showed she thought those tears quite creditable to the family. "And see," she added, "how mother put down the iron and scorched the towel, when she heard thee coming."

Roger examined the burnt spot; then he turned to his laughing daughter. "If mother don't look out," he remarked, smiling, "she'll grow to be as shiftless as her aunt Asenath Mowry."

"Oh, I know!" cried Rebecca gleefully. "She was the silly one that cut up a new shirt to mend two old ones, and said it made them 'most as good as new."

"Yes," said Roger, "and it was she that cut up a sheet to make a night-cap."

"Now do be still. Ain't you ashamed?" said Mary Gardner; but as she spoke she smiled contentedly, and folded the burnt towel and put it away with the whole ones.

The neighbors came in to see Roger. Everybody liked him, and the men had always thought Mary beautiful, though the women said of her "they did n't know which surprised them most,—the sense she showed when you didn't expect it, or her foolishness when you thought she'd be sensible."

Nearly all the men had been to war or had traveled on peaceful errands. They had been wont to consider themselves superior to Roger because of their wider experience, and had regarded his home-keeping habits with kindly laughter and rough but friendly contempt. Now it suddenly seemed that there must be something very wonderful in the thoughts of this man who had just passed a night away from home for the first time in a life of more than sixty years. They were eager to know what those thoughts might be.

"What do you think of our courts?" they asked.

"It's all a confusion," he said, "with the idle men an' boys a-sittin' round. They're learning nothing but evil ways. They hear how the prisoner got caught robbing and murdering, and they get ideas how to do such things themselves and not get found out. They look like hungry animals waitin' their turn to be fed."

Mary Gardner got up, and, as she crossed the room, touched Roger softly on the sleeve of his coat. She had an indefinite feeling that his experiences had removed him from her, and she

wanted the vague comfort of his touch to assure herself that he still belonged to her.

"You convicted the prisoner, didn't you?" asked some one.

The old man's face clouded. "He's behind the bars," he said. "It's all a muddle to me. The ways of men are as hard to understand as the ways of God sometimes. I don't see as a man's more likely to grow good in a jail than in a good home. He never had the home,—the testimony showed that,—so now they're tryin' the jail on him."

The sunshine streamed in through the western windows of the sitting-room. There were no pictures on the walls, but the ceiling was low and the room did not look bare. Mary and Rebecca had made the bright-colored rugs strewn over the carpeted floor. They called them "mats." A fire burned in a small open stove. Rebecca shuddered trying to think what a cell in a jail was like.

After supper Roger and Mary strolled out into the field beyond their garden. Roger had purchased this land some years before. It had been a part of the farm which his ancestors had held, but it had fallen to other heirs, and he had bought it from a distant relative.

Near the line between this field and his house lot Roger had set out a row of apple-trees. One of these trees was laden with apples. Some had fallen on the grass. The old husband and wife picked them up and munched them, and chattered together like a pair of barn swallows.

"Luke Robbins was here last evenin'," observed she.

"I don't know about Luke," said he. "He'd want to take her to his place. I hope Rebecca'll marry somebody so she can live with us, and we'll keep another cow."

That night Roger was taken ill. It was the old story,—a short, hard fight, and then an apparent improvement.

"Come to bed," he called, the third

night. "Don't set up, Mary. I'll rest easier to know thee's restin'."

She lay down beside him, and listened to his breathing for an hour; then she fell asleep, woke with a start, put out her hand, touched him, sat up, and gave a wild cry.

Rebecca came running into the room. Roger lay perfectly still. She bent over him, picked up his heavy hands and rubbed them. Mary Gardner got out of bed, and leaned against the bedpost.

"Oh, mother," cried the girl, her young voice shrill with entreaty, "why don't thee do something for father?"

Then Mary spoke in a low tone: "I never can do anything for him again so long's I live."

The day of the funeral came. People assembled, and talked in hushed whispers.

"I wonder if he's left 'em comfortably off," they said. "Rebecca's a pretty smart girl, anyhow. I guess they'll get along."

The harmless gossip was soon ended. It was a Quaker funeral. Two or three of the women wore Quaker bonnets. The men were mostly villagers and farmers. Their necks and wrists looked very brown beside their white linen. They had rough beards hanging from their chins. They had gentle, honest eyes. The undertaker, with his black kid gloves, did not seem in harmony with the homely nature of the scene.

When all were seated, a solemn stillness pervaded the house. It was just like a meeting in the meeting-house.

The minutes crawled. The rooms grew warm and close. Rebecca heard her own heart beat. The clock on the shelf struck twelve, and as it finished one in the kitchen began, like an echo; and after that, faint, far-off pealings came to Rebecca's ears. The bells in distant factories were ringing. The world, in its noonday hurry, repeated the sounds within that house of death. Into Rebecca's mind came the memory

of her father's description of the court room, the confusion and the wrong in the city; and still the far-off bells rang, and did not suggest sweet, homelike ceremonies as did the clocks that had ceased their striking. The girl felt vaguely that there was some mysterious relation between her soul and this strange outer world, and she grew afraid of the thought. Death seemed easier than life to her slowly awakening nature. "Father, father!" she cried in her heart.

Luke Robbins sat by the window. His heavy black brows were drawn over his half-closed eyes, and his mouth worked continually.

At last he stood up. "I am reminded," he began, "of the flight of Time." His voice rose into a wild chant. "We are passing," he sang, "with the hours into eternity. They call our spirits onward where the dear departed one has gone before us. Prepare, prepare ye your hearts, for the bridegroom cometh, and whither he will carry us no man knoweth, nor the hour thereof."

His head drooped forward as he preached. His eyes were but a black gleam between his long eyelashes. He held the corners of his mouth together, but opened it wide in the centre, and hurled his words forth from the orifice with increasing energy. Once he paused, shut his lips and smacked them as if the spiritual flavor of his words were good. As he became more excited he shut his eyes entirely, and then he lifted his head, like one unabashed, and his whole gaunt frame rocked with the force with which his voice rushed from him.

"And for the loved ones left behind," he chanted, "we pray thee, O God. We commend them to thy tender mercy, O Lord, — the dear wife and the dear daughter."

Rebecca moved in her seat. His tones had, on her disturbed spirit, the terrifying effect of a stormy wind. It

was a solace to her when silence fell again upon the assembly.

Then a Quaker-clad woman began to preach. She had a sweet, caressing voice, full of such tender intonations that even when she spoke of "the enemy that goeth about like a lion seeking whom he may devour" it sounded as if she were musically uttering a lullaby. Tears came gently to Rebecca's eyes. "Father, father," she said yet again in her heart, but with a quiet confidence now that, wherever he had gone, he had not forgotten his child.

But Mary Gardner was not content, for the preacher whom she most longed to hear sat silent through all the services.

"I thought," she said quite piteously, that evening, "that the Spirit would surely move Joseph Wayland to-day."

Her lips trembled, but she said no more, since she knew she must not blame the Spirit for not moving, and it was useless to complain of Friend Wayland himself in such a matter.

She was very quiet. Rebecca slept with her. The next day she took part in all the work necessary to put the house back in its accustomed order. Toward evening, however, she sat down, and did not speak for a full hour. Then when Rebecca brought in the lamp she fell to weeping violently.

"I'm just as unreconciled as I can be," she sobbed. "I want to see him so much."

The winter passed slowly. Rebecca had one interest, — a friendship, growing constantly closer, with Miss Esther Williams, the middle-aged daughter of a minister. Miss Williams was highly educated, and she gave the girl books to read, and helped to develop her mind and character.

The March winds blew at last over an earth that, tremulous with the expectation of spring, seemed surprised by their rude violence.

Mary Gardner and Rebecca sat peace-

fully sewing by the windows of their sitting-room. They were turning sheets, and heaps of snowy cloth lay around them.

A buggy stopped at the gate, and two men alighted. One was short, red-faced, and elderly. The other was tall, fair-haired, young, and comely. The short man carried a small leather bag.

"I do believe," said Rebecca, "that's Lawyer Stimpson from Preston. What does thee suppose he's come here for?"

The Quaker widow raised her calm eyes. "Oh," replied she, "it's something about land. I had a letter last week. Go let them in."

She did not put away her sewing as Rebecca ushered in the strangers, but when the men were seated the girl piled the sheets up compactly.

Mr. Stimpson introduced himself, and then presented his companion as "Mr. Arnold, Mr. Hugh Arnold, who has come with me in the interests of his father."

Mr. Hugh blushed slightly and looked at his boots, while the lawyer stated their business.

Rebecca listened intently. She knew, as all the village knew, that the land lying south of their field had come into the possession of one Frederick Arnold, of Boston, and that he proposed to build on it a great country house. Indeed, work on the estate was already begun. Now she heard that this Mr. Arnold put forth a claim to the strip which her father had purchased years before, on the ground that some woman's right of dower in it had never been signed away, and so the title of the man who sold it to her father had been defective. She did not understand clearly all the details about minor heirs and feminine rights, and she looked at her mother, who sewed steadily all the time Mr. Stimpson talked.

Hugh raised his eyes once or twice and let their glances rest on the girl. He thought he had never seen a human face so like that of the Venus of Milo.

"My client does not wish," said Mr. Stimpson, "to take any advantage of you, Mrs. Gardner; but he feels it best for all parties concerned that this affair should be definitely arranged now, and he also very much desires to incorporate this field in his estate, to make his lawn square. I am therefore instructed to lay the matter before you, and ask you what lawyer I shall consult on your behalf."

Mary Gardner handed her needle to Rebecca. "Please thread it for me, daughter," she said; then she turned her mild face toward the lawyer. Her white hair shone under the edge of her cap. "I don't see," she continued, "that there is any need to talk with a lawyer. I think Rebecca and I can fix everything. I suppose, of course, thee is speaking the exact truth?"

"Indeed" — began Mr. Stimpson; but Hugh broke in:—

"You may rely on our having told you the absolute truth, Mrs. Gardner."

"I am empowered," said Mr. Stimpson, "to offer you a certain sum of money, if you will cede your claim to the land; but I should prefer to negotiate this part of the business with your lawyer."

"I don't want any lawyer," replied Mary. "Thee and this young man have both assured me thee has told me the facts, and what more could any other man do? My husband," she added, "bought the land of Timothy Brayton, and I understand that he had no right to sell it."

"Yes," said Mr. Stimpson, amazed into brevity.

"And this money," continued the widow, "which Frederick Arnold offers me does not come from Timothy Brayton, to whom my husband paid money?"

"Oh, no," replied the lawyer, with the little chuckle which he held to be the due of successful knavery. "Not a bit of it. You ought to get it out of Timothy, but Mr. Arnold knows that

would be hard work, and he wishes to make you some recompense."

"It's only fair!" cried Hugh hotly. "Indeed, I think we ought to buy the land of you, just as if you were the real owners."

The lawyer threw the young fellow a quick, disapproving glance.

"Well," said Mary Gardner, "I don't know what thee and thy father ought to do, but I know that my daughter and I cannot possibly sell what we don't own. That would be doing what Timothy Brayton did. So we can't take any money from thy father. I suppose there will be papers to sign saying we give up the land. Are they ready?"

Mr. Stimpson exclaimed. Hugh protested. Rebecca said nothing, but sat with her hands folded in her lap, looking as if the word "money" meant nothing to her. The unworldliness of the two women baffled the men. Mary was immovable in her decision.

Hugh flatly refused to conclude the business that day, and he and Mr. Stimpson took their leave.

"I never felt so much like a thief in my life," he said, when he and the lawyer were driving back to Preston. "Good heavens, what does give anybody a title to possess some of God's earth, if goodness and simplicity and all the qualities God's children ought to have don't do it?"

Mr. Stimpson looked at the lad carelessly. "She's a mighty pretty girl," he remarked; but Hugh took no notice of the insinuation, and went on vehemently:—

"If there's one thing I'm thankful for, it is that I'm not a lawyer like you. I would n't spend my life poking about among musty old papers till I got muddled into thinking there was nothing sacred in the world but property. *Property!* — I believe it's the biggest sham that was ever invented to fool mankind with."

"Look here, young man," said Mr.

Stimpson good-naturedly. "The trouble with you is, you've got such a lot of money you don't in the least know what it would be to try to scrape along in this world without it, and so you don't value it."

"It's just because I've seen so much of real poverty," continued Hugh, "that I think in our notions of property there's something wrong which has caused all the misery in the world." For Mr. Hugh had for some time past employed his leisure hours among the poor of large cities, and his curly head buzzed with ideas on the subject of their relief.

Mr. Stimpson laughed. "Oh, you've *seen* poverty," he said; "that ain't the same as feeling it. I've *felt* it. And I tell you, it would let more daylight into your brain in twenty-four hours than you're likely to get in a lifetime of ease, if you could be where I've been, and not know — really not know at all — where your next meal was coming from, and know very well all the time that not a human being, except your mother, may be, cared one straw whether you ever had a next meal. That gives you a sense of the lonesomeness of life; and if ever you were in such a scrape and got out of it, as I did, and got hold of some property, and felt how *solid* it was, I don't believe you'd ever talk any more about its being a *sham*. You'd know how good it is to have some."

Hugh looked at the older man curiously. "But what about the people," he suggested, "who never get out of such a scrape as you describe, and who never can get out of it as long as you and I hold on to our notions that property is sacred?"

"I don't know that there are any such people," replied the lawyer, raising his voice a little and growing a trifle redder. "I got out of it. I guess they could if they tried hard enough."

All sorts of ideas rushed through the lad's mind, but he decided it would do no good to talk to this man about the

influence of heredity, environment, and economic institutions in keeping some people in hopeless poverty. Besides, he was not yet quite certain what he did think about the rights of wealth and the laws of economy, so he refrained from throwing out any more rash remarks, but inwardly reiterated the resolve, which was daily growing stronger within, that he would never cease trying to see what was real and what was artificial in the laws and customs that made up the social fabric of his day. And after a little silent thought upon this subject, the face of Rebecca Gardner rose again upon his mental vision, while he drove over the stony country road, lined with bare bushes, whose boughs were beginning to redden with the promise of the springtime.

Meanwhile Mary and Rebecca sat idle at home, and watched a golden glory come into the western sky. They did not feel like sewing any more. Mary picked some stray threads off her gown and rolled them up in little balls. As the sun sank below the horizon, she said, a sob breaking through her sweet, trembling voice: —

"Rebecca, it seems so lonesome to do things without thy father. I wish I could go wherever he is."

A year and more rolled away. It was May in New England, and the odorous earth offered itself to the inspection of the sky without fear lest any blemish should be found on its beauty.

Rebecca was in the garden cutting dandelions and delicate shepherd's grass for greens. She gathered some young leaves from the currant bushes to increase her store. A yellow-breasted bird bobbed his little black head on a shrub near her. Soft, sweet noises filled the air.

Rebecca wore a faded blue gingham dress. Her eyes glowed. Mary Gardner came slowly along the path.

"How finely the rhubarb grows!" she said.

No woman ever loved her garden and all the green things growing in it more than Mary Gardner did. She looked across to the fields which men were busy transforming into a park for Mr. Arnold.

"They say," said she, "that Frederick Arnold means to have the grass cut every week. It's a dreadful waste of hay to do that."

"I suppose," replied Rebecca, "that he thinks it's prettier, but I like the tall waving grass."

"Yes, that's beautiful," observed her mother, "and it's sinful to spoil good hay land like that."

She walked on to the boundary line, where a low stone fence had been placed. "I'm very thankful," she thought, "that Frederick Arnold has n't cut down these apple-trees."

She reached out her hand and softly touched a bough of the tree whose fruit she and Roger had eaten together.

Meanwhile Hugh Arnold entered the garden and went to a little bench where Rebecca had seated herself to pick over her dandelions. The young girl greeted him shyly. She had not seen him often. She had heard strange stories of his work among the destitute dwellers in the city, the queerly rendered village gossip about the half-comprehended interests and pursuits of different modes of life.

He began to help her select the dandelions that were fit to use.

"Thee'll stain thy fingers."

He laughed. Such staining in such company seemed a pleasant diversion on a bright spring morning. She felt pleased and happy, but when she next spoke there was something abrupt and bashful in her manner.

"I've heard," she said, "that thee is interested in very poor people. Is it true?"

"Yes, I guess so," he answered.

"Does thee ever go to the jail in Preston?"

"No, I have never been there."

"Oh, I thought may be thee had."

She shook the refuse leaves from her lap, and appeared about to fall into an obstinate silence.

"Why did you ask?" said he. "I can go there. Can I do anything for you?"

"There's a negro there," she replied. "My father was on the jury. They had to convict him, but I know it troubled father, — and then father died. I've always wanted to do something for that negro, but I did n't know how. I want to send him a book."

Hugh's heart beat a little more quickly than usual. Rebecca was very beautiful at that moment.

"I'll find out about the man, and take him anything you want to send," he said.

"It is very good in thee," she answered, and their young eyes met.

It was three or four weeks later when Rebecca next saw Hugh. She and her mother stood in the yard beside a rose-bush whose vinelike branches clambered over a small pear-tree. Rebecca's hands were full of pink roses. Hugh came into the yard bringing a bunch of large white field daisies.

"You cannot take my daisies?" asked he, looking at her laden hands.

"Mother will take them," answered Rebecca, but Mary Gardner smiled.

"No," she said. "Give me thy roses. I don't like the white weed."

"Why?" exclaimed Hugh. "See how beautiful it is!"

The old Quaker woman's face was in its way as fair as the daisies, and her hair was as white as their petals. "I can't see any prettiness in it," she persisted. "It's a great torment to farmers, — a very troublesome weed. These roses are pretty," and she took them from Rebecca and carried them into the house.

Hugh handed his flowers rather awkwardly to the girl, who, turning toward

his father's lawn, began hurriedly to talk about that.

"I never saw such a fine place," she remarked, "except once when I went to Yearly Meeting and saw the houses at Newport."

"Yearly Meeting?" he repeated, in a puzzled tone. "What's that? Oh, I remember! It's something about the Quakers, is n't it?"

She did not answer. She felt suddenly that his life and hers were very far apart. He scarcely knew what Yearly Meeting was. Her heart sank, but his voice roused her attention. He told her that he had carried her book to the jail, and that he had had a long talk with the negro. He explained to her some plans he had begun to make about the man's future, although all the possibilities of that future were restricted within the compass of prison walls. He had a deep, sweet voice. She listened with a growing sense of large and liberal elements in life.

Mary Gardner came to the door and called:—

"Rebecca, I see Luke Robbins coming up the road. I want to send some preserve to his mother. Will thee come and get it?"

Hugh saw Rebecca give a sort of shuddering start. He put out his hand impulsively and held her as she moved away.

"Wait a minute," he said,—"just a minute. I want to tell you something. I am going to Europe for a few weeks. Don't forget me while I'm gone."

She looked at him with parted lips, on which the very breath was hushed, and for one silent moment he returned her gaze; then her mother's voice sounded with a more impatient note in it than usual:—

"Rebecca, is thee coming?"

Without a word more the young creatures drifted apart, as if Mary Gardner's call were endowed with the force to move them in opposite directions.

As Hugh left the yard he met the Quaker preacher coming in, his sombre black eyes bent upon the ground.

"I must cut a pretty figure in her eyes," thought Hugh, striding off rapidly, "helping my father gouge her out of her land first, and then bringing her daisies by way of recompense, and philanthropic moonshine for entertainment."

The summer glided by. A pathetic expression came into Rebecca's eyes which modified the Greek calmness of her beauty.

The stone walls of the Arnold house were rising. Members of the Arnold family came to board in the village and watch the building. The ladies wore white gowns in the morning, and marvelously tinted ones in the evening. The village folk wondered at their ways, at their maid and men servants, their horses and odd carriages. Mary Gardner disapproved of everything in connection with the family.

"I don't think Hugh is quite in unity with the way his family lives," Rebecca ventured timidly to say, one day when the young man had been included in her mother's condemnation of the luxurious, idle life which his mother and sisters seemed to the Quaker woman to live.

"How does thee know what he is in unity with?" retorted Mary, with that unexpected shrewdness she sometimes showed, and Rebecca was dumb.

Luke Robbins came constantly to the cottage now. For a long time after Rebecca had refused to marry him he had stayed away, and she thought he had given her up; but it was quite evident that he had only been biding his time, and with a sinking heart the girl recognized the fact that he thought his time had now come. She was afraid of his persistency. She feared lest she should yield to it in some hour of weakness. His fanatical fancy that the Lord intended her to marry him had the terrifying effect upon her nerves of a half-credited ghost story.

Mary Gardner looked at the matter more rationally.

"If thee can make her like thee, Luke," she said to him, "that will be enough leading for her. I would n't talk to her about the Lord's will. Girls sometimes get set against the Lord's will; they like their own better."

But Mary was more able to advise Luke how to act his part wisely than to act her own with discretion. She praised Luke to Rebecca as constantly as she criticised the Arnolds. Luke had a farm. He led a simple, godly life, such as she could appreciate. She liked his pursuits. His grass fulfilled its destiny and grew into hay. His barns were odorous with its scent. He rooted up his daisies. She saw the good results of his labor, and she valued them, not because of the money they brought him, but because she believed that the raising of crops and cattle was an acceptable service to God and very useful to man.

One September afternoon Rebecca was walking in the country, a mile behind the village. Oak and chestnut trees and clumps of walnuts were scattered about the fields which she crossed. The wind was rising. Clouds hurried over the sky. There was a strange light and a stranger darkness on the earth. Rebecca's skirts impeded her movements. The branches over her head swayed. She heard the crash of a falling tree. Thoroughly alarmed, she sped on toward a clear space in the field. The wind now carried her forward, but so violently that when she reached open ground she dropped, and lay at full length on the earth, letting the gale blow over her.

Crash after crash resounded in the thickets and from different parts of the adjacent hillocks and hollows. She grew afraid she had not gone far enough from the nearest trees when she dropped. She tried to drag herself forward without rising. She dared not rise. Suddenly she became conscious that she was in the centre of some catastrophe. The

air was full of noise; then she knew not whether she had heard or felt anything, till she found herself still on the ground, unhurt, but surrounded and covered by the branches and leaves of a fallen tree.

By and by the wind died into silence. She raised herself on her elbow and peered up through the gaps in her leafy prison. There were clouds in the upper sky, but yellow shining sunbeams shot straight down beneath the dark masses toward the western horizon.

Rebecca could move a little, but she could not get out. She felt weak, and lay still for a long while, and what she thought in that hour she never fully told. By and by her ears caught the sound of the wild, sweet cries of some birds whose refuges had been destroyed by the storm. She began to wonder what would become of her as night drew on.

She struggled and called. No one answered, and the sun went rapidly on its way toward the mystic boundary of night. At last she heard the sound of footsteps, of some one breaking through branches and climbing over barriers. A shout answered her own.

She recognized Luke's voice, and for an instant she did not call again. She knew that she was on his land, and concluded that he had come out to see what damage the storm had done.

After a moment's hesitation, she decided that she would much rather be rescued by him than not be rescued at all, and she boldly cried, "Luke, Luke, come here!"

He had an axe, and he soon cut an opening in the branches; but when she saw his gloomy black eyes looking down through the foliage at her she almost wished she had not let him find her.

He helped her with a hand that trembled.

"What an escape thee has had!" he said.

They walked along together. She

furtively arranged her disordered gown. She felt faint, and could hardly stagger. Once he tried to take her in his arms and carry her over a very rough pile of branches and stones, but she would not let him, and stumbled on.

"Thee is not kind, Rebecca," he said, and his voice choked.

She had never felt any tenderness in his love before, and this exhibition unnerved her.

"Yes, I am, I am," she cried, "but I can't bear everything!"

Her softened mood only roused him, and when they reached her mother's gate he seized her hands and stooped to kiss her. She sprang backward, but his lips grazed her cheek.

"No, no!" she exclaimed, and, wrenching her hands free, she pushed him violently away.

"Luke Robbins is a good man," said Mary Gardner that night, after she had got the girl to bed. "I'm very thankful it was he that found thee."

Rebecca made no answer, but when her mother had gone she arose, and walked up and down the room for an hour.

The next day she went again to walk, and this time she met Hugh Arnold face to face. He had arrived only that morning. He was clad in a white flannel tennis suit. His little cap was pushed back on his shapely head. His eyes sparkled when he saw Rebecca. His yellow hair was damp, and it lay on his forehead just long enough to curl there. Certainly he was a goodly vision to appear before a young girl's eyes, as he came along the narrow country road, with leafy boughs above his head and goldenrod growing where his feet were treading, while a flock of quails rustled away in the nearest wooded field.

In after days Rebecca remembered that her mother began about this time to manifest a slight mental wavering. She was not exactly abstracted, or nervous,

or wandering, but there was a greater uncertainty than ever before in the operations of her simple mind.

There came a moonlight evening in October. Rebecca went to see her friend, the minister's daughter. Mary sat by the window. The moon rose in the heavens, and clouds followed and sought to conceal her. The earth shone like silver and faded dully with the variations of light, till at last all was radiance and peace above and below. Mary's face, close to the window pane, showed a spirit-like but aged beauty. She looked at the row of apple-trees, and remembered the sunset hour when she and her husband had walked together beneath them. Her lips lost their fine curves in a pitiful tremulous movement.

"I want to go out there,—I want to go out there," she whispered faintly, and with the habitual feminine feeling that to go out-of-doors alone at night would be to attempt a revolt against nature.

The leaves of the trees shimmered. The boughs swayed as if with a soft, sensuous consciousness of the atmosphere.

"I guess Roger'd think I was pretty foolish," she said at last; but she rose, put on her shawl and overshoes, went out into the shining, unearthly-looking garden, and walked straight on past her currant bushes to the dividing wall. Some chrysanthemums blossomed by the fence. Their crisp petals scintillated before her eyes. The young apple-trees held up their branches vigorously.

She leaned on the wall and looked over into the field. An unwonted feeling of pain and bitterness crept into her heart. For the first time she felt that she had been defrauded. But it was not the property she regretted; it was the right to walk under those trees as she and Roger had walked.

Some apples lay on the sere grass. They looked just like those that she and he had eaten together that last

evening. She climbed over the fence, gathered up the fruit in her apron, and then, climbing back, fled to her own house.

She laid the apples side by side on the window sill, and, panting a little, sat down and gazed at them.

"I guess I'll eat one," she murmured. "'T would seem like old times. No, 't would n't neither! He ain't here to eat 'em with me. Oh, dear, I wish 't I knew what he's a-doing of now. It seems as if he'd find an apple like these real tasty, wherever he is."

She took one up and bit a little piece; then quickly put it down.

"Oh my," she said, "what be I doing of? That ain't my apple nor Roger's. It's Frederick Arnold's."

She stood up, old and daft and trembling. "I've stole 'em!" she cried. "Oh, dear, I did n't s'pose I'd turn into a thief at my time of life."

She took the bitten apple and turned it in her fingers. Some accustomed religious phrases came to her bewildered mind.

"I've tasted the fruits of unrighteousness," she murmured.

She hastily put on her shawl again, but forgot her overshoes. She gathered the apples into her apron as into a nest, putting each one in softly except the bitten one, which she carried in one hand, while she grasped the folds of her apron with the other.

She crossed the garden once more, but she felt too weak to climb the fence again, and she leaned over and very gently dropped the apples on the grassy ground. Last of all she let the bitten one fall beside the others.

Then suddenly she began to feel as if there had been something silly in her conduct, but she smiled resolutely in the moonlight.

"I'm kinder glad," she said, "I had the grit to bring 'em back."

She retraced her steps, with head erect, but as she neared the house she

heard voices. She went around the corner, and, standing on the damp turf behind a big syringa bush, she saw Rebecca and Hugh Arnold come up the path. They stopped so near her that she could distinguish the words they spoke.

"No, no," Rebecca was saying; "mother would be worried all the time if I promised to marry thee. She can't understand any way of life being good that is n't just like what she and father led. She does n't see what else anybody can want to make him happy."

He took her face between his hands and turned it up to his. Mary could see both their countenances in profile.

"Oh, but, my darling," said he, "it is n't just for happiness I want you. It's for sorrow too, — to help me, and show me how to help other people."

"Perhaps I could n't do it, after all," replied Rebecca earnestly. "I've lived just such a life as mother has. If I tried to go out of it, I might be troubled too, and not sure of — anything. Quakers don't change easily. I feel as if I was made of wood or stone, and perhaps I could n't change enough."

"You don't love me!" he exclaimed, cutting in with the masculine propensity to find swift and simple solution for emotional perplexities. "You'll marry Luke Robbins yet."

He flung himself away. She let him go till he reached the garden gate; then she sprang after him.

"Hugh, Hugh!" she cried.

He turned, of course, and took her in his arms.

"You must love me," he said.

She did not try to escape from him, but still she repeated the words, "It would worry mother."

Mary Gardner crept away from the low sound of their impassioned voices, and dragged herself, like one sorely stricken, into the house.

"I don't see," she said to herself, "how I could stand it to have her kitin' round like those Arnold girls."

The next day the old woman tried in vain to rise. She smiled feebly at her daughter. "I'm tired," she whispered. "I guess I won't get up again."

She never did, but she lived a week or two longer. Rebecca's heart was full and her face very white during these days.

Luke Robbins came as others did to inquire and proffer service. Rebecca let him go to the door and look in upon the peaceful, beautiful woman lying still as an infant on her bed.

"Rebecca," he said, as he stood on the doorstep, about to go away, "I feel like a son to her."

"Thee is kind, Luke," said the girl gravely, but in her heart the old protest spoke, and she thought, "but thee shall never be her son."

He pushed his lips forward and knitted his brows. Before he could speak again Rebecca glided back into the house and left him alone.

One morning Mary Gardner lay for a long time, occasionally uttering words that indicated prayer. At last she beckoned to Rebecca, who bent over her.

"Rebecca," she whispered, "is thy heart set on Hugh Arnold?"

A slow flush on Rebecca's cheek answered the question, and silence fell between the mother and daughter, till Mary asked, "Is he coming here to-day?"

"Yes," said the girl.

"Well," rejoined Mary, smiling quite brightly, "get me my best cap and straighten the bedspread, and when he comes bring him in here, and thee go into the kitchen and finish making that quince jelly thee began yesterday."

When, a little later, Hugh Arnold sat by Mary Gardner's bed, she gazed at him seriously.

"Is thee a good young man?" she asked quietly.

He colored and stammered; then, stirred by a reverent instinct, he said quite simply, "I want to be one."

"I don't know," she said earnestly.

"Thy ways are so different from my husband's, I can't tell. Would thee be patient with Rebecca if she did n't like all thy ways? It's hard for a man to be patient."

He bowed his head. "I love her," he answered. It seemed the only thing fitting to say in this unworldly woman's presence.

She smiled contentedly. "Call her in," she said. Then, as he started to do so, she put out her thin hand and feebly detained him. "I think," she whispered, "it would make Rebecca happy if she could always have a garden of her own."

Hugh looked at her and wondered. "She shall have what she wants," he said gently. He could not decide whether Mary's mind had gone astray in this last moment, or whether this speech of hers about a garden really represented her inadequate conception of all possible difference between what she called "her ways" and the many forces and interests which constituted his own sphere in the world. As he pondered upon the dying woman's words, there came to him an unformed thought of the story of that garden where peace and happiness should have dwelt while the foundations of the earth endured, and at the same moment the joy of the Psalmist was revealed to him; and he went to find Rebecca, slowly repeating to himself the old thanksgiving utterance, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters."

Mary had fallen asleep by the time Rebecca entered the room. She and Hugh sat down together, hand in hand, and watched. The clocks ticked and struck. The faint sound of distant factory bells came once more from the outer world, calling to the girl. She kept her moistened eyes fixed on her mother's face, but she leaned the while on her lover's shoulder and listened to the message of the bells.

Toward night Mary Gardner opened her eyes. A sweet, happy light filled them. Rebecca knelt and kissed her mother's fingers.

"I see thy father," whispered Mary; and after that she spoke no more, but her innocent life faded with the sunshine.

Lillie B. Chace Wyman.

THE QUEST OF A CUP.

ONE day at the beginning of our century, Washington Irving, then browsing on the Parnassus grass of England, be-thought him of paying a visit to Eastcheap, that home of princely jest and Falstaffian revelry; and he afterwards set down in delectably humorous English the story of his attendant search for the old Boar's Head Tavern. The history of that famous inn exists in little, and may be told while the hourglass runs a measure of sand such as Queen Mab might hold upon her palm. When it was built no chronicle relates, but of a certainty it was burned in the Great Fire of 1666. Its successor of the same name, sought out by Goldsmith, who dreamed there of Mrs. Quickly, in the naïve and delightful belief that he was sitting beneath the original roof-tree, had also gone the way of the dead-and-alive who creep too far into a new century. Unfortunately, the old Boar stood in the pathway of progress, and his tenement was first absorbed by shops, and then swept away altogether in 1831, to make way for the approaches to new London Bridge. Now, the site of his former glory is indicated in one meagre line from Baedeker, which incidentally informs the expectant tourist that he will find the monument erected to King William IV. "at the point where King William Street, Gracechurch Street, Eastcheap, and Cannon Street converge; on a site once occupied by Falstaff's Boar's Head Tavern." To be thus minimized, thus dragged in under the shadow of a mere inheritor of crowns, — is it not

enough to make fat Jack flash out a lightning-sharp gibe from his limbo, and send some colossal eulogy of self hurtling back into our empty day?

Goldsmith's vision in the tavern rebuilt after the fire deserves remembrance as one of those performances in which greatness in the *dramatis personæ* does away with the necessity for correct scene-setting.

"Here," he says, "by a pleasant fire, in the very room where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honored by Prince Henry, and sometimes polluted by his immortal merry companions, I sat and ruminated on the follies of youth, wished to be young again, but was resolved to make the best of life whilst it lasted, and now and then compared past and present times together. . . . The watchman had gone twelve. My companions had all stolen off, and none now remained with me but the landlord. From him I could have wished to know the history of a tavern that had such a long succession of customers. I could not help thinking that an account of this kind would be a pleasing contrast of the manners of different ages. But my landlord could give me no information. He continued to doze and sot, and tell a tedious story, as most other landlords usually do, and though he said nothing, yet was not silent. One good joke followed another good joke, and the best joke of all was generally begun towards the end of a bottle. I found at last, however, his wine and

his conversation operate by degrees. He insensibly began to alter his appearance. His cravat seemed quilted into a ruff, and his breeches swelled out into a farthingale. I now fancied him changing sexes; and as my eyes began to close in slumber, I imagined my fat landlord actually converted into as fat a landlady. However, sleep made but few changes in my situation. The tavern, the apartment, and the table continued as before. Nothing suffered mutation but my host, who was fairly altered into a gentlewoman whom I knew to be Dame Quickly, mistress of this tavern in the days of Sir John; and the liquor we were drinking seemed converted into sack and sugar.

“‘My dear Mrs. Quickly,’ cried I (for I knew her perfectly well at first sight), ‘I am heartily glad to see you. How have you left Falstaff, Pistol, and the rest of our friends below stairs? — brave and hearty, I hope?’”

There was little left for Irving, the pioneer of England-loving Americans, but an hour of musing over past mirth, and a fruitful gossip (oh that some crafty and unscrupulous listener could have written us down its story!) with a worthy woman, self-constituted historian of the region, and like Mrs. Quickly in being “a poor widow of Eastcheap.” She it was who suggested that, although he had necessarily failed in looking upon the tavern, he might find a picture of it at St. Michael’s Church, Crooked Lane. Now, not only had the back window of the inn looked out upon St. Michael’s churchyard, but the inn itself had passed into the hands of the church; the revenues of Bacchus thus reverting to the Establishment. Nothing, therefore, could be more natural than that St. Michael’s should preserve the counterfeit presentment of its useful ward. But, though Irving betook himself there without delay, no such relic was forthcoming. Countless were the tombs of fishmongers therein, for St. Michael’s was near neighbor to Billingsgate. There also

were treasured the ashes of William Walworth, the doughty knight, most intrepid of lord mayors, who smote Wat Tyler at Smithfield. In the little graveyard adjoining the church stood the tombstone of honest Robert Preston, drawer of renown, doubtless the successor of that Francis who had the immortal honor of serving Prince Hal and Falstaff, — cold comfort all, when the prime jewel of Eastcheap was lacking. The sexton, however, perceiving Irving’s disappointment, and reverencing, as English sextons will, the spirit of the loving antiquary, proposed a descent upon the Mason’s Arms, at No. 12 Miles Lane. This was the tavern where St. Michael’s vestry held its meetings, as it once had held them at the Boar’s Head, departed. Here, too, were deposited its vessels, formerly guarded by the trusty Boar. What he saw there, let Irving himself relate: —

“The old sexton had taken the landlady aside, and, with an air of profound importance, imparted to her my errand. Dame Honeyball was a likely, plump, bustling little woman, and no bad substitute for that paragon of hostesses, Dame Quickly. She seemed delighted with an opportunity to oblige; and, hurrying upstairs to the archives of her house, where the precious vessels of the parish club were deposited, she returned, smiling and courtesying, with them in her hands.

“The first she presented me was a japanned iron tobacco-box of gigantic size, out of which, I was told, the vestry had smoked at their stated meetings since time immemorial; and which was never suffered to be profaned by vulgar hands, or used on common occasions. I received it with becoming reverence; but what was my delight at beholding on its cover the identical painting of which I was in quest! There was displayed the outside of the Boar’s Head Tavern, and before the door was to be seen the whole convivial group, at table,

in full revel; pictured with that wonderful fidelity and force with which the portraits of renowned generals and commodores are illustrated on tobacco-boxes for the benefit of posterity. Lest, however, there should be any mistake, the cunning limner had warily inscribed the names of Prince Hal and Falstaff on the bottoms of their chairs.

"On the inside of the cover was an inscription, nearly obliterated, recording that this box was the gift of Sir Richard Gore, for the use of the vestry meetings at the Boar's Head Tavern, and that it was 'repaired and beautified by his successor, Mr. John Packard, 1767.' Such is a faithful description of this august and venerable relic, and I question whether the learned Scriblerus contemplated his Roman shield, or the Knights of the Round Table the long-sought Sangreal, with more exultation.

"While I was meditating on it with enraptured gaze, Dame Honeyball, who was highly gratified by the interest it excited, put in my hands a drinking-cup, or goblet, which also belonged to the vestry, and was descended from the old Boar's Head. It bore the inscription of having been the gift of Francis Wythers, knight, and was held, she told me, in exceeding great value, being considered very 'antyke.'

"The great importance attached to this memento of ancient revelry by modern church-wardens at first puzzled me; but there is nothing sharpens the apprehension so much as antiquarian research, for I immediately perceived that this could be no other than the identical 'parcel-gilt goblet' on which Falstaff made his loving but faithless vow to Dame Quickly, and which would, of course, be treasured up with care among the regalia of her domains, as a testimony of that solemn contract."

There the search rested so far as Irving was concerned, and he genially remarks, at the close of his paper, that he leaves all this as a rich mine to

be worked out by future commentators. "Nor do I despair," he adds, "of seeing the tobacco-box and the 'parcel-gilt goblet' which I have thus brought to light the subject of future engravings, and almost as fruitful of voluminous dissertations and disputes as the shield of Achilles or the far-famed Portland Vase."

The story of his pilgrimage has, for the mind imbued with romance, a peculiar charm. For my own part, I have never for an instant doubted that the goblet which he identified, with the precision of genius, was actually Mrs. Quickly's, and that goblet I had long resolved to seek, should fortune take me to England.

"Came a day," as Aurora Leigh elliptically declares, when, on the top of an omnibus, with a faithful gossip, I crossed the Styx of Holborn and Cheapside to that land still peopled by illustrious ghosts, still decked in brave raiment of names that dazzle the eye and stir the blood. Though ancient landmarks have been effaced by hurrying feet, intent on that meat which is less than life, Eastcheap is to-day enchanted ground, and its tavern a Mecca of the mind. The very names in the neighborhood are redolent of good cheer. Bread Street, Fish Street Hill, and Pudding Lane each stands pointing a sad finger to the merry past when, as Lydgate, the rhyming monk, relates, it was a city of cooks' shops. Lydgate's period was that of Henrys IV. and V., and his London Lackpenny has the ring of good and olden cheer.

"Then I hyed me into Est-Chepe;

One cryes rybbs of befe, and many a pye;

Pewter pottes they clattered on a heape;

There was harpe, pype and mynstrelsye."

High revelry was held in Eastcheap in the time of Henry IV., but, according to Stow, that most delightful of antiquaries, who in the face of manifold discouragements added riches untold to the treasury of English history, no tav-

erns then existed. No man interfered with another's specialty. "The Cooks dressed Meat and sold no Wine; and the Taverner sold Wine and dressed no Meat for Sale."

"This Eastcheap," continues he, "is now a Flesh-Market of Butchers, there dwelling on both sides of the Street; it had sometime also Cooks mixed amongst the Butchers, and such other as sold Victuals ready dressed of all sorts. For of old time, when Friends did meet, and were disposed to be merry, they went not to dine and sup in Taverns, (for they dressed not Meats to be sold) but to the Cooks, where they called for Meat what they liked, which they always found ready dressed, and at a reasonable rate."

Eastcheap in fact was very near the river, that great highway of London, upon which fish, flesh, and wine were brought to the bank's side. Of that strip of land immediately south, and between Eastcheap and the river, a twelfth-century folio has suggestive mention, thus quoted by Stow:—

"In London, upon the River side, between the Wine in Ships, and the Wine to be sold in Taverns, is a common Cookery or Cooks Row; where daily, for the Season of the Year, Men might have Meat, roast, sod, or fried; Fish, Flesh, Fowls, fit for Rich and Poor.

"If any come suddenly to any Citizen from afar, weary, and not willing to tarry till the Meat be bought and dressed; while the Servant bringeth Water for his Master's Hands, and fetcheth Bread, he shall have immediately (from the River side) all Viands whatsoever he desireth. What Multitude soever, either of Soldiers or Strangers, do come to the City; whatsoever Hour, Day or Night, according to their Pleasures, may refresh themselves. And they which delight in Delicateness, may be satisfied with as delicate Dishes there, as may be found elsewhere. And this Cooks Row is very necessary to the City: And according to Plato and Gorgias,

Next to Physick, is the Office of Cooks, as Part of a City."

It was in Eastcheap, moreover, that Prince Hal's two brothers fell out with the watch, an episode which may have served as the germ in Shakespeare's brain whence blossomed such a robust tree of mirth. Near by stood Prince Hal's own mansion of Cold Harbour, the cellars enriched with his father's gift, "twenty casks and one pipe of red wine of Gascoigne, free of duty." What other part of London could Falstaff possibly have chosen for his haunts? Even in the old play of Henry Fifth which preceded Shakespeare's, the Prince declares, "You know the old tavern in Eastcheap, there is good wine." Thus is this roistering region so famous in contemporary eulogy that it needs no bush of modern criticism.

The lover of Shakespeare and of his Falstaff is conscious of an excited delight in threading these murky streets of "the City,"—worshipful, almost, of the very ground whereon he treads. He will stand lost in dreaming while traffic surges past, and smells are ancient and fishlike, mindful of memory alone. If, happily, the ideal is more real to him than solid earth, he will sweep aside the orderly rubbish of a modern day, and by force of fancy reconstruct that house where "hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons." Let Falstaff rise, tavern reckoning in pocket, and counterfeit a moment's life, as "gunpowder Percy" should have done to fright him. Then shall we see, entering beneath the tavern's tuskèd sign, "a goodly portly man, 'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage." Here stood the chair which was his state, when he dared personate his sovereign; this cushion was his crown, and here behind the arras did he snore. Here was discussed that merry jest at Gadshill, and this is the room where, in the telling, Falstaff's adversaries were so marvelously multiplied. Here must

he have heard the chimes at midnight, and here was his heart struck cold with pathetic reminder of his end. Remembrance throngs upon us, until we are fain to cry : —

“Banish plump Jack and banish all the world!”

Last and most lustrous memory of all, William Shakespeare, who saw the house almost daily, on his way to Blackfriars playhouse, must often have sought its hospitable door for his cup of sack and his merry jest with mine host.

When Lessing confessed that, for himself, the search after truth was to be preferred to the goddess herself, he proved himself a wise man. Happy is he who takes a roundabout way to Elysium, and so is pleasantly entertained upon the road! There is no comparison for blessedness between his lot and that of the victim of accurate charts and infallible time-tables. Had Ulysses formed one of a “personally conducted” expedition, a bankrupt world might well have bemoaned its loss, for who by searching can find in Cook’s circular mention of the Lotophagi, “who for their only nourishment eat flowers,” the Cyclops, Nausicaa, or Circe? Yet Ulysses came upon them because he sacrificed not on the altar of accurate and abominable science. If the two Americans who sought Eastcheap one golden day had devoted an hour’s study to their problem in the British Museum, they would have wandered less widely in pursuit of their desire; nay, would have concluded that there was nothing left to attain, and thus confined themselves to the region of narrow experience reserved for those who let “‘I dare not’ wait upon ‘I would.’”

With the simplicity of ignorance, we expected, though the tavern had been swept away, to lay a finger upon the link forged by Irving with the past; to look upon the Mason’s Arms, custodian of box and goblet, and to visit St. Michael’s Church, forever memorable from

having held its vestry meetings under the sign of the Boar’s Head.

King William’s Monument was easily found, and near by lay Crooked Lane, “so called of the crooked windings thereof,” though, as we speedily realized, its generous curve had been cut short at the call of traffic. A moment’s investigation made it also evident that St. Michael’s Church had in that lamentable doing been swept away. Even after that certainty had settled cold upon the heart, we walked up and down the dingy street, staring beseechingly about, as if, perchance, church, tower, and all might magically rise. An appeal to policemen and dusty-looking idlers who played the rôle of oldest inhabitant bore no consoling fruit. St. Michael’s Church was gone; one and another declared that it had not been there in his day; and as we querulously disputed the wisdom of its removal, we were urged to consider the fair proportions of those newer streets which had crowded it out of being.

“But be not daunted,” at length whispered Hope: “the Mason’s Arms may still have such store of compensation as it offered Irving in his disappointment!”

Therefore we turned our steps in the direction of Miles Lane. There might the heart be warmed by the descendants of Master Edward Honeyball, Irving’s kindly host, or even Master Honeyball himself, his century brimmed over and his race still unfinished. Narrow and dingy is the way. Bales of goods are hoisted over the head of the timorous traveler, who, if he be prudent, takes to the middle of the street, there to be jostled by unsavory fish-venders and bearers of burdens. Such hardships of progress are of little moment, however, to one inspired by the hope that he may presently come upon Dame Honeyball, hospitably alert in the doorway, overcoming the scruples of the hesitant traveler, and persuading him that her wine needs no bush. May he not catch a glimpse of the serving-maid with trim

ankles, or even a savory whiff of that mutton which was a-roasting so many years ago? Vain delusion of the too alert fancy! The Mason's Arms lives no longer, save upon Irving's rescuing page. Covering its former ground stands a glaringly modern and commonplace "public," whither business men, boys, and cabbies were that day tending for a pot of beer, to emerge brushing the foam from appreciative lips. Yet, though that beery seclusion might be reserved for the tippling male, not for such reason would woman, wrapped in the armor of an idea, refrain from penetrating it.

The traveler in England soon learns that there, as in the economy of nature, nothing is lost, and that axiom will comfort him on many a discouraging quest. Anything which St. Michael's Church had once possessed must still be church property, and would undoubtedly be kept in this parish, or in a neighboring one. Therefore, in whatever corner of secrecy and darkness its forgotten treasures lay hidden, they might surely be unearthed by the persistent seeker. Such reasonable premises being assumed, what more likely spot could there be for eliciting fact or wildfire gossip than the common meeting-ground of a tavern?

The white-aproned "drawer" would fain have told us all we sought, so said his sympathetic manner, but he could only suggest the beadle as a probable fountain of Eastcheap lore. And where was the beadle to be found? He was in, not five minutes ago, to take his pint of beer, and he might come round again in an hour. (O bibulous beadle, is this thy hourly custom?) It all depended upon what he had to do. Some days there were a good many burials. No beadle, however, was forthcoming, even after long lingering, and an ascent to his room, over three flights of breakneck stairs; and choosing at random a church near by which might divulge hidden information, we went to St. Margaret

Pattens, named for the patten-makers who long ago flourished there, and rich in its own store of old-time memories. The white-haired rector was finishing his daily service to empty benches; for, though traffic surges about this and its sister churches in the heart of the City, it is rare indeed that a man or woman enters one of them to seek the bread of life. They have their religiously preserved carvings, their precious organs, their careful service; they go quietly beating on, like a jeweled timepiece in the clothes of a beggar, and afar off, but ominous, sounds the howl of "Dis-establishment!"

This gentleman was not the rector of St. Margaret Pattens, protested an inner voice, when finally he was ready to speak with the strangers. He was Trollope's gentle "Warden."

"Have you given up that old and loving habit of fingering your imaginary violoncello?" one refrained with difficulty from asking. "Has Archdeacon Grantly frowned it down, and is he at this moment waiting for you at home, to broach some scheme of advancement in which your cleanly soul will not concur?" The Warden held, as it happily proved, the key to difficulty the first. St. Michael's parish had, he said at once, been merged in St. Magnus's, and doubtless took all its property with it. But if we were interested in the Boar's Head, should we not also like to see an entry in St. Margaret's vestry accounts, of the sixteenth century, proving that it found the tavern a comfortable neighbor? From an old oaken chest he drew a volume, its leather covers worn rough by time, its pages yellowed and stained by years, if not from use.

"*Itn* paide for our dynners on St. Andrewse Day at the Bores Hedde 18s. 6d."

He it was who suggested that the parcel-gilt goblet was not a sacramental cup, but rather one used by the vestry in its business meetings, which had also

a convivial character. Such cups were known as "masers," and might be either of metal or of wood, carved, and ornamented with silver and gold. An allusion of the sixteenth century to another vessel describes it as "a great cuppe, brode and deepe, such as great masers were wont to be." These vessels, true loving cups, were highly valued by the fortunate owners, whether individuals or corporations. The Warden would not hear of thanks. Old customs were his delight, he protested, and of all the phantasms of this changing world they best rewarded pursuit. He had even revived in his own church the ancient ceremony of "beating the bounds." The children of the parish marched out in due form and beat with wands the parish boundaries; but so changed had the locality become since the days when such geography lessons were of ordinary occurrence, and building had not smothered God's earth, that one child had to be let down from a window into a closed court, to touch with his wand a separating point. But O times and manners! that ye have changed is patent in the fact that whereas such occasions served of old as pretext for revelings, to-day but one friendly baker regaled the beaters with buns and lemonade. Where are the cakes and ale whereon they feasted once from door to door? Gone, with bear-baitings, new plays on Bankside, mouth-filling oaths, and good Queen Bess.

With that day and the farewell courtesies of the gentle Warden ended our quest. It even hung fire over the summer, for an appeal by letter to the "fair parish church of St. Magnus" elicited the fact that it was undergoing repair, and was therefore in no condition for visitors. Thus it happened that it was only a few days before sailing for America that we entered its little vestry, and caught at once from the window a sight more to be desired than the freedom of the city in a box of gold. There,

hemmed in by walls, lies a little patch of green, its one ornament the Purbeck stone which once in St. Michael's churchyard told the virtues of Robert Preston, and now sojourns with St. Magnus, still to rehearse his fame.

"Bacchus, to give the toping world surprise,
Produced one sober son, and here he lies.
Though reared among full hogsheads, he
defy'd

The charms of wine, and every one beside.
O reader, if to justice thou'rt inclined,
Keep honest Preston daily in thy mind.
He drew good wine, took care to fill his pots,
Had sundry virtues that excused his faults.
You that on Bacchus have the like dependence,
Pray copy Bob in measure and attendance."

Truly, it is good to touch with reverent finger each link of a golden past, to renew our fondness for the motherland by thumbing over the pages of her story! The rector of St. Magnus dallied with our impatience, and proffered many a fillip to the appetite before he would produce the nightingales' tongues and ortolans of the feast. We must see his church, redolent of memories ancient and wonderful, and the tablet to Miles Coverdale, wherein the godly and learned do much delight. We must even try his organ. But at length returned to the vestry room, there appeared a sexton, penetrated to the soul with the importance of every detail connected with the Establishment, and in his hands he bore two boxes, one of wood, and the other the identical tobacco-box which Irving had described, — the same, yet different in the fresh glory of paint probably applied in 1861, for, as the inscription relates, it was then repaired anew. Now be it understood that there had been throughout little talk of the goblet, but much of this box from which the church-wardens once filled their innocent pipes. It was impossible to refer honestly to the former treasure in any way except as a memento of Mrs. Quickly; and would even the daring scion of an aggressive land approach

a reverend incumbent of the English Church with a mention of that amiable but scarcely conventional woman, painful antithesis to the British matron? Perish the thought! Rather wait, hoping that box and goblet had drifted down the stream of years still together, and that the same incoming wave would sweep them to the travelers' feet. With a slow seriousness befitting the occasion the wooden box was opened, and there, in its green baize seclusion, lay the goblet of our dreams. The moment had come, and triumphantly it crowned endeavor. No one who has seen that cup can doubt for a moment that it is certainly the one illuminated by the sea-coal fire that day when Falstaff swore his perishable oath. It is of a goodly shape, with a standard and a generous bowl. It is lined with gold, "parcel-gilt," and the silver exterior is decorated with fanciful little figures in outline, shaped somewhat like Prince Rupert drops. About the foot runs the inscription, *Ex dono Francisci Wythers Armigeri*.

There is an actual possibility connected with this relic which is hardly to be considered without excitement. The cup, we are told, was in the first part of this century "very 'antique.'" What is more probable than that William Shakespeare, in his social evenings at the tavern where it was kept, was a welcome guest of St. Michael's vestry, what time the cup went round and beards all wagged? The parcel-gilt goblet was ever held in high esteem, whenever it was first received, and it is easy to believe it formed a part of the church property before 1597, the earliest date to be assigned King Henry IV. That possibility once assumed, the mind runs riot in conjecture, and almost loses its balance in a mad chase after the thistle-down of circumstantial proof. Who was Sir Francis Wythers? When was he christened, married, or where did he die? A list of tombstones and tablets from St. Michael's does not contain his

name. Its register of christenings, marriages, and burials, which begins in 1538, holds no reference to him. Did he belong to some other parish, which keeps in hiding the record of his life, waiting for a lucky finder, that prince whose lot it is to succeed after the many fail, or did he go to the wars with Falstaff, to receive burial "unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd"?—for it is difficult to avoid a strange mingling of the poetical and real, in such a quest. Was he one of the Lancashire Withers, a family which claims George Wither, the poet, and of whose founder mention is made in the reign of Edward II.? "What's become of Waring?" is no more crucial problem, no blinder scent, than that connected with this elusive donor of a cup. The ingenious mind will suggest that there may be some mention of goblet or giver in St. Michael's audit books. Even so small a matter as paying for the inscription, if that were not done until after its presentation, would surely be mentioned. Vain hope! The earliest parochial book is dated 1617, and has nothing to say on the subject. It does, however, contain two references to the Boar's Head, which are of some interest, like every trifle touching that wonder-breeding spot.

I, for one, am determined to assume that the cup has met the eye of Shakespeare, and was even touched by his good right hand. I shall never allow the true delight of literary pilgrimage to be spoiled by too close an adherence to possible fact. In the ideal suppositions of life lie its paramount charms. He is a happy man, gifted with the truest wisdom, who sees in every thorn-tree at Glastonbury a scion of the olden one, who can bare his head in memory of King Arthur at each of the several places claiming the crown of Camelot, and people the land with brave men and fair women who, as the learned tell us, were never more than "such stuff as dreams are made on."

Shakespeare dearly loved to harness every-day events to the car of poesy; to fit a cart horse out with wings, and bid him godspeed in playing Pegasus. When Titania describes a strange confusion of the seasons, and the resulting evils to man and beast, there can be no doubt that the poet had in mind the year 1594, when "the spring was very unkind, by means of the abundance of rain that fell. Our July hath been like to a February; our June even as an April: so that the air must needs be infected." That immortal speech of Bottom, wherein he entreats the ladies not to tremble, since he is no lion, but "a man as other men are," has its prototype in an incident, probably of Shakespeare's own time, which is recorded in a collection entitled *Merry Passages and Jests*: —

"There was a spectacle presented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water, and among others Harry Goldingham was to represent Arion upon the Dolphin's back; but finding his voice to be very hoarse and unpleasant when he came to perform it, he tears off his disguise, and swears he was none of Arion, not he, but even honest Harry Goldingham."

Face-painting, Mary Queen of Scots

and her siren arts, the dancing horse (a justly celebrated wonder of the poet's time), a fool's leap into a custard to excite the popular mirth, the "little eyases" of St. Paul's Cathedral, who became stage favorites, to be strongly and somewhat jealously censured by legitimate players, — dozens of contemporary allusions illustrate Shakespeare's royal and prodigal way of sweeping up the dust from the path of every-day life and using it for ornament of his pageants.

The "parcel-gilt goblet at the Boar's Head," — a careless mention, fit only to cause a passing smile on such lips as had merrily touched its brim, but to us, cold under the long shadows of too late a day, pregnant with wondrous meaning. For to have looked upon what Shakespeare saw, though it be but the infinitely removed descendants of the daisies that bloomed at Stratford three centuries ago, to have held what his hand once touched, is to have found one vivifying crumb left from that high feast when every man

"put his whole wit in a jest,
And resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life."

Alice Brown.

EUROPE AND CATHAY.

THE questions have sometimes been asked: Why did the knowledge of the voyages to Vinland so long remain confined to the Scandinavian people, or a portion of them, and then lapse into oblivion, insomuch that it did not become a matter of notoriety in Europe until after the publication of the celebrated book of Thormodus Torfæus in 1705? Why did not the news of the voyages of Leif and Thorfinn spread rapidly over Europe, like the news of the voyage of Columbus; and why was

it not presently followed, like the latter, by a rush of conquerors and colonizers across the Atlantic?

Such questions arise from a failure to see historical events in their true perspective, and to make the proper allowances for the manifold differences in knowledge and in social and economic conditions which characterize different periods of history. In the present case, the answer is to be found, first, in the geographical ignorance which prevented the Northmen from realizing in the

smallest degree what such voyages really signified, or were going to signify to posterity; and, secondly, in the political and commercial condition of Europe at the close of the tenth century.

In the first place, the route which the Norse voyagers pursued from Iceland to Greenland, and thence to Vinland, was not such as to give them, in their ignorance of the shape of the earth, and with their imperfect knowledge of latitude and longitude, any adequate gauge wherewith to measure their achievement. The modern reader, who has in his mind a general picture of the shape of the northern Atlantic Ocean with its coasts, must carefully expel that picture before he can begin to realize how things must have seemed to the Northmen. None of the Icelandic references to Markland and Vinland betray a consciousness that these countries belong to a geographical world outside of Europe. There was not enough organized geographical knowledge for that. They were simply conceived as remote places beyond Greenland, inhabited by inferior but dangerous people. The accidental finding of such places served neither to solve any great commercial problem nor to gratify and provoke scientific curiosity. It was, therefore, not at all strange that it bore no fruit.

Secondly, even if it had been realized, and could have been duly proclaimed throughout Europe, that across the broad Atlantic a new world lay open for colonization, Europe could not have taken advantage of the fact. Now and then a ship might make its way, or be blown, across the waste of waters without compass or astrolabe, but until these instruments were at hand anything like systematic ocean navigation was out of the question; and from a colonization which could only begin by creeping up into the Arctic seas and taking Greenland on the way not much was to be expected, after all.

But even if the compass and other

facilities for oceanic navigation had been at hand, the state of Europe in the days of Eric the Red was not such as to afford surplus energy for distant enterprise of this sort.

Let us for a moment recall what was going on in Europe in the year of grace 1000,—just enough to get a suggestive picture of the time. In England, the Danish invader, fork-bearded Swend, father of the great Cnut, was wresting the kingship from the feeble grasp of Ethelred the Redeless. In Gaul, the little duchy of France, between the Somme and the Loire, had lately become the kingdom of France, and its sovereign, Hugh Capet, had succeeded to the feudal rights of lordship over the great dukes and counts whose territories surrounded him on every side; and now Hugh's son, Robert the Debonair, better hymn-writer than warrior, was waging a doubtful struggle with these unruly vassals. It was not yet in any wise apparent what the kingdoms of England and France were going to be. In Germany, the youthful Otto III., the "wonder of the world," had just made his weird visit to the tomb of his mighty predecessor at Aachen, before starting on that last journey to Rome which was so soon to cost him his life. Otto's teacher, Gerbert, most erudite of popes,—too learned not to have had dealings with the devil,—was beginning to raise the papacy out of the abyss of infamy into which the preceding age had seen it sink, and so to prepare the way for the far-reaching reforms of Hildebrand. The boundaries of Christendom were as yet narrow and insecure. With the overthrow of Olaf Tryggvesson in this year 1000, and the temporary partition of Norway between Swedes and Danes, the work of Christianizing the North seemed for the moment to languish. Upon the eastern frontier the wild Hungarians had scarcely ceased to be a terror to Europe, and in this year Stephen, their first Christian king, began to reign. At the same time

the power of heretical Bulgaria, which had threatened to overwhelm the Eastern Empire, was broken down by the sturdy blows of the Macedonian Emperor Basil. In this year the Christians of Spain met woful defeat at the hands of Almansor, and there seemed no reason why the Mussulman rule over the greater part of that peninsula should not endure forever.

Thus, from end to end Europe was a scene of direst confusion; and though, as we now look back upon it, the time seems by no means devoid of promise, there was no such cheering outlook then. Nowhere were the outlines of kingdoms or the ownership of crowns definitely settled. Private war was both incessant and universal. The Truce of God had not yet been proclaimed. As for the common people, their hardships were well-nigh incredible. Amid all this anarchy and misery, at the close of the thousandth year from the birth of Christ, the belief was quite common throughout Europe that the Day of Judgment was at hand for a world grown old in wickedness and ripe for its doom.

It hardly need be argued that a period like this, in which all the vital energy in Europe was consumed in the adjustment of affairs at home, was not fitted for colonial enterprises. Before a people can send forth colonies it must have solved the problem of political life so far as to insure stability of trade. It is the mercantile spirit that has supported modern colonization, aided by the spirit of intellectual curiosity and the thirst for romantic adventure. In the eleventh century there was no intellectual curiosity outside the monastery walls, nor had such a feeling become enlisted in the service of commerce. Of trade there was, indeed, even in western Europe, a considerable amount, but the commercial marine was in its infancy, and on land the trader suffered sorely at the hands of the robber baron. In those days, the fashionable method of

compounding with your creditors was, not to offer them fifty cents on the dollar, but to inveigle them into your castle and broil them over a slow fire.

In so far as the attention of people in Europe was called to any quarter of the globe outside of the seething turbulence in which they dwelt it was directed toward Asia. Until after 1492 Europe stood with her back toward the Atlantic. What there might be out beyond that "Sea of Darkness" (*Mare Tenebrosum*), as it used commonly to be called, was a question of little interest, and seems to have excited no speculation. In the view of mediæval Europe, the inhabited world was cut off on the west by this mysterious ocean, and on the south by the burning sands of Sahara; but eastward it stretched out no one knew how far, and in that direction dwelt tribes and nations which Europe, from time immemorial, had had reason to fear. As early as the time of Herodotus the secular antagonism between Europe and Asia had become a topic of reflection among the Greeks, and was wrought with dramatic effect by that great writer into the structure of his history, culminating in the grand and stirring scenes of the Persian war. A century and a half later the conquests of Alexander the Great added a still more impressive climax to the story. The struggle was afterward long maintained between Roman and Parthian; but from the fifth century after Christ onward through the Middle Ages it seemed as if the Oriental world would never rest until it had inflicted the extremities of retaliation upon Europe. Whether it was the heathen of the steppes who were in question, from Attila in the fifth century to Batu Khan in the thirteenth, or the followers of the Prophet, who tore away from Christendom the southern shores of the Mediterranean, and held Spain in their iron grasp, while from age to age they exhausted their strength in vain against the Eastern Empire, the threat-

ening danger was always coming with the morning sun. Whatever might be the shock that took the attention of Europe away from herself, it directed it upon Asia. This is a fact of cardinal importance, inasmuch as it was directly through the interest, more and more absorbing, which Europe felt in Asia that the discovery of the western hemisphere was at last effected.

It was not only in war, but in commerce, that the fortunes of Europe were dependent upon her relations with Asia. Since prehistoric times there has always been some commercial intercourse between the eastern shores of the Mediterranean and the peninsula of Hindustan. Tyre and Sidon carried on such trade by way of the Red Sea. After Alexander had led his army to Samarcand and to the river Hyphasis the acquaintance of the Greeks with Asia was very considerably increased, and important routes of trade were established. One was practically the old Phœnician route, with its western terminus moved from Tyre to Alexandria. Another was by way of the Caspian Sea, up the river Oxus, and thence with camels to the banks of the Indus. An intermediate route was through Syria and by way of the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf, — the route which at one time made the greatness of Palmyra. After the extension of Roman sway to the Nile, the Euphrates, and the Euxine, these same routes continued to be used. The European commodities carried to India were light woolen cloths, linens, coral, black lead, various kinds of glass vessels, and wine. In exchange for these the traders brought back to Europe divers aromatic spices, black pepper, ivory, cotton fabrics, diamonds, sapphires, and pearls, silk thread and silk stuffs. Detailed accounts of these commercial transactions and of the wealth of personal experiences that must have been connected with them are exceedingly scant. Of the Europeans who, during all the centuries

between Alexander and Justinian, made their way to Hindustan or beyond we know very few by name. The amount of geographical information that was gathered during the first half of this period is shown in the great work of Claudius Ptolemy, written about the middle of the second century after Christ. Except for the Scandinavian world and some very important additions made to the knowledge of Asia by Marco Polo, this book fairly represents the maximum of acquaintance with the earth's surface possessed by Europeans previous to the great voyages of the fifteenth century. It shows a dim knowledge of the mouths of the Ganges, of the island of Ceylon, and of what we sometimes call Farther India. A very dim knowledge indeed; for the huge peninsula of Hindustan is shrunk into insignificance, while Taprobane, or Ceylon, unduly magnified, usurps the place belonging to the Decan. At the same time we see that some hearsay knowledge of China had made its way into the Roman world before the days of Ptolemy. The two names by which China was first known to Europeans were "Seres" or "Serica," and "Sinæ" or "Thin." These two differing names are the records of two different methods of approach to different parts of a vast country, very much as the Northmen called their part of eastern North America "Vinland," while the Spaniards called their part "Florida." The name "Seres" was given to northwestern China by traders who came to it through the highlands of central Asia from Samarcand; while "Sinæ" was the name given to southeastern China by traders who approached it by way of the Indian Ocean, and heard of it in India, but never reached it. Apparently, no European ships ever got to China by sea before the Portuguese, in 1517. The name "Sinæ" or "Thin" seems to mean the country of the "Tchin" dynasty, which ruled over the whole of China in the second century before Christ, and

over a portion of it for a much longer time. The name "Seres," on the other hand, was always associated with the trade in silks, and was known to the Romans in the time of the Emperor Claudius, and somewhat earlier. The Romans in Virgil's time set a high value upon silk, and every scrap of it they had came from China. They knew nothing about the silkworm, and supposed that the fibres or threads of this beautiful stuff grew upon trees. Of actual intercourse between the Roman and Chinese empires there was no more than is implied in this current of trade passing through many hands; but that each knew, in a vague way, of the existence of the other there is no doubt.

In the course of the reign of Justinian we get references at first hand to India, and coupled withal to a general theory of cosmography. This curious information we have in the book of the monk Cosmas Indicopleustes, written somewhere between A. D. 530 and 550. A pleasant book it is after its kind. In his younger days Cosmas had been a merchant, and in divers voyages had learned much about the coasts of Ethiopia and the Persian Gulf, and had visited India and Ceylon. After becoming a monk at Alexandria Cosmas wrote his book of Christian geography; maintaining, in opposition to Ptolemy, that the earth is not a sphere, but a rectangular plane forming the floor of the universe. The heavens rise on all four sides about this rectangle, like the four walls of a room, and, at an indefinite height above the floor, these blue walls support a vaulted roof or firmament, in which God dwells with the angels. In the centre of the floor are the inhabited lands of the earth, surrounded on all sides by a great ocean, beyond which, somewhere out in a corner, is the Paradise from which Adam and Eve were expelled. In its general shape, therefore, the universe somewhat resembles the Tabernacle in the Wilderness, or

a modern "Saratoga trunk." On the northern part of the floor, under the firmament, is a lofty conical mountain, around which the sun, moon, and planets perform their daily revolutions. In the summer the sun takes a turn around the apex of the cone, and is therefore hidden only for a short night; but in the winter he travels around the base, which takes longer, and accordingly the nights are long. Such is the doctrine drawn from Holy Scripture, says Cosmas; and as for the vain blasphemers who pretend that the earth is a round ball, the Lord hath stultified them for their sins until they impudently prate of Antipodes, where trees grow downward and rain falls upward. As for such nonsense, the worthy Cosmas cannot abide it.

I cite these views of Cosmas because there can be no doubt that they represent beliefs current among the general public until after the time of Columbus, in spite of the deference paid to Ptolemy's views by the learned. Along with these cosmographical speculations Cosmas shows a wider geographical knowledge of Asia than any earlier writer. He gives a good deal of interesting information about India and Ceylon, and has a fairly correct idea of the position of China, which he calls Tzinista or Chinistan. This land of silk is the remotest of all the Indies, and beyond it "there is neither navigation nor inhabited country. . . . And the Indian philosophers, called Brachmans, tell you that if you were to stretch a straight cord from Tzinista through Persia to the Roman territory, you would just divide the world in halves. And mayhap they are right."

In the fourth and following centuries Nestorian missionaries were very active in Asia, and not only made multitudes of converts, and established metropolitan sees in such places as Kashgar and Herat, but even found their way into China. Their work forms an interesting though

melancholy chapter in history, but it does not appear to have done much toward making Asia better known to Europe. As declared heretics, the Nestorians were themselves almost entirely cut off from intercourse with European Christians.

The immediate effect of the sudden rise of the vast Saracen empire in the seventh and eighth centuries was to interpose a barrier to the extension of intercourse between Europe and the Far East. Trade between the eastern and western extremities of Asia went on more briskly than ever, but it was for a long time exclusively in Mussulman hands. The mediæval Arabs were bold sailors, and not only visited Sumatra and Java, but made their way to Canton. Upon the southern and middle routes the Arab cities of Cairo and Bagdad became thriving centres of trade; but as Spain and the whole of northern Africa were now Arab countries, most of the trade between east and west was conducted within Mussulman boundaries. Saracen cruisers prowled in the Mediterranean and harassed the Christian coasts. During the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries Europe was more shut in upon herself than ever before or since. In many respects these were especially the dark ages of Europe,—the period of least comfort and least enlightenment since the days of pre-Roman barbarism. But from this general statement Constantinople should be in great measure excepted. The current of mediæval trade through the noble highway of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus was subject to fluctuations, but it was always great. The city of the Byzantine emperors was before all things a commercial city, like Venice in later days. Until the time of the Crusades Constantinople was the centre of the Levant trade. The great northern route from Asia remained available for commercial intercourse in this direction. Persian and Armenian merchants sent their

goods to Batoum, whence they were shipped to Constantinople; and silk was brought from northwestern China by caravan to the Oxus, and forwarded thence by the Caspian Sea, the rivers Cyrus and Phasis, and the Euxine Sea. When it was visited by Benjamin of Tudela, in the twelfth century, Constantinople was undoubtedly the richest and most magnificent city, and the seat of the highest civilization, to be found anywhere upon the globe.

In the days of its strength the Eastern Empire was the stanch bulwark of Christendom against the dangerous assaults of Persian, Saracen, and Turk; alike in prosperity and in calamity, it proved to be the teacher and civilizer of the Western world. The events which, at the close of the eleventh century, brought thousands upon thousands of adventurous, keen-witted people from western Europe into this home of wealth and refinement were the occasion of the most remarkable intellectual awakening that the world had ever witnessed up to that time. The Crusades, in their beginning, were a symptom of the growing energy of western Europe under the ecclesiastical reorganization effected by the mighty Hildebrand. They were the military response of Europe to the most threatening and, as time has proved, the most deadly of all the blows that have ever been aimed at her from Asia. Down to this time the Mahometanism with which Christendom had so long been in conflict was a Mahometanism of civilized peoples. The Arabs and Moors were industrious merchants, agriculturists, and craftsmen; in their society one might meet with learned scholars, refined poets, and profound philosophers. But at the end of the tenth century Islam happened to make converts of the Turks, a nomad race in the upper status of barbarism, with flocks and herds and patriarchal families. Inspired with the sudden zeal for conquest which has always characterized new converts to

Islam, the Turks began to pour down from the plains of central Asia like a deluge upon the Eastern Empire. In 1016 they overwhelmed Armenia, and presently advanced into Asia Minor. Their mode of conquest was peculiarly baleful, for at first they deliberately annihilated the works of civilization in order to prepare the country for their nomadic life; they pulled down cities to put up tents. Though they long ago ceased to be nomads, they have to this day never learned to comprehend civilized life, and they have been simply a blight upon every part of the earth's surface which they have touched. At the beginning of the eleventh century Asia Minor was one of the most prosperous and highly civilized parts of the world; and the tale of its devastation by the terrible Alp Arslan and the robber chiefs that came after him is one of the most mournful chapters in history. At the end of that century, when the Turks were holding Nicaea and actually had their outposts on the Marmora, it was high time for Christendom to rise *en masse* in self-defense. The idea was worthy of the greatest of popes. Imperfectly and spasmodically as it was carried out, it undoubtedly did more than anything that had ever gone before toward strengthening the wholesome sentiment of a common Christendom among the peoples of western Europe. The Crusades increased the power of the Church, which was equivalent to putting a curb upon the propensities of the robber baron and making labor and traffic more secure. In another way they aided this good work by carrying off the robber baron in large numbers to Egypt and Syria, and killing him there. In this way they did much toward ridding European society of its most turbulent elements; while at the same time they gave fresh development to the spirit of romantic adventure, and connected it with something better than vagrant freebooting. By renewing the long-sus-

pended intercourse between the minds of western Europe and the Greek culture of Constantinople, they served as a mighty stimulus to intellectual curiosity, and had a large share in bringing about that great thirteenth-century renaissance which is forever associated with the names of Giotto and Dante and Roger Bacon.

There can be no doubt that in these ways the Crusades were for our forefathers in Europe the most bracing and stimulating events that occurred in the whole millennium between the complicated disorders of the fifth century and the outburst of maritime discovery in the fifteenth. How far they justified themselves from the military point of view it is not so easy to say. On the one hand, they had much to do with retarding the progress of the enemy for two hundred years; they overwhelmed the Seljukian Turks so effectually that their successors, the Ottomans, did not become formidable until about 1300, after the last crusading wave had spent its force. On the other hand, the Fourth Crusade, with better opportunities than any of the others for striking a crushing blow at the Moslem, played false to Christendom, and in 1204 captured and despoiled Constantinople in order to gratify Venice's hatred of her commercial rival and superior. It was a sorry piece of business, and one cannot look with unmixed pleasure at the four superb horses that now adorn the front of the church of St. Mark as a trophy of this unhallowed exploit. One cannot help feeling that but for this colossal treachery the great city of Constantine, to which our own civilization owes more than can ever be adequately told, might perhaps have retained enough strength to withstand the barbarian in 1453, and thus have averted one of the most lamentable catastrophes in the history of mankind.

The general effect of the Crusades upon Oriental commerce was to increase

the amount of traffic through Egypt and Syria. Of this lucrative trade Venice got the lion's share, and while she helped to support the short-lived Latin dynasty upon the throne at Constantinople, she monopolized a great part of the business of the Black Sea also. But in 1261 Venice's rival, Genoa, allied herself with the Greek Emperor Michael Palæologus at Nicæa, placed him upon the Byzantine throne, and again cut off Venice from the trade that came through the Bosphorus. From this time forth the mutual hatred between Venice and Genoa "waxed fiercer than ever; no merchant fleet of either state could go to sea without convoy, and wherever their ships met they fought. It was something like the state of things between Spain and England in the days of Drake." In the one case as in the other, it was a strife for the mastery of the sea and its commerce. Genoa obtained full control of the Euxine, took possession of the Crimea, and thus acquired a monopoly of the trade from central Asia along the northern route. With the fall of Acre in 1291, and the consequent expulsion of Christians from Syria, Venice lost her hold upon the middle route. But with the Pope's leave she succeeded in making a series of advantageous commercial treaties with the new Mameluke sovereigns of Egypt, and the dealings between the Red Sea and the Adriatic soon came to be prodigious. The Venetians gained control of part of the Peloponnesus, with many islands of the Ægean and southern Mediterranean. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries their city was the most splendid and luxurious in all Christendom.

Such a development of wealth in Venice and Genoa implies a large producing and consuming area behind them, able to take and pay for the costly products of India and China. Before the end of the thirteenth century the volume of European trade had swelled to great proportions. How full of historic and

literary interest are the very names of the centres and leading routes of this trade as it was established in those days, with its outlook upon the Mediterranean and the distant East! Far up in the north we see Wisby, on the little isle of Gothland in the Baltic, giving its name to new rules of international law; and the merchants of the famous Hansa towns extending their operations as far as Novgorod in one direction, and in another to the Steelyard in London, where the pound of these honest "East-erlings" was adopted as the "sterling" unit of sound money. Fats and tallow, furs and wax, from Russia, iron and copper from Sweden, strong hides and unrivaled wools from England, salt cod and herring (much needed on meagre church fast-days) from the North and Baltic seas, appropriately followed by generous casks of beer from Hamburg, were sent southward in exchange for fine cloths and tapestries, the products of the loom in Ghent and Bruges, in Ulm and Augsburg, with delicious vintages of the Rhine, supple chain armor from Milan, Austrian yew-wood for English longbows, ivory and spices, pearls and silks, from Italy and the Orient. Along the routes from Venice and Florence to Antwerp and Rotterdam we see the progress in wealth and refinement, in artistic and literary productiveness. We see the early schools of music and painting in Italy meet with prompt response in Flanders; in the many-gabled streets of Nuremberg we hear the voice of the Meistersinger, and under the low oaken roof of a Canterbury inn we listen to joyous if sometimes naughty tales erst told in pleasant groves outside of fever-stricken Florence.

With this increase of wealth and culture in central Europe there came a considerable extension of knowledge and a powerful stimulus to curiosity concerning the remote parts of Asia. The conquering career of Jenghis Khan (1206-1227) had shaken the world to its

foundations. In the middle of that century, to adopt Colonel Yule's lively expression, "throughout Asia and eastern Europe, scarcely a dog might bark without Mongol leave, from the borders of Poland and the coast of Cilicia to the Amur and the Yellow Sea." About these portentous Mongols, who had thus in a twinkling overwhelmed China and Russia, and destroyed the Caliphate of Bagdad, there was a refreshing touch of open-minded heathenism. They were barbarians willing to learn. From end to end of Asia the barriers were thrown down. It was a time when Alan chiefs from the Volga served as police in Tun-king, and Chinese physicians could be consulted at Tabriz. For about a hundred years China was more accessible than at any period before or since, — more even than to-day; and it now for the first time became really known to a few Europeans. In the northern provinces of China, shortly before the Mongol deluge, there had reigned a dynasty known as the "Khitai," and hence China was (and still is) commonly spoken of in central Asia as the country of the Khitai. When this name reached European ears it became "Cathay," the name by which China was best known in Europe during the next four centuries. In 1245, Friar John of Plano Carpini, a friend and disciple of St. Francis, was sent by Pope Innocent IV. on a missionary errand to the Great Khan, and visited him in his camp at Karakorum, in the very depths of Mongolia. In 1253, the king of France, St. Louis, sent another Franciscan monk, Willem de Rubruquis, to Karakorum, on a mission of which the purpose is now not clearly understood. Both these Franciscans were men of shrewd and cultivated minds, especially Rubruquis, whose narrative, "in its rich detail, its vivid pictures, its acuteness of observation and strong good sense, . . . has few superiors in the whole library of travel." Neither Rubruquis nor Friar John visited China,

but they fell in with Chinese folk at Karakorum, and obtained information concerning the geography of eastern Asia far more definite than had ever before been possessed by Europeans. They both describe Cathay as bordering upon an eastern ocean, and this piece of precise news constituted the first important leap of geographical knowledge to the eastward since the days of Ptolemy, who supposed that beyond the "Seres and Sinæ" lay an unknown land of vast extent, "full of reedy and impenetrable swamps." The information gathered by Rubruquis and Friar John indicated that there was an end to the continent of Asia; that, not as a matter of vague speculation, but of positive knowledge, Asia was bounded on the east, just as Europe was bounded on the west, by an ocean.

Here we arrive at a notable landmark in the history of the discovery of America. Here from the camp of bustling heathen at Karakorum there is brought to Europe the first announcement of a geographical fact from which the poetic mind of Christopher Columbus will hereafter reap a wonderful harvest. This is one among many instances of the way in which, throughout all departments of human thought and action, the glorious thirteenth century was beginning to give shape to the problems of which the happy solution has since made the modern world so different from the ancient. Since there is an ocean east of Cathay and an ocean west of Spain, how natural the inference — and, albeit quite wrong, how amazingly fruitful — that these oceans are one and the same, so that by sailing westward from Spain one might go straight to Cathay! The data for such an inference were now all at hand, but it does not appear that any one as yet reasoned from the data to the conclusion, although we find Roger Bacon, in 1267, citing the opinions of Aristotle and other ancient writers to the effect that the distance by sea from the west-

ern shores of Spain to the eastern shores of Asia cannot be so very great. In those days it took a long time for such ideas to get from the heads of philosophers into the heads of men of action ; and in the thirteenth century, when Cathay was more than ever accessible by land, there was no practical necessity felt for a water route thither. Europe still turned her back upon the Atlantic, and gazed more intently than ever upon Asia. Stronger and more general grew the interest in Cathay.

In the middle of the thirteenth century, some members of the Polo family, one of the aristocratic families of Venice, had a commercial house at Constantinople. Thence, in 1260, the brothers Nicolò and Maffeo Polo started on a trading journey to the Crimea, whence one opportunity after another for making money and gratifying their curiosity with new sights led them northward and eastward to the Volga, thence into Bokhara, and so on until they reached the court of the Great Khan, in one of the northwestern provinces of Cathay. The reigning sovereign was the famous Kublai Khan, grandson of the all-conquering Jenghis. Kublai was an able and benevolent despot, earnest in the wish to improve the condition of his Mongol kinsmen. He had never before met European gentlemen, and was charmed with the cultivated and polished Venetians. He seemed quite ready to enlist the Roman Church in aid of his civilizing schemes, and entrusted the Polos with a message to the Pope asking him for a hundred missionary teachers. The brothers reached Venice in 1269, and found that Pope Clement IV. was dead and there was an interregnum. After two years Gregory X. was elected, and received the Khan's message, but could furnish only a couple of Dominican friars ; and these men were seized with the dread not uncommonly felt for "Tartareans," and at the last moment refused to go. Nicolò and his brother

then set out in the autumn of 1271 to return to China, taking with them Nicolò's son Marco, a lad of seventeen years. From Acre they went by way of Bagdad to Hormuz, at the mouth of the Persian Gulf, apparently with the intention of proceeding thence by sea, but for some reason changed their course, and traveled through Kerman, Khorasan, and Balkh to Kashgar, and thence by way of Yarkand and Khotan and across the desert of Gobi into northwestern China, where they arrived in the summer of 1275, and found the Khan at Kaipingfu, not far from the northern end of the Great Wall.

It has been said that the failure of Kublai's mission to the Pope led him to apply to the Grand Lama at Thibet, who responded more efficiently and successfully than Gregory X., so that Buddhism seized the chance which Catholicism failed to grasp. The Venetians, however, lost nothing in the good Khan's esteem. Young Marco began to make himself proficient in speaking and writing several Asiatic languages, and was presently taken into the Khan's service. His name is mentioned in the Chinese annals of 1277 as a newly appointed commissioner of the privy council. He remained in Kublai's service until 1292, while his father and uncle were gathering wealth in various ways. Marco made many official journeys up and down the Khan's vast dominions, not only in civilized China, but in regions of the heart of Asia seldom visited by Europeans to this day, — "a vast ethnological garden," says Colonel Yule, "of tribes of various race and in every stage of uncivilization." In 1292 a royal bride for the Khan of Persia was to be sent all the way from Peking to Tabriz ; and as war that year made some parts of the overland route very unsafe, it was decided to send her by sea. The three Polos had for some time been looking for an opportunity to return to Venice, but Kublai was unwilling to

have them go. Now, however, as every Venetian of that day was deemed to be from his very cradle a seasoned sea-dog, and as the kindly old Mongol sovereign had an inveterate land-lubber's misgivings about ocean voyages, he consented to part with his dear friends, so that he might entrust the precious princess to their care. They sailed early in 1292, and after long delays on the coasts of Sumatra and Hindustan, in order to avoid unfavorable monsoons, they reached the Persian Gulf in 1294. They found that the royal bridegroom, somewhat advanced in years, had died before they started from China; so the young princess became the bride of his son. After tarrying awhile in Tabriz, the Polos returned, by way of Trebizond and the Bosphorus, to Venice, arriving in 1295. When they got there, says Ramusio, after their absence of four and twenty years, "the same fate befell them as befell Ulysses, who, when he returned to his native Ithaca, was recognized by nobody." Their kinsfolk had long since given them up for dead; and when the three wayworn travelers arrived at the door of their own palace, the middle-aged men now wrinkled graybeards, the stripling now a portly man, all three attired in rather shabby clothes of Tartar cut, and "with a certain indescribable smack of the Tartar about them, both in air and accent," some words of explanation were needed to prove their identity. After a few days they invited a party of old friends to dinner, and bringing forth three shabby coats, ripped open the seams and welts, and began pulling out and tumbling upon the table such treasures of diamonds and emeralds, rubies and sapphires, as could never have been imagined, "which had all been stitched up in those dresses in so artful a fashion that nobody could have suspected the fact." In such wise had they brought home from Cathay their ample earnings; and when it became known about

Venice that the three long-lost citizens had come back, "straightway the whole city, gentle and simple, flocked to the house to embrace them, and to make much of them, with every conceivable demonstration of affection and respect."

Three years afterward, in 1298, Marco commanded a galley in the great naval battle with the Genoese near Curzola. The Venetians were totally defeated, and Marco was one of the seven thousand prisoners taken to Genoa, where he was kept in durance for about a year. One of his companions in captivity was a certain Rusticiano, of Pisa, who was glad to listen to his descriptions of Asia, and to act as his amanuensis. French was then, at the close of the Crusades, a language as generally understood throughout Europe as later in the age of Louis XIV.; and Marco's narrative was duly taken down by the worthy Rusticiano in rather lame and shaky French. In the summer of 1299 Marco was set free and returned to Venice, where he seems to have led a quiet life until his death in 1324.

The Book of Ser Marco Polo concerning the Kingdoms and Marvels of the East is one of the most famous and important books of the Middle Ages. It contributed more new facts toward a knowledge of the earth's surface than any book that had ever been written before. Its author was "the first traveler to trace a route across the whole longitude of Asia;" the first to describe China in its vastness, with its immense cities, its manufactures and wealth, and to tell, whether from personal experience or direct hearsay, of Thibet and Burmah, of Siam and Cochin China, of the Indian Archipelago with its islands of spices, of Java and Sumatra, and of the savages of Andaman. He knew of Japan and the woful defeat of the Mongols there when they tried to invade the island kingdom in 1281. He gave a description of Hindustan far more complete and characteristic than had

ever before been published. From Arab sailors, accustomed to the Indian Ocean, he learned something about Zanzibar and Madagascar and the semi-Christian kingdom of Abyssinia. To the northward from Persia he described the country of the Golden Horde, whose khans were then holding Russia in subjection; and he had gathered some accurate information concerning Siberia as far as the country of the Samoyeds, with their dog-sledges and polar bears.

Here was altogether too much geographical knowledge for European ignorance in those days to digest. While Marco's book attracted much attention, its influence upon the progress of geography was slighter than it would have been if addressed to a more enlightened public. Many of its sober statements of fact were received with incredulity. Many of the places described were indistinguishable, in European imagination, from the general multitude of fictitious countries mentioned in fairy tales or in romances of chivalry. Perhaps no part of Marco's story was so likely to interest his readers as his references to Prester John. In the course of the twelfth century the notion had somehow gained possession of the European mind that somewhere out in the dim vastness of the Orient there dwelt a mighty Christian potentate, known as John the Presbyter, or "Prester." At different times he was identified with various known Asiatic sovereigns. Marco Polo identified him with one Togrul Wang, who was overcome and slain by the mighty Jenghis; but he would not stay dead, any more than the grewsome warlock in Russian nursery lore. The notion of Prester John and his wealthy kingdom could no more be expelled from the European mind in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries than the notion of El Dorado in the sixteenth. The position of this kingdom was shifted about here and there, as far as from Chinese Tartary to Abyssinia and back again, but

somewhere or other in people's vague mental picture of the East it was sure to occur. Other remote regions in Asia were peopled with elves and griffins and "one-eyed Arimaspians," and we may be sure that to Marco's readers these beings were quite as real as the polished citizens of Cambaluc (Peking) or the cannibals of the Andaman Islands. From such a chaos of ideas sound geographical knowledge must needs be a slow evolution, and Marco Polo's acquisitions were altogether too far in advance of his age to be readily assimilated.

Nevertheless, in the Catalan map, made in 1375, and now to be seen in the National Library at Paris, there is a thorough-going and not unsuccessful attempt to embody the results of Polo's travels. In the interval of three quarters of a century from the publication of Marco's narrative several adventurous travelers had found their way to Cathay. There was Friar Odoric, of Pordenone, who, during the years 1316-1330 visited Hindustan, Sumatra, Java, Cochin China, the Chinese Empire, and Thibet. It was from this worthy monk that the arrant old impostor "Sir John Mandeville" stole his descriptions of India and Cathay, seasoning them with yarns from Pliny and Ktesias, and grotesque conceits of his own. Several other missionary friars visited China between 1302 and 1330, and about ten years after the latter date the Florentine merchant Francesco Pegolotti wrote a very useful handbook for commercial travelers on the overland route to that country. Between 1338 and 1353 Giovanni Marignolli spent some years at Peking as papal legate from Benedict XI. to the Great Khan, and also traveled in Ceylon and in Hindustan. That seems to have been the last of these journeys to the Far East. In 1368 the people of China rose against the Mongol dynasty and overthrew it. The first Emperor of the native Ming dynasty was placed upon the throne,

and the Chinese retorted upon their late conquerors by overrunning vast Mongolia and making it Chinese Tartary. The barriers thrown down by the liberal policy of the Mongol sovereigns were now put up again, and no more foreigners were allowed to set foot upon the sacred soil of the Flowery Kingdom.

Thus, for just a century, — from Carпинi and Rubruquis to Marignolli, — while China was open to strangers as never before or since, a few Europeans had availed themselves of the opportunity in such wise as to mark the beginning of a new era in the history of geographical knowledge. Though the discoveries of Marco Polo were as yet but imperfectly appreciated, one point, and that the most significant of all, was thoroughly established. It was shown that the continent of Asia did not extend indefinitely eastward, nor was it bounded and barricaded on that side, as Ptolemy had imagined, by vast impenetrable swamps. On the contrary, its eastern shores were perfectly accessible through an open sea, and a few Europeans had now actually made the voyage between the coast of China and the Persian Gulf. Moreover, some hearsay knowledge — enough to provoke curiosity and greed — had been gained of the existence of numerous islands in that far-off eastern ocean, rich in the spices which from the earliest time had formed such an important element in Mediterranean commerce. News, also, had been brought to Europe of the wonderful island kingdom of Japan (*Cipango* or *Zipangu*), lying out in that ocean some hundreds of miles beyond the coast of Cathay. These were rich countries, abounding in objects of lucrative traffic. Under the liberal Mongol rule the Oriental trade had increased enough for Europe to feel in many ways its beneficial effects. Now this trade began to be suddenly and severely checked, and while access to the interior of Asia was

cut off, European merchants might be forced to reflect upon the value of what they were losing, and to consider if there were any feasible method of recovering it.

It was not merely the shutting up of China by the first Ming Emperor, in 1368, that checked the intercourse between Europe and Asia. A much more baleful obstacle to all such intercourse had lately come upon the scene. In Asia Minor, the beastly Turk, whose career had been for two centuries arrested by the Crusades, now reared his head again. The Seljukian had been only scotched, not killed; and now he sprang to life as the Ottoman, with sharper fangs than before. In 1365 the Turks established themselves in the Balkan peninsula, with Adrianople as their capital, and began tightening their coils about the doomed city of Constantinople. Each point that they gained meant the strangling of just so much Oriental trade; for, as we have seen, the alliance of Constantinople with Genoa since 1261 had secured to the latter city, and to western Europe, the advantages of the overland routes from Asia, whether through the Volga country or across Armenia. When at length, in 1453, the Turks took Constantinople, the splendid commercial career of Genoa was cut with the shears of Atropos. At the same time, as their power was rapidly extending over Syria and down toward Egypt, threatening the overthrow of the liberal Mameluke dynasty there, the commercial prosperity of Venice was also seriously imperiled. Moreover, as Turkish corsairs began to swarm in the eastern waters of the Mediterranean, the voyage became more and more unsafe for Christian vessels. It was thus, while the volume of trade with Asia was, in the natural course of things, swelling year by year, that its accustomed routes were being ruthlessly cut off. It was fast becoming necessary to consider whether there might not be

other practicable routes to "the Indies" than those which had from time immemorial been followed. Could there be such a thing as an "outside route" to that land of promise? A more startling question has seldom been propounded; for it involved a radical departure from the grooves in which the human mind had been running ever since the days of Solomon. Two generations of men lived and died while this question was taking shape, and all the time Cathay and India and the islands of spices were objects of increasing desire, clothed by eager fancy with all manner of charms and riches. The more effectually the eastern Mediterranean was closed,

the stronger grew the impulse to venture upon unknown paths in order to realize the vague but glorious hopes that began to cluster about these remote countries. Such an era of romantic enterprise as was thus ushered in the world has never seen, before or since. It was equally remarkable as an era of discipline in scientific thinking. In the maritime ventures of unparalleled boldness that began in the fifteenth century, the human mind was groping toward the era of enormous extensions of knowledge in space and time represented by the names of Newton and Darwin. It was learning the right way of putting its trust in the Unseen.

John Fiske.

AT THE MARKET OF THE DEAD.

I.

It is just past five o'clock in the afternoon. Through the open door of my little study the rising breeze of evening is beginning to disturb the papers on my desk, and the white fire of the Japanese sun is taking that pale amber tone which tells that the heat of the day is over. There is not a cloud in the blue, — not even one of those beautiful white filamentary things, like ghosts of silken floss, which usually swim in this most ethereal of earthly skies even in the driest weather.

A sudden shadow at the door. Akira, the young Buddhist student, stands at the threshold slipping his white feet out of his sandal-thongs preparatory to entering, and smiling like the god Jizo.

"Ah! *komban*, Akira."

"To-night," says Akira, seating himself upon the floor in the posture of Buddha upon the Lotos, "the *Bon-ichi* will be held. Perhaps you would like to see it?"

"Oh, Akira, all things in this country I should like to see. But tell me, I pray you, unto what may the *Bon-ichi* be likened?"

"The *Bon-ichi*," answers Akira, "is a market at which will be sold all things required for the Festival of the Dead; and the Festival of the Dead will begin to-morrow, when all the altars of the temples and all the shrines in the homes of good Buddhists will be made beautiful."

"Then I want to see the *Bon-ichi*, Akira, and I should also like to see a Buddhist shrine, — a household shrine."

"Then will you come to my room?" asks Akira. "It is not far, — in the Street of the Aged Men, beyond the Street of the Stony River, and near to the Street Everlasting. There is a *butsuma* there, — a household shrine, — and on the way I will tell you about the *Bonku*."

So, for the first time, I learn those things concerning which I am now about to write.

II.

From the 13th to the 15th day of July is held the Festival of the Dead, — the *Bommatsuri* or *Bonku*, — by some Europeans called the Feast of Lanterns. But in many places there are two such festivals annually; for those who still follow the ancient reckoning of time by moons hold that the Bommatsuri should fall on the 13th, 14th, and 15th days of the seventh month of the antique calendar, which corresponds to a later period of the year.

Early on the morning of the 13th, new mats of purest rice straw, woven expressly for the festival, are spread upon all Buddhist altars and within each butsuma or *butsudan*, — the little shrine before which the morning and evening prayers are offered up in every believing home. Shrines and altars are likewise decorated with beautiful embellishments of colored paper, and with flowers and sprigs of certain hallowed plants, — always real lotos flowers when obtainable, otherwise lotos flowers of paper, and fresh branches of *shikimi* (anise) and of *misohagi* (lespedeza). Then a tiny lacquered table, — a *zen*, — such as Japanese meals are usually served upon, is placed upon the altar, and the food offerings are laid on it. But in the smaller shrines of Japanese homes the offerings are more often simply laid upon the rice matting, wrapped in fresh lotos leaves.

These offerings consist of the foods called *somen*, resembling our vermicelli, *gozen*, which is boiled rice, *dango*, a sort of tiny dumpling, eggplant, and fruits according to season, — frequently *uri* and *saikwa*, slices of melon and watermelon, and plums and peaches. Often sweet cakes and dainties are added. Sometimes the offering is only *O-sho-jin-gu* (honorable uncooked food); more usually it is *O-rio-gu* (honorable boiled food); but it never includes, of course, fish,

meats, or wine. Clear water is given to the shadowy guests, and is sprinkled from time to time upon the altar or within the shrine with a branch of *misohagi*; tea is poured out every hour for the viewless visitors, and everything is daintily served up in little plates and cups and bowls, as for living guests, with *hashi* (chopsticks) laid beside the offering. So for three days the dead are feasted.

At sunset, pine torches, fixed in the ground before each home, are kindled to guide the spirit-visitors. Sometimes, also, on the first evening of the Bommatsuri, welcome-fires (*mukaebi*) are lighted along the shore of the sea or lake or river by which the village or city is situated, — neither more nor less than one hundred and eight fires; this number having some mystic signification in the philosophy of Buddhism. And charming lanterns are suspended each night at the entrances of homes, — the Lanterns of the Festival of the Dead, — lanterns of special forms and colors, beautifully painted with suggestions of landscape and shapes of flowers, and always decorated with a peculiar fringe of paper streamers.

Also, on the same night, those who have dead friends go to the cemeteries and make offerings there, and pray, and burn incense, and pour out water for the ghosts. Flowers are placed there in the bamboo vases set beside each *haka*, and lanterns are lighted and hung up before the tombs, but these lanterns have no designs upon them.

At sunset on the evening of the 15th only the offerings called *Segaki* are made in the temples. Then are fed the ghosts of the Circle of Penance, called *Gakido*, the place of hungry spirits; and then also are fed by the priests those ghosts having no other friends among the living to care for them. Very, very small these offerings are, — like the offerings to the gods.

III.

Now this, Akira tells me, is the origin of the Segaki, as the same is related in the holy book *Busetsu-uran-bongyo* : —

Dai-Mokeuren, the great disciple of Buddha, obtained by merit the Six Supernatural Powers. And by virtue of them it was given him to see the soul of his mother in the Gakido, — the world of spirits doomed to suffer hunger in expiation of faults committed in a previous life. Mokeuren saw that his mother suffered much; he grieved exceedingly because of her pain, and he filled a bowl with choicest food and sent it to her. He saw her try to eat; but each time that she tried to lift the food to her lips it would change into fire and burning embers, so that she could not eat. Then Mokeuren asked the Teacher what he could do to relieve his mother from pain. And the Teacher made answer: "On the fifteenth day of the seventh month, feed the ghosts of the great priests of all countries." And Mokeuren, having done so, saw that his mother was freed from the state of *gaki*, and that she was dancing for joy.¹ This is the origin also of the dances called *Bon-odori*, which are danced on the third night of the Festival of the Dead throughout Japan.

Upon the third and last night there is a weirdly beautiful ceremony, more touching than that of the Segaki, stranger than the *Bon-odori*, — the ceremony of farewell. All that the living may do to please the dead has been done; the time allotted by the powers of the unseen worlds unto the ghostly visitants is well-nigh past, and their friends must send them all back again.

Everything has been prepared for them. In each home small boats made of barley straw closely woven have been freighted with supplies of dainty food,

¹ It is related in the same book that Ananda having asked the Buddha how came Mokeuren's mother to suffer in the Gakido, the

with tiny lanterns, and written messages of faith and love. Seldom more than a foot in length are these boats; but the dead require little room. And the frail craft are launched on canal, lake, sea, or river, — each with a miniature lantern glowing at the prow, and incense burning at the stern. And if the night be fair, they voyage long. Down all the creeks and rivers and canals these phantom fleets go glimmering to the sea; and all the sea sparkles to the horizon with the lights of the dead, and the sea wind is fragrant with incense.

. . . But alas! it is now forbidden in the great seaports to launch the *shoryo-bune*, "the boats of the blessed ghosts."

IV.

. . . It is so narrow, the Street of the Aged Men, that by stretching out one's arms one can touch the figured sign draperies before its tiny shops on both sides at once. And these little ark-shaped houses really seem toy-houses; that in which Akira lives is even smaller than the rest, having no shop in it, and no miniature second story. It is all closed up. Akira slides back the wooden *amado* which forms the door, and then the paper-paned screens behind it; and the tiny structure, thus opened, with its light unpainted woodwork and painted paper partitions, looks something like a great birdcage. But the rush matting of the elevated floor is fresh, sweet-smelling, spotless; and as we take off our foot-gear to mount upon it, I see that all within is neat, curious, and dainty.

"The woman has gone out," says Akira, setting the smoking-box (*hibashi*) in the middle of the floor, and spreading beside it a little mat for me to squat upon.

"But what is this, Akira?" I ask, pointing to a thin board suspended by a ribbon on the wall, — a board so cut

Teacher replied that in a previous incarnation she had refused, through cupidity, to feed certain visiting priests.

from the middle of a branch as to leave the bark along its edges. There are two columns of mysterious signs exquisitely painted upon it.

"Oh, that is a calendar," answers Akira. "On the right side are the names of the months having thirty-one days; on the left, the names of those having less. Now here is a household shrine."

Occupying the alcove, which is an indispensable part of the structure of every Japanese room, is a native cabinet painted with figures of flying birds; and upon this cabinet stands the butsuma. It is a small lacquered and gilded shrine, with little doors modeled after those of a temple gate, — a shrine very quaint, very much dilapidated (one door has lost its hinges), but still a dainty thing despite its crackled lacquer and faded gilding. Akira opens it with a sort of compassionate smile; and I look inside for the image. There is none; only a wooden tablet with a band of white paper attached to it, bearing Japanese characters, — the name of a dead baby girl, — and a vase of expiring flowers, a tiny print of Kwamron, the Goddess of Mercy, and a cup filled with ashes of incense.

"To-morrow," Akira says, "she will decorate this, and make the offerings of food to the little one."

Hanging from the ceiling, on the opposite side of the room, and in front of the shrine, is a wonderful, charming, funny, white-and-rosy mask, — the face of a laughing, chubby girl with two mysterious spots upon her forehead, the face of Otafuku.¹ It twirls round and round in the soft air-current coming through the open *shojis*; and every time those funny black eyes, half shut with laughter, look at me, I cannot help smiling. And hanging still higher, I see little Shinto emblems of paper (*gohei*), a miniature mitre-shaped cap in likeness of those

worn in the sacred dances, a pasteboard emblem of the magic gem (*Nio-iho-shu*) which the gods bear in their hands, a small Japanese doll, and a little wind-wheel which will spin around with the least puff of air, and other indescribable toys, mostly symbolic, such as are sold on festal days in the courts of the temples, — the playthings of the dead child.

... "*Komban!*" exclaims a very gentle voice behind us. The mother is standing there, smiling as if pleased at the stranger's interest in her butsuma, — a middle-aged woman of the poorest class, not comely, but with a most kindly face. We return her evening greeting; and while I sit down upon the little mat laid before the *hibashi*, Akira whispers something to her, with the result that a small kettle is at once set to boil over a very small charcoal furnace. We are probably going to have some tea.

As Akira takes his seat before me, on the other side of the *hibashi*, I ask him:

"What was the name I saw on the tablet?"

"The name which you saw," he answers, "was not the real name. The real name is written upon the other side. After death another name is given by the priest. A dead boy is called *Ryochi Doji*; a dead girl, *Mioyo Donyo*."

While we are speaking, the woman approaches the little shrine, opens it, arranges the objects in it, lights the tiny lamp, and with joined hands and bowed head begins to pray. Totally unembarrassed by our presence and our chatter she seems, as one accustomed to do what is right and beautiful heedless of human opinion; praying with that brave, true frankness which belongs to the poor only of this world, — those simple souls who never have any secret to hide, either from each other or from heaven, and of whom Ruskin nobly said, "*These are our holiest*." I do not know what words her heart is murmuring: I hear only at moments that soft sibilant sound,

¹ A deity of good fortune.

made by gently drawing the breath through the lips, which among this kind people is a token of humblest desire to please.

As I watch the tender little rite, I become aware of something vaguely astir in the mystery of my own life, — vaguely, indefinitely familiar, like a memory ancestral, like the revival of a sensation forgotten two thousand years. Blended in some strange way it seems to be with my faint knowledge of an elder world, whose household gods were also the beloved dead; and there is a weird sweetness in this place, like a shadowing of Lares.

Then, her brief prayer over, she turns to her miniature furnace again. She talks and laughs with Akira; she prepares the tea, pours it out in tiny cups and serves it to us, kneeling in that graceful attitude — picturesque, traditional — which for six hundred years has been the attitude of the Japanese woman serving tea. Verily, no small part of the life of the Woman of Japan is spent thus in serving little cups of tea. Even as a ghost, she appears in popular prints offering to somebody spectral tea-cups of spectral tea. Of all Japanese ghost pictures, I know of none more pathetic than that in which the phantom of a woman kneeling humbly offers to her haunted and remorseful murderer a little cup of tea!

"Now let us go to the Bon-ichi," says Akira, rising; "she must go there herself soon, and it is already getting dark. *Sayonara!*"

It is indeed almost dark as we leave the little house: stars are pointing in the strip of sky above the street; but it is a beautiful night for a walk, with a strong breeze blowing at intervals between long pauses, and sending long flutterings through the miles of shop draperies. The market is in the narrow

street at the verge of the city, just below the hill where the great Buddhist Temple of Zoto-Kuin stands, — in the Moto-machi, only ten squares away.

V.

The curious narrow street is one long blaze of lights, — lights of lantern signs, lights of torches and lamps illuminating unfamiliar rows of little stands and booths set out in the thoroughfare before all the shop-fronts on each side; making two far-converging lines of multi-colored fire. Between these moves a dense throng, filling the night with a clatter of *getas* that drowns even the tidelike murmuring of voices and the cries of the merchant. But how gentle the movement! — a pressure soft as a flowing of tepid water: there is no jostling, no rudeness; everybody, even the weakest and smallest, has a chance to see everything; and there are many things to see.

"*Hasu-no-hana! — hasu-no-ha!*" Here are the venders of lotos flowers for the tombs and the altars, of lotos leaves in which to wrap the food of the beloved ghosts. The leaves, folded into bundles, are heaped upon tiny tables; the lotos flowers, buds and blossoms intermingled, are fixed upright in immense bunches, supported by light frames of bamboo.

"*Ogara! — Ogara-ya!*" White sheaves of long peeled rods. These are hemp-sticks. The thinner ends can be broken up into *hashi* for the use of the ghosts; the rest must be consumed in the *mukaebi*. Rightly all these sticks should be made of pine; but pine is too scarce and dear for the poor folk of this district, so the *ogara* are substituted.

"*Kawarake! — Kawarake-ya!*" The dishes of the ghosts: small red shallow platters of unglazed earthenware; primeval pottery wrought after a fashion which now exists only for the dead, — pottery shaped after a tradition older than the religion of Buddha.

"*Ya-vondoro-wa-irima-senka!*"

The lanterns, — the “bon”-lanterns, — which will light the returning feet of the ghosts. All are beautiful. Some are hexagonal, like the lanterns of the great shrines; and some have the form of stars; and some are like great luminous eggs. They are decorated with exquisite paintings of lotos flowers, and with fringes of paper streamers choicely colored, or perhaps broad white paper ribbons in which charming suggestions of lotos blossoms have been scissored out. And here are dead-white lanterns, round like moons; these are for the cemeteries.

“*O-Kazari! O-Kazari-ya!*” The venders of all articles of decoration for the Festival of the Dead. “*Komo-demo! — nandemo!*” Here are the fresh white mats of rice straw for the butsumas and the altars; and here are the *warsuma*, little horses made out of wisps of straw, for the dead to ride; and the *waransha*, little oxen of straw which will do shadowy labor for them. All cheap, cheap, — *oyasui!* Here also are the branches of shikimi for the altars, and sprays of misohagi wherewith to sprinkle water upon the Segaki.

“*O-Kazari-mono-wa-irima-senka!*” Exquisite scarlet and white tassels of strings of rice grains, like finest bead-work; and wonderful paper decorations for the butsumas; and incense-sticks (*senko*) of all varieties, from the commonest, at a couple of cents a bundle, to the extremely dear, at one *yen*, — long, light, chocolate-colored, brittle rods, slender as a pencil-lead, each bundle secured by straps of gilded and colored paper. You take one, light an end, and set the other end upright in a vessel containing soft ashes; it will continue to smoulder, filling the air with fragrance, until wholly consumed.

“*Hotaro-ni-Kirigisu! — okodomo-shu-no-onagusami! — oyasuke-make-masu!*” Eh! what is all this? A little booth shaped like a sentry box, all made of laths, covered with a red-and-white chess pattern of paper; and out

of this frail structure issues a shrilling keen as the sound of leaking steam. “Oh, that is only insects,” says Akira, laughing; “nothing to do with the Bonku.” Insects, yes! — in cages! The shrilling is made by scores of huge green crickets, each prisoned in a tiny bamboo cage by itself. “They are fed with egg-plant and melon rind,” continues Akira, “and sold to children to play with.” And there are also beautiful little cages full of fireflies, — cages covered with brown mosquito-netting, upon each of which some simple but very charming design in bright colors has been dashed by a Japanese brush. One cricket and cage, two cents. Fifteen fireflies and cage, five cents.

Here on a street corner squats a pretty blue-robed boy behind a low wooden table, selling wooden boxes about as big as match-boxes, with red paper hinges. Beside the piles of these little boxes on the table are shallow dishes filled with clear water, in which extraordinary thin flat shapes are floating, — shapes of flowers, trees, birds, boats, men, and women. Open a box: it costs only two cents. Inside, wrapped in tissue paper, are bundles of little pale sticks, like round match-sticks, with pink ends. Drop one into the water, it instantly unrolls and expands into the likeness of a lotos flower. Another transforms itself into a fish. A third becomes a boat. A fourth changes to an owl. A fifth becomes a tea-plant, covered with leaves and blossoms. . . . So delicate are these things that, once immersed, you cannot handle them without breaking them. They are made of seaweed.

“*Tsukuri hana! — tsukuri-hana-wa-irima-senka.*” The sellers of artificial flowers, marvelous chrysanthemums and lotos plants of paper, imitations of bud and leaf and flower so cunningly wrought that the eye alone cannot detect the beautiful trickery. It is only right that these should cost much more than their living counterparts.

VI.

High above the thronging and the clamor and the myriad fires of the merchants, the great Shingon temple at the end of the radiant street towers upon its hill against the starry night, — weirdly, like a dream, strangely illuminated by rows of paper lanterns hung all along its curving eaves; and the flowing of the crowd bears me thither. Out of the broad entrance, over a dark gliding mass which I know to be heads and shoulders of crowding worshipers, beams a broad band of rich yellow light; and before reaching the lion-guarded steps I hear the continuous clanging of the temple gong, each clang the signal of an offering and a prayer. Doubtless a cataract of cash is pouring into the great alms-chest; for to-night is the Festival of Yakushi-Nyori, the Physician of Souls. Borne to the steps, at last I find myself able to halt a moment, despite the pressure of the throng, before the stand of a lantern-seller, selling the most beautiful lanterns that I have ever seen. Each is a gigantic lotos flower of paper, so perfectly made in every detail as to seem a great living blossom freshly plucked: the petals are crimson at their bases, paling to white at their tips; the calyx is a faultless mimicry of nature, and beneath it hangs a beautiful fringe of paper cuttings, colored with the colors of the flower, green below the calyx, white in the middle, crimson at the ends. In the heart of the blossom is set a microscopic oil-lamp of baked clay; and this being lighted, all the flower becomes luminous, diaphanous, a lotos of white and crimson fire. There is a slender gilded wooden hoop by which to hang it up; and the price is four cents! How can people afford to make such things for four cents, even in this country of astounding cheapness?

Akira is trying to tell me something

about the *hyaku-hachi-no-mukaebi*, the Hundred and Eight Fires, to be lighted to-morrow evening, which bear some figurative relation unto the Hundred and Eight Foolish Desires; but I cannot hear him for the clatter of the *getas* and the *komagetas*, the wooden clogs and wooden sandals of the worshipers ascending to the shrine of Yakushi-Nyori. The light straw sandals of the poorer men, the *zori* and the *waraji*, are silent; the great clatter is really made by the delicate feet of women and girls, balancing themselves carefully upon their noisy *getas*. And most of these little feet are clad with spotless *tabi*, white as a white lotos. White feet of little blue-robed mothers they mostly are, — mothers climbing patiently and smilingly, with pretty placid babies at their backs, up the hill to Buddha.

And while through the tinted lantern-light I wander on with the gentle, noisy people, up the great steps of stone, between other displays of lotos blossoms, between other high hedge-rows of paper flowers, my thought suddenly goes back to the little broken shrine in the poor woman's room, with the humble playthings hanging before it, and the laughing, twirling mask of Otafuku. I see the happy, funny little eyes, oblique and silky-shadowed like Otafuku's own, which used to look at those toys, — toys in which the fresh child-senses found a charm that I can but faintly divine, a delight hereditary, ancestral. I see the tender little creature being borne, as it was doubtless borne many times, through just such a peaceful throng as this, in just such a mild, luminous night, peeping over the mother's shoulder, softly clinging at her neck with tiny hands.

Somewhere among this multitude is the mother. She will feel again to-night the faint touch of little hands, yet will not turn her head to look and laugh, as in other days.

Lafcadio Hearn.

FORECASTING.

SOME day as now the world shall reawake:
 The city from its brief, dream-tortured sleep;
 The country, from its slumber pure and deep,
 To songs of birds in every flowering brake;
 And men light-hearted, or with hearts that ache,
 Shall rise and go what they have sown to reap;
 And women smile, or sit alone and weep
 For life once sweet, grown bitter for love's sake.

But we, that day, shall not be here, — not we;
 We shall have done with life, though few may know.
 Between *us* then shall awful stillness be
 Who spake such words of bliss, such words of woe,
 As winds remember, chanting fitfully —
 Chanting as now — above *us* lying low.

Philip Bourke Marston.

THE LADY OF FORT ST. JOHN.

IX.

THE TURRET.

WHILE Antonia and Van Corlaer continued their conference on the stone steps leading to the wall, the dwarf was mounting a flight which led to the turret. Klussman walked ahead, carrying her instrument and her ration for the day. There was not a loophole to throw glimmers upon the blackness. The ascent wound about as if carved through the heart of rock, and the tall Swiss stooped to its slope. Such a mountain of unseen terraces made Le Rossignol pant. She lifted herself from step to step, growing dizzy with the turns and holding to the wall.

"Wait for me," she called up the gloom, and shook her fist at the unseen soldier because he gave her no reply.

Klussman stepped out on the turret floor and set down his load. Stretch-

ing himself from the cramp of the stairway, he stood looking over bay and forest and coast. The battlemented wall was quite as high as his shoulder. One small cannon, brought up with enormous labor, was here trained through an embrasure to command the mouth of the river.

Le Rossignol emerged into the unroofed light and the sea air like a potentate, dragging a warm furred robe. She had fastened great hoops of gold in her ears, and they gave her peaked face a barbaric look. It was her policy to go in state to punishment. The little sovereign stalked with long steps and threw out her arm in command.

"Monsieur the Swiss, stoop over and give me thy back until I mount the battlement."

Klussman, full of his own bitter and confused thinking, looked blankly down at her heated countenance.

"Give me thy back!" sang the

dwarf, in the melodious scream which anger never made harsh in her.

"Faith, yes, and my entire carcass," muttered the Swiss. "I care not what becomes of me now."

"Madame Marie sent you to escort me to this turret. You have the honor because you are an officer. Now do your duty as lieutenant of this fortress, and make me a comfortable prisoner."

Klussman set his hands upon his sides and smiled down upon his prisoner.

"What is your will?"

"Twice have I told you to stoop and give me your back, that I may mount from the cannon to the battlements. Am I to be shut up here without an outlook?"

"May I be hanged if I do that!" exclaimed Klussman. "Make a footstool of myself for a spoiled puppet like thee?"

Le Rossignol ran toward him, and kicked his boots with the heel of her moccasin. The Swiss, remonstrating and laughing, moved back before her.

"Have some care, — thou wilt break a deer-hoof on my stout leather. And why mount the battlements? A fall from this turret edge would spread thee out like a raindrop. Though the fewer women there are in the world the better," added Klussman bitterly.

"Presume not to call me a woman!"

"Why, what art thou?"

"I am the Nightingale."

"By thy red head thou art the woodpecker. Here is my back, clatterbill. Why should I not crawl the ground to be walked over? I have been worse used than that."

He grinned fiercely as he bent down with his hands upon his knees. Le Rossignol mounted the cannon, and with a couple of light bounds, making him a perch midway, reached an embrasure, and sat there arranging her robes.

"Now you may hand me my clavier," she said, "and then you shall have my thanks and my pardon."

The Swiss handed her the instrument. His contempt was ruder than he knew. Le Rossignol pulled her gullskin cap well down upon her ears, for, though the day was now bright overhead, a raw wind came across the bay. She leaned over and looked down into the fortress to call her swan. The cook was drawing water from the well, and that soft sad note lifted his eyes to the turret. Le Rossignol squinted at him, and the man went into the barracks and told his wife that he felt shooting pains in his limbs that instant.

"Come hither, gentle Swiss," said the dwarf, striking the plectrum into her mandolin strings, "and I will reward thee for thy back and all thy courtly services."

Klussman stepped to the wall and looked with her into the fort.

"Take that sweet sight for my thanks," said Le Rossignol, pointing to Marguerite below.

The miserable girl had come out of the barracks, and was sitting in the sun beside the oven. She rested her head against it, and met the sky light with half-shut eyes, lovely in silken hair and pallid flesh through all her sullenness and dejection. As Klussman saw her he uttered an oath under his breath, which the dwarf's hand on the mandolin echoed with a bang. He turned his back on the sight and betook himself to the stairway, the dwarf's laughter following him. She felt high in the world, and played with a good spirit. The sentinel below heard her, but he took care to keep a steady and level eye. When the swan rose past him, spreading its wings almost against his face, he prudently trod the wall without turning his head.

"Hé, Shubenacadie," said the human morsel to her familiar, as the wide wings composed themselves beside her. "We had scarce said good-morning when I must be haled before my lady for that box of the Hollandaise." The swan was a huge white creature of his

kind, with fiery eyes. There was satin texture delightful to the touch in the firm and glistening plumage of his swelling breast. Le Rossignol smoothed it.

"They have few trinkets in that barbarous Fort Orange in the west. I detest that Hollandaise more since she carries about such a casket. Let us be cozy. Kiss me, Shubenacadie."

The swan's attachment and obedience to her were struggling against some swanlike instinct which made him rear a lofty head and twist it riverward.

"Kiss me, I say! Shall I have to beat thee over the head with my clavier to teach thee manners?"

Shubenacadie darted his snake neck downward and touched bills with her. She patted his coral nostrils.

"Not yet. Before you take to the water we must have some talk. I am shut up here to stay this whole day. And for what? Not because of the casket, for they know not what I have done with it, but because you and I sometimes go out without the password. Stick out your toes and let me polish them."

Shubenacadie resisted this mandate, and his autoerat promptly dragged one foot from under him, causing him to topple on the parapet. He hissed at her. Le Rossignol looked up at the threatening flat head and hissed back.

"You are as bad as that Swiss," she laughed. "I will put a yoke on you. I will tie you to the settle in the hall. Why have all man creatures such tempers? Thank Heaven I was not born to hose and doublet! Never did I see a mild man in my life except Edelwald. As for this Swiss, I am done with him. He hath a wife, Shubenacadie. She sits down there by the oven now; a miserable thing turned off by D'Aulnay de Charnisay. Have I told you the Swiss had a soul above a common soldier, and I picked him out to pay court to me? Beat me for it. Pull the red hair he condemned. I would have had him sighing for me

that I might pity him. The populace is beneath us, but we must amuse ourselves. Beat me, I demand. Punish me well for abasing my eyes to that Swiss."

Shubenacadie understood the challenge and the tone. He was used to rendering such service when his mistress repented of her sins. Yet he gave his tail feathers a slight flirt, and quavered some guttural to sustain his part in the conversation, and to beg that he might be excused from holding the sword this time. As she continued to prod him, however, he struck her with his beak. Le Rossignol was human in never finding herself able to bear the punishment she courted. She flew at the swan, he spread his wings for ardent warfare, and they both dropped to the stone floor in a whirlwind of mandolin, arms, and feathers. The dwarf kept her hold on him until he cowered and lay with his neck along the pavement.

"Thou art a Turk, a rascal, a horned beast!" panted Le Rossignol.

Shubenacadie quavered plaintively, and all her wrath was gone. She spread out one of his wings and smoothed the plumes. She nursed his head in her lap and sang to him. Two of his feathers, plucked out in the contest, she put in her bosom. He flirted his tail and gathered himself again to his feet, and she broke her loaf and fed him, and poured water into her palm for his bill.

Le Rossignol esteemed the military dignity given to her imprisonment, and she was a hardy midget who could bear untold exposure when wandering at her own will. She therefore received with disgust her lady's summons to come down long before the day was spent, the messenger being only Zélie.

"Ah—h, mademoiselle," warned the maid, stumping ponderously out of the stone stairway, "are you about to mount that swan again?"

"Who ever saw me mount him?"

"I would be sworn there are a dozen men in the fort who have."

"But you never have."

"No; I have been absent with my lady."

"Well, you shall see me now."

The dwarf flung herself on Shubenacadie's back, and thrust her feet down under his wings. He began to rise, and expanded, stretching his neck forward, and Zélie uttered a yell of terror. The weird little woman leaped off, and turned her laughing beak toward the terrified maid. Her ear-hoops swung as she rolled her mocking head.

"Oh, if it frightens you, I will not ride to-day," she said.

Shubenacadie sailed across the battlements, and though they could not see him they knew he had taken to the river.

"If I tell my lady this," shivered Zélie, "she will never let you out of the turret. And she but this moment sent me to call you down out of the chill east wind."

"Tell Madame Marie," urged the dwarf insolently.

"And do you ride that way over bush and brier, through murk and daylight?"

"I was at Penobscot this week," answered Le Rossignol.

Zélie gazed, with a bristling of even the hairs upon her lip.

"It goeth past belief," she observed, setting her hands upon her sides.

"And the swan, — what else can he do besides carry thee like a dragon?"

"He sings to me," boldly asserted Le Rossignol. "And many a good bit of advice have I taken from his bill."

"It would be well if he turned his mind more to thinking and less to roving," hinted Zélie. "I will go before you downstairs and leave the key in the turret door," she suggested.

"Take up these things; and go when you please; and mind that I do not hear my clavier striking the wall."

"Have you not felt the wind in this open donjon?"

"The wind and I take no note of each other," replied the dwarf, lifting her chilled nose skyward. "But the cold water and bread have worked me most discomfort in this imprisonment. Go down and tell the cook for me that he is to make a hot bowl of the broth I like."

"He will do it," said Zélie.

"Yes, he will do it," returned the dwarf, "and the sooner he does it the better."

"Will you eat it in the hall?"

"I will eat it wherever Madame Marie is."

"But that you cannot do. There is great business going forward, and she is shut with Madame Bronck in our other lady's room."

"I like it when you presume to know better than I do what is going forward in this fort!" cried the dwarf jealously, a flush mounting her slender cheeks.

"I should best know what has happened since you left the hall," contended Zélie.

"Do you think so, poor heavy-foot? You can only hearken to what is whispered past your ear; but I can sit here on the battlements and read all the secrets below me."

"Can you, Mademoiselle Nightingale? For instance, where is Madame Bronck's box?" The maid drew a deep breath at her own daring.

"It is not about Madame Bronck's box that they confer. It is about the marriage of the Hollandaise," answered Le Rossignol, with a bold guess. "I could have told you that when you entered the turret."

Zélie experienced a chill through her flesh which was not caused by the damp breath of Fundy Bay.

"How doth she find out things done behind her back, this clever little witch?" she muttered. "And perhaps you will name the bridegroom, mademoiselle?"

"Who could that be except the big Hollandais who hath come out of the

west after her? Could she marry a priest or a common soldier?"

"That is true," admitted Zélie, feeling her superstition allayed.

"There must be as few women as trinkets in that wilderness Fort of Orange from which he came," added the dwarf.

"Why?" inquired Zélie, wrinkling her nose and squinting in the sunlight.

But Le Rossignol took no further trouble than to give her a look of contempt, and lifted the furred garment to descend the stairs.

X.

AN ACADIAN POET.

"The woman who dispenses with any dignity which should attend her marriage doth cheapen herself to her husband," said Lady Dorinda to Antonia Bronck, leaning back in the easiest chair of the fortress. It was large and stiff, but filled with cushions. Lady Dorinda's chamber was the most comfortable one in Fort St. John. It was over the front of the great hall, and was intended for a drawing-room, being spacious, well warmed by a fireplace, and lighted by windows looking into the fort. A stately curtained bed, a toilet table with swinging mirror, bearing many of the ornaments and beauty-helpers of an elderly belle, and countless accumulations which spoke her former state in the world made this an English bower in a French fort.

Her dull yellow hair was coiled in the fashion of the early Stuarts. She held a hand-screen betwixt her face and the fire, but the flush which touched her usual sallowness was not caused by heat. A wedding was a diversion of her exile which Lady Dorinda had never hoped for. There had been some mating in the fort below among soldiers and peasant women, to which she did not lower her thoughts. The noise of resulting

merrymakings sufficiently sought out and annoyed her ear. But the wedding of the guest to a man of consequence in the Dutch colony was something to which she might unbend herself.

Antonia had been brought against her will to consult with this faded authority by Marie, who sat by to support her through the ordeal. There was never any familiar chat between the lady of the fort and the widow of Claude La Tour. Neither forgot their first meeting behind cannon, and the tragedy of a divided house. Lady Dorinda lived in Acadia because she could not well live elsewhere; and she secretly nursed a hope that in her day the province would fall into English hands, her knight be vindicated, and his son obliged to submit to a power he had defied to the extremity of warring with a father.

If the two women had no love for each other, they at least stinted no ceremony. Marie presented the smallest surface of herself to her mother-in-law. It is true they had been of the same household only a few months; but months and years are the same between us and the people who solve not for us this riddle of ourselves. Antonia thought little of Lady Dorinda's opinions, but her saying about the dignity of marriage rites had the force of unexpected truth. Arendt Van Corlaer had used up his patience in courtship. He was now bent on wedding Antonia and setting out to Montreal without the loss of another day. His route was planned up St. John River and across country to the St. Lawrence.

"I would, therefore, give all possible state to this occasion," added Lady Dorinda. "Did you not tell me this Sir Van Corlaer is an officer?"

"He is the real patroon of Fort Orange, my lady."

"He should then have military honors paid him on his marriage," said Lady Dorinda, to whom "patroon"

suggested the barbarous but splendid vision of a western pasha. "Salutes should be fired and drums sounded. In thus recommending I hope I have not overstepped my authority, Madame La Tour?"

"Certainly not, your ladyship," Marie murmured.

"The marriage ceremony hath length and solemnity, but I would have it longer and more solemn. In giving herself away, a woman should greatly impress a man with the charge he hath undertaken. There be not many bridegrooms like Sir Claude de la Tour, who fasted an entire day before his marriage with me. The ceremonial of that marriage hath scarce been forgotten at court to this hour."

Lady Dorinda folded her hands and closed her eyes to sigh. Her voice had rolled the last words in her throat. At such moments she looked very superior. Her double chins and dull light eyes held great reserves of self-respect. A small box of aromatic seeds lay in her lap, and as her hands encountered it she was reminded to put a seed in her mouth and find pensive comfort in chewing it.

"Edelwald should be here to give the proper grace to this event," added Lady Dorinda.

"I thought of him," said Marie. "Edelwald has so much the nature of a troubadour."

"The studies which adorn a man were well thought of when I was at court," said Lady Dorinda. "Edelwald is really thrown away upon this wilderness."

Antonia was too intent on Van Corlaer and his fell determination to turn her mind upon Edelwald. She had, indeed, seen very little of La Tour's second in command, for he had been away with La Tour on expeditions much of the time she had spent in Acadia. Edelwald was the only man of the fortress who was called by his baptismal name, yet it was spoken with

respect and deference, like a title. He was of the family of De Born. In an age when religion made political ties stronger than the ties of nature, the La Tours and the De Borns had fought side by side through Huguenot wars. When a later generation of La Tours were struggling for foothold in the New World, it was not strange that a son of the De Borns, full of songcraft and spirit inherited from some troubadour soldier of the twelfth century, should turn his face to the same land. From his mother Edelwald took Norman and Saxon strains of blood. He had left France the previous year and made his voyage in the same ship with Madame La Tour and her mother-in-law, and he was now La Tour's trusted officer.

Edelwald could take up any stringed instrument, strike melody out of it, and sing songs he had himself made. But such pastimes were brief in Acadia. There was other business on the frontier, — sailing, hunting, fighting, persuading or defying men, exploring unyielded depths of wilderness. The joyous science had long fallen out of practice. But while the grim and bloody records of our early colonies were being made, here was an unrecorded poet in Acadia. La Tour held this gift of Edelwald's in light esteem. He was a man so full of action and of schemes for establishing power that he touched only the martial side of the young man's nature, though in that contact was strong comradeship. Every inmate of the fortress liked Edelwald. He mediated between commandant and men, and jealousies and bickerings disappeared before him.

"It would be better," murmured Antonia, breaking the stately silence by Lady Dorinda's fire, "if Mynheer Van Corlaer journeyed on to Montreal and returned here before any marriage takes place."

"Think of the labor you will thereby put upon him!" exclaimed Marie. "I speak for Monsieur Corlaer, and not for

myself," she added; "for by that delay I should happily keep you until summer. Besides, the priest we have here with us himself admits that the town of Montreal is little to look upon. Ville-Marie though it be named by the papists, what is it but a cluster of huts in the wilderness?"

"I was six months preparing to be wedded to Mynheer Bronck," remembered Antonia.

"And will Monsieur Corlaer return here from Montreal?"

"No, madame. He will carry me with him."

"I like him better for it," said Marie, smiling, "though it pleases me ill enough."

This was Antonia's last weak revolt against the determination of her stalwart suitor. She gained a three days' delay from him by submitting to the other conditions of his journey. It amused Marie to note the varying phases of Antonia's surrender. She was already resigned to the loss of Jonas Bronck's hand, and in no slavish terror of the consequences.

"And it is true I am provided with all I need," she mused on, in the line of removing objections from Van Corlaer's way.

"I have often promised to show you the gown I wore at my marriage," said Lady Dorinda, roused from her rumination on the aromatic seed, and leaving her chair to pay this gracious compliment to the Dutch widow. "It hath faded, and been discolored by the sea air, but you will not find a prettier fashion of lace in anything made since."

She had no maid, for the women of the garrison had all been found too rude for her service. When she first came to Acadia with Claude La Tour, an English gentlewoman gladly waited on her. But now only Z lie gave her constrained and half-hearted attention, rating her as "my other lady," and plainly deploring her presence. Lady Dorinda had one large box bound with iron, hidden in a nook beyond her bed. She took the key

from its usual secret place and busied herself opening the box. Marie and Antonia heard her speak a word of surprise, but the curtained bed hid her from them. The raised lid of her box let out sweet scents of England, but that breath of old times, though she always dreaded its sweep across her resignation, had not made her cry out.

She found a strange small coffer on the top of her own treasures. Its key stood in its lock, and Lady Dorinda at once turned that key, as a duty to herself. Antonia's loss of some precious cascket had been proclaimed to her, but she recollected that in her second thought, when she had already laid aside the napkin and discovered Jonas Bronck's hand. Lady Dorinda snapped the lid down and closed her own chest. She rose from her place and stretched both arms toward the couch at the foot of her bed. Having reached it, she sank down, her head meeting a cushion with nice calculation.

"I am about to faint," said Lady Dorinda, and having parted with her breath in one puff, she sincerely lost consciousness and lay in extreme calm, her clay-colored eyelids shut on a clay-colored face. Marie was used to these quiet lapses of her mother-in-law, for Lady Dorinda had not been a good sailor on their voyage; but Antonia was alarmed. They bathed her face with a few inches of towel dipped in scented water, and rubbed her hands, and fanned her. She caught life in again with a gasp, and opened her eyes to their young faces.

"Your ladyship attempted too much in opening that box," said Marie. "It is not good to go back through old sorrows."

"Madame La Tour may be right," sighed Claude's widow.

"I could not now look at that gown, Lady Dorinda," protested Antonia.

When her ladyship was able to sit again by the fire she asked both of them to leave her; and being alone, she quieted her anxiety about her treasures in the

chest by a forced search. Nothing had been disturbed. The coals burned down red while Lady Dorinda tried to understand this happening. She dismissed all thought of the casket's belonging to Antonia Bronck, — a mild and stiff-mannered young provincial who had nothing to do with ghastly tokens of war. That hand was a political hint, mysteriously sent to Lady Dorinda and embodying some important message.

D'Aulnay de Charnisay may have sent it as a pledge that he intended to do justice to the elder La Tour while chastising the younger. There was a strange girl in the fort, accused of coming from D'Aulnay. Lady Dorinda could feel no enmity toward D'Aulnay. Her mind swarmed with foolish thoughts, harmless because ineffectual. She felt her importance grow, and was sure that the seed of a deep political intrigue lay hidden in her chest.

XI.

MARGUERITE.

The days which elapsed before Antonia Bronck's marriage were lived joyfully by a people who lost care in any festival. Van Corlaer brought the sleek-faced young dominie from camp and exhibited him in all his potency as the means of a Protestant marriage service. He could not speak a word of French, but only Dutch was required of him. All religious rites were celebrated in the hall, there being no chapel in Fort St. John, and this marriage was to be witnessed by the garrison.

During this cheerful time a burning unrest, which she concealed from her people, drove Marie about her domain. She fled up the turret stairs and stood on the cannon to look over the bay. Her husband had been away but eight days. "Yet he often makes swift journeys," she thought. The load of his misfortunes settled more heavily upon her as

she drew nearer to the end of woman companionship.

In former times, before such bitterness had grown in the feud between D'Aulnay and La Tour, she had made frequent voyages from Cape Sable up Fundy Bay to Port Royal. The winters were then merry among noble Acadians, and the lady of Fort St. Louis at Cape Sable was hostess of a rich seigniory. Now she had the sickness of suspense, and the wasting of life in waiting. Frequently during the day she met Father Jogues, who also wandered about, disturbed by the evident necessity of his return to Montreal.

"Monsieur," said Marie once, "can you on your conscience bless a heretic?"

"Madame, heaven itself blesses a good and excellent woman."

"Well, monsieur, if you could lift up your hand, even with the sign which my house holds idolatrous, and say a few words of prayer, I should then feel consecrated to whatever is before me."

Perhaps Father Jogues was tempted to have recourse to his vial of holy water and make the baptismal signs. Many a soul he truly believed he had saved from burning by such secret administration. And if savages could be thus reclaimed, should he hold back from the only opportunity ever given by this beautiful soul? His face shone. But with that gracious instinct to refrain from intermeddling which was beyond his times, he only lifted his stumps of fingers and spoke the words which she craved. A maimed priest is deprived of his sacred offices, but the Pope had made a special dispensation for Father Jogues.

"Thanks, monsieur," said Marie. "Though it be sin to declare it, I will say your religion hath mother-comfort in it. Perhaps you have felt, in the woods among Iroquois, that sometime need of mother-comfort which a civilized woman may feel who has long outgrown her childhood."

The mandolin was heard in the bar-

racks once during those days, for Le Rossignol had come out of the house determined to look for Marguerite. She found the Swiss girl beside the powder magazine, for Marguerite had brought out a stool, and seemed trying to cure her sick spirit in the sun. The dwarf stood still and looked at her with insolent eyes. Soldiers' wives hid themselves within their doors, cautiously watching, or thrusting out their heads to shake at one another or to squall at any child venturing too near the encounter. They did not like the strange girl, and besides, she was in their way. But they liked the Nightingale less, and pitied any one singled out for her attack.

"Good-day to madame the former Madame Klussman," said the dwarf.

Marguerite gathered herself in defense to arise and leave her stool. But Le Rossignol gathered her mandolin in equal readiness to give pursuit. And not one woman in the barracks would willingly have been her quarry.

"I was in Penobscot last week," announced Le Rossignol, and heads popped out of all the doors to lift eyebrows and open mouths at each other. The swan-riding witch! She confessed to that impossible journey!

"I was in Penobscot last week," repeated Le Rossignol, holding up her mandolin and tinkling an accompaniment to her words, "and there I saw the house of D'Aulnay de Charnisay, and a very good house it is; but my lord should burn it. It is indeed of rough logs, and the windows are so high that one must have wings to look through them; but quite good enough for a woman of your rank, seeing that D'Aulnay hath a palace for his wife in Port Royal."

"I know naught about the house," spoke Marguerite, a yellow sheen of anger appearing in her eyes.

"Do you know naught about the Island of Demons, then?"

The Swiss girl muttered a negative, and looked sidewise at her antagonist.

"I will tell you that story," said Le Rossignol.

She played a weird prelude. Marguerite sat still to be baited, like a hare which has no covert. The instrument being heavy for the dwarf, she propped it by resting one foot on the abutting foundation of the powder house, and all through her recital made the mandolin's effects act upon her listener.

"The *Sieur de Roberval* sailed to this New World, having with him among a shipload of righteous people one Marguerite." She slammed her emphasis on the mandolin.

"There have ever been too many such women, and so the *Sieur de Roberval* found, though this one was his niece. Like all her kind, madame, she had a lover to her scandal. The *Sieur de Roberval* whipped her, and prayed over her, and shut her up in irons in the hold; yet live a godly life she would not. So what could he do but set her ashore on the *Island of Demons*?"

"I do not want to hear it," was Marguerite's muttered protest.

But Le Rossignol advanced closer to her face.

"And what does the lover do but jump overboard and swim after her? And well was he repaid." Bang! went the mandolin. "So they went up the rocky island together, and there they built a hut. What a horrible land was that!"

"All day long fiends twisted themselves in mist. The waves made a sadder moaning there than anywhere else on earth. Monsters crept out of the sea and grinned with dull eyes and clammy lips. No fruit, no flower, scarcely a blade of grass dared thrust itself toward the sky on that scaly island. Daylight was half dusk there forever. But the nights, the nights, madame, were full of howls of contending beasts; the nights were storms of demons let loose to beat on that island!"

"All the two people had to eat were

the stores set ashore by the *Sieur de Roberval*. Now a child was born in their hut, and the very next night a bear knocked at the door and demanded the child. *Marguerite* full freely gave it to him."

The girl shrank back, and *Le Rossignol* was delighted until she herself noticed that *Klussman* had come in from some duty outside the gates. His eye detected her employment, and he sauntered not far off, with his shoulder turned to the powder house.

"Next night, madame," continued *Le Rossignol*, and her tone and the accent of the mandolin made an insult of that unsuitable title, "a horned lion and two dragons knocked at the door and asked for the lover, and *Marguerite* full freely gave him to them. Kind soul, she would do anything to save herself!"

"Go away!" burst out the girl.

"And from that time until a ship took her off, the demons of *Demon Island* tried in vain to get *Marguerite*. They howled around her house every night, and gaped down her chimney, and whispered through the cracks, and sat on the roof. But thou knowest, madame, that a woman of her kind, so soft and silent and downward-looking, is more than a match for any demon; sure to live full easily and to die a fat saint."

"Have done with this," said *Klussman* behind the dwarf, who turned her grotesque beak and explained:—

"I am but telling the story of the *Island of Demons* to *Madame Klussman*."

As soon as she had spoken the name the Swiss caught her in his hand, mandolin and all, and walked across the esplanade holding her at arm's length as he might have carried an eel. *Le Rossignol* ineffectually squirmed and kicked, raging at the spectacle she made for laughing women and soldiers. She tried to beat the Swiss with her mandolin, but he twisted her in another direction, a cat's weight of fury. Giving her no chance to turn upon him, he opened

the entrance and shut her inside the hall, and stalked back to make his explanation to his wife. *Klussman* had avoided any glimpse of *Marguerite* until this instant of taking up her defense.

"I pulled that witch-midget off thee," he said, speaking for the fortress to hear, "because I will not have her raising tumults in the fort. Her place is in the hall to amuse her ladies."

Marguerite's chin rested on her breast.

"Go in the house," said *Klussman* roughly. "Why do you show yourself out here to be mocked at?"

The poor girl raised her swimming eyes and looked at him in the fashion he remembered when she was ill; when he had nursed her with agonies of fear that she might die. The old relations between them were thus suggested in one blinding flash. *Klussman* turned away so sick that the walls danced around him. He went outside the fort again, and wandered around the stony height, turning at every few steps to gaze and strain his eyes at that new clay in the graveyard.

"When she lies beside that," muttered the soldier, "then I can be soft to her," though he knew he was already soft to her, and that her look had pierced through him.

XII.

D'AULNAY.

The swelling spring was chilled by cold rain, driving in from the bay and sweeping through the half-budded woods. The tide went up *St. John River* with an impulse which flooded undiked lowlands, yet there was no storm dangerous to shipping. Some sails hung out there in the whirl of vapors with evident intention of making port.

Mario took a glass up to the turret and stood on the cannon to watch them. Rain fine as driven stings beat her face, and accumulated upon her muffling to

run down and drip on the wet floor. She could make out nothing of the vessels. There were three of them, each by its sails a ship. They could not be the ships of Nicholas Denys carrying La Tour's recruits. She was not foolish enough, however great her husband's prosperity with Denys, to expect of him such a miraculous voyage around Cape Sable.

Sails were a rare sight on that side of the bay. The venturesome seamen of the Massachusetts colony chose other courses. Fundy Bay was aside from the great sea paths. Port Royal sent out no ships except D'Aulnay's, and on La Tour's side of Acadia his was the only vessel.

Certain of nothing except that these unknown comers intended to enter St. John River, Madame La Tour went downstairs, and met Klussman on the wall. He turned from his outlook and said directly, —

"Madame, I believe it is D'Aulnay."

"You may be right," she answered.

"Is any one outside the gates?"

"Two men went early to the garden, but the rain drove them back. Fortunately, the day being bad, no one is hunting beyond the falls."

"And is our vessel well moored?"

"Her repairing was finished some days ago, you remember, madame, and she sits safe and comfortable. But D'Aulnay may burn her. When he was here before, my lord was away with the ship."

"Bar the gates and make everything secure at once," said Marie. "And salute these vessels presently. If it be D'Aulnay, we sent him back to his seigniory with fair speed once before, and we are no worse equipped now."

She returned down the stone steps where Van Corlaer's courtship had succeeded, and threw off her wet cloak to dry herself before the fire in her room. She kneeled by the hearth; the log had burned nearly away. Her mass of hair

was twisted back in the plain fashion of the Greeks, — that old sweet fashion created with the nature of woman, to which the world periodically returns when it has exhausted new devices. The smallest curves, which were tendrils rather than curls of hair, were blown out of her fleece over forehead and ears. A dark woman's beauty is independent of wind and light. When she is buffeted by weather the rich inner color comes through her skin, and the brightest dayshine can do nothing against the dusk of her eyes.

If D'Aulnay was about to attack the fort, Marie was glad that Monsieur Corlaer had taken his bride, the missionaries, and his people, and set out in the opposite direction. Barely had they escaped a siege, for they were on their way less than twenty-four hours. She had regretted their first day in a chill rain. But chill rain in boundless woods is better than sunlight in an invested fortress. Father Jogues's happy face, with its forward droop and musing eyelids, came before Marie's vision.

"I need another of his benedictions," she said in an undertone, when a knock on her door and a struggle with its latch disturbed her.

"Enter, Le Rossignol," said Madame La Tour.

And Le Rossignol entered, and approached the hearth, standing at full length scarcely as high as her lady kneeling. The room was a dim one, for all apartments looking out of the fort had windows little larger than portholes, set high in the walls. Two or three screens hid its uses as bed-chamber and dressing-room, and a few pieces of tapestry were hung, making occasional panels of grotesque figures. A couch stood near the fireplace. The dwarf's prominent features were gravely fixed, and her bushy hair formed a huge auburn halo around them. She wet her lips with that sudden motion by which a toad may be seen to catch flies.

"Madame Marie, every one is running around below and saying that D'Aulnay de Charnisay is coming again to attack the fort."

"Your pretty voice has always been a pleasure to me, Nightingale."

"But is it so, madame?"

"There are three ships standing in."

Le Rossignol's russet-colored gown moved nearer to the fire. She stretched her claws to warm, and then lifted one of them near her lady's nose.

"Madame Marie, if D'Aulnay de Charnisay be coming, put no faith in that Swiss!"

"In Klussman?"

"Yes, madame."

"Klussman is the best soldier now in the fort," said Madame La Tour, laughing. "If I put no faith in him, whom shall I trust?"

"Madame Marie, you remember that woman you brought back with you?"

"I have not seen her or spoken with her," replied Marie self-reproachfully, "since she vexed me so sorely about her child. She is a poor creature. But they feed and house her well in the barracks."

"Madame Marie, Klussman hath been talking with that woman every day this week."

The dwarf's lady looked keenly at her.

"Oh, no. There could be no talk between those two."

"But there hath been. I have watched him. Madame Marie, he took me up when I went into the fort before Madame Bronck's marriage, — when I was but playing my clavier before that sulky knave to amuse her, — he took me up in his big common-soldier fingers, gripping me around the waist, and flung me into the hall."

"Did he so?" laughed Marie. "I can well see that my Nightingale can put no more faith in the Swiss. But hearken to me, thou bird-child. There! hear our salute!"

The cannon leaped almost over their

heads, and the walls shook with its boom and rebound. Marie kept her finger up and waited for a reply. Minute succeeded minute. The drip of accumulated raindrops from the door could be heard, but nothing else. Those sullen vessels paid no attention to the inquiry of Fort St. John.

"Our enemy has come."

She relaxed from her tense listening, and with a deep breath looked at Le Rossignol.

"Do not undermine the faith of one in another in this fortress. We must all hold together now. The Swiss may have a tenderness for his wretched wife which thou canst not understand. But he is not therefore faithless to his lord."

Taking the glass and throwing on her wet cloak, Marie again ran up to the wall. But Le Rossignol sat down cross-legged by the fire, wise and brooding.

"If I could see that Swiss hung," she observed, "it would scratch in my soul a long-felt itch."

When calamity threatens, we turn back to our peaceful days with astonishment that they ever seemed monotonous. Marie watched the ships, and thought of the woman days with Antonia before Van Corlaer came; of embroidery, and teaching the Etchemins, and bringing sweet plunder from the woods for the child's grave; of paddling on the twilight river when the tide was up, brimming and bubble-tinted; of her lord's coming home to the autumn-night hearth; of the little wheels and spinning, and Edelwald's songs, — of all the common joys of that past life. The clumsy glass, lately brought from France to master distances in the New World, wearied her hands before it assured her eyes.

D'Aulnay de Charnisay was actually coming to attack Fort St. John a second time. He warily anchored his vessels out of the fort's range; and hour after hour boats moved back and forth landing men and artillery on the cape at the mouth of the river, a position which gave

as little scope as possible to St. John's guns. All that afternoon tents and earthworks were rising, and detail by detail appeared the deliberate and careful preparations of an enemy who was sitting down to a siege.

At dusk camp-fires began to flame on the distant low cape, and voices moved along air made sensitively vibrant by falling damp. There was the suggested hum of a disciplined small army settling itself for the night and for early action.

Madame La Tour came out to the esplanade of the fort, and the Swiss met her, carrying a torch which ineffectual raindrops irritated to constant hissing. He stood, tall and careworn, holding it up that his lady might see her soldiers. Everything in the fort was ready for the siege. The sentinels were about to be doubled, and sheltered by their positions.

"I have had you called together, my men," she spoke, "to say a word to you before this affair begins."

The torch flared its limited circle of shine, smoke wavering in a half-seen plume at its tip, and showed their erect figures in line, none very distinct, but all keenly suggestive of life. Some were black-bearded and tawny, and others had tints of the sun in flesh and hair. One was grizzled about the temples, and one was a smooth-cheeked youth. The roster of their familiar names seemed to her as precious as a rosary. The men watched her, feeling her beauty as

keenly as if it were a pain, and answering every lambent motion of her spirit.

All the buildings were hinted through falling mist, and glowing hearths in the barracks showed like forge lights; for the wives of the half dozen married soldiers had come out, one having a child in her arms. They stood behind their lady, troubled, but reliant on her. She had with them the prestige of success; she had led the soldiers once before, and to a successful defense of the fort.

"My men," said Marie, "when the *Sieur de la Tour* set out to northern Acadia he dreaded such a move as this on D'Aulnay's part. But I assured him he need not fear for us."

The soldiers murmured their joy, and looked at one another smiling.

"The *Sieur de la Tour* will soon return, with help or without it; and D'Aulnay has no means of learning how small our garrison is. Bind yourselves afresh to me as you bound yourselves before the other attack."

"My lady, we do!"

Out leaped every right hand, Klussman's with the torch, which lost and caught its flame again with the sudden sweep.

"That is all: and I thank you," said Marie. "We will do our best."

She turned back to the tower under the torch's escort, her soldiers giving her a full cheer which might further have deceived D'Aulnay in the strength of the garrison.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

COURTS OF CONCILIATION.

"A poor settlement is better than a fat judgment." — *Norwegian Saw.*

MOST people consider multitudinous litigation a curse, and would welcome a reform promising relief from this growing evil. The court of conciliation in

Norway and Denmark, an institution inherited from the last century, was established to provide such relief, and has more than fulfilled the expectation of its creator. To give a brief outline of this unique and admirable institution is

the object of this paper. But, first, it may be well to inquire whether such innovations really promote a healthy growth of the complex organism of law and justice.

There are men of high intelligence and profound learning (and they are not all lawyers, either) who look upon a litigant as a benefactor to society. In his interesting paper on *Der Kampf um's Recht*, Dr. Rudolph Ihring, the well-known Austrian authority on the philosophy of law, takes the view that unyielding tenacity in maintaining one's rights is the main element of strength of character in individuals as well as in nations. It makes no difference whether the particular rights involved are equitable or not, nor does it matter whether they are important or unimportant. The essential thing is to maintain them at all hazards, at any cost, and in spite of any remonstrances of the heart. In this trait of character Dr. Ihring finds the source of England's greatness, as the rigor of the Twelve Tables formed the solid foundation of the Roman Empire.

But this fundamental truth, he avers, is not generally appreciated. There is scarcely a trace of it in the domain of fiction. The great romancers and dramatists of the world abhor the pugnacious litigant. To them a man who stands uncompromisingly upon his rights is an incarnation of cruelty, a monster with a heart of stone which never throbbed with tender feelings of mercy and compassion. In the whole galaxy of typical dramatic characters there is but one notable exception, — Shylock. According to Ihring, Shylock is not a type of monstrous greed and base, cruel revenge, but an incarnation of the sacred principles of law and justice. His impassioned pleading for his pound of flesh, in the great court scene, the learned German characterizes as lofty and sublime. The sacredness of law, as the foundation of human society, has never, he maintains, been pictured in more glowing terms nor stated with more

overwhelming force than in the following immortal lines : —

“ And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond :
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.

The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought ; 't is mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law !
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment : answer ; shall I have
it ? ”

Undeniably, there are clear lines of truth in this strong picture. Law is the final result of an endless series of battles for individual rights concerning every relation between men and men. Mankind was born without any rights save those of might, and its evolution from barbarism is a continuous process of differentiation and specification of rights and duties. This bloodless yet fierce struggle is the mould in which the principles of justice have been cast and recast. Hence, Dr. Ihring argues, litigation is necessary and a blessing. It keeps the fountain of justice fresh and flowing. For this reason every incipient legal controversy should be carried into court.

While the force of this argument may be admitted, it offers no comfort to crowded courts, overworked judges, or parties waiting for adjudication of highly important controversies. The plain, common-sense view of the matter is that the courts are loaded down with inconsequential litigation which should be kept out of court, as its only and inevitable effect is to keep in abeyance important questions pressing for consideration, and to furnish cheap lawyers with employment. To relieve the courts from this drudgery, without depriving the people of their rights to obtain legal redress for legal wrongs, be they ever so insignificant, is the object of the court of conciliation in Norway and Denmark. It has served its purpose so well that it has become the most popular tribunal in each country. The following is a reasonably

full outline of the main features of this institution as it exists in Norway:—

Every city, every village containing at least twenty families, and every parish constitutes a separate "district of conciliation." The districts are small in order to make it as easy as possible for the parties to attend the court, as personal attendance is the main feature of the proceedings. The court, or commission, as the statute styles it, is made up of two members, one of whom acts as chairman and clerk. These officials are chosen for a term of three years, at a special election, by the voters of the district, from among three men nominated by the city or parish council. Only men above twenty-five years of age are eligible, and the law expressly provides that only "good men" may be placed in nomination. The court meets at a certain place, day, and hour, every week in the cities, and every month in the country districts. It is not public. The proceedings are carried on with closed doors, and the commissioners are bound to secrecy. Nothing of what transpires is permitted to reach the outside world. Admissions or concessions made by one party cannot be used against him by his adversary, if the case should come to trial in the regular courts. But a party willing to settle before the commissioners is entitled to their certificate to that effect.

The court of conciliation has jurisdiction in all civil or private cases. Appearance before the commissioners is compulsory in all such cases, and the first step in a proceeding. The law court will dismiss, *ex officio*, every case of this class that does not come up to it from the court of conciliation with a certificate of the commissioners attesting that an effort at a reconciliation of the parties has been duly made before them. In cases coming under the jurisdiction of police, admiralty, military, and ecclesiastical courts, and in a few others, appearance before the board of conciliation

is not compulsory. In such instances a process of conciliation is the first step in the law court; but it is merely an empty formality.

The mode of procedure in the peace court is as simple as it could possibly be. The plaintiff states his case in writing, reciting in plain, every-day language the facts upon which he bases his complaint, and what he wants the defendant to do or refrain from doing, and requesting that the latter be cited to meet the plaintiff in the court of conciliation to try to reach an agreement in the manner prescribed by law. The senior commissioner writes the court's summons upon the complaint, citing both parties to appear at its next or second sitting, as the case may be. A fee of twenty-five cents is charged for issuing the summons, to which is added fifty cents in the event a conciliation is effected. These comprise all the costs in this court, and also all that this court costs. The commissioners receive no other compensation than these small fees.

The litigants must appear in person, except in case of sickness or very pressing business engagements, when the use of a representative is allowed, provided, however, that he be not a practicing attorney. Lawyers are rigidly excluded from the court of conciliation, except of course when they attend in their own behalf. If a party fail to appear in person without good excuse, he will be adjudged to pay the costs in the law court even if he should win the case. This rigid rule was designed to induce personal attendance, and in practice has shown itself to be very effective. Either party may submit documentary evidence, and if the facts in a case are entangled with essential points in controversy a continuation may be granted with the consent of both parties. Rules and forms, however, play only a secondary part. The character and object of the court make it preëminently a forum of common sense unfettered by legal fictions

and technicalities. The judges, or commissioners, discourage any attempts at legal wrangling by either party. They are selected with a particular view to their fitness as peacemakers. While not "learned in the law," in the technical sense of the term, they have nevertheless a fair understanding of the fundamental principles of municipal law, and a keen sense of equity and material justice. The people regard the office as one of honor and trust rather than of emolument, and have always kept in view that in order to serve its purpose the high, non-partisan character of the institution must be maintained. In judging of the fitness of candidates they are far more exacting than the statute. Not satisfied with electing merely "good men," as the law requires, they pick the very best men in the community; men of mature years, who have earned a reputation for intelligence, conservatism, and fairness in their dealings with their fellow-men. The office has been kept out of politics. Not even in times of great political excitement, when party lines were rigidly drawn and the regular courts were suspected of not being entirely free from political bias, has there been any complaint against these popular tribunals on this account. On entering upon their duties, the judges are sworn honestly and faithfully to strive to reconcile contestants appearing before them, according to their conscience and to their best judgment, on terms that are just and equitable to both parties and in harmony with the spirit of the law of the land. They are not required to be strict constructionists. Whenever a technical construction, in their judgment, would be inequitable to either of the litigants and obstruct an agreement, they will sacrifice the letter to the spirit of the law in their advice to the parties.

The very atmosphere of the lowly court room has a softening influence on those who enter it armed for a contest for legal rights. The judges are per-

sonally known to them, or are perhaps their friends, and are recognized as men in whose impartiality and integrity they can have implicit confidence. Even the humblest citizen feels that in this forum he treads upon firm and familiar ground. There are no intricate formalities to becloud the issue, no array of lawyers to confuse him, no crowd of curiosity-seekers to gloat over his discomfort. The judges and the contestants are the only ones present. Everything induces to an open, frank, and dispassionate discussion of the points at issue. Each party looks upon the commissioners as disinterested, trustworthy, and friendly counselors, who will give him only such advice as will subserve his best interests. He has no over-zealous counselor to play upon his prejudices or instincts of cupidity, or to arouse and nourish within his breast a false sense of pride. The situation is a powerful appeal to his better nature and his unbiased judgment. He is perfectly free from any legal restraint, as propositions or concessions which he may make in order to facilitate an adjustment will not prejudice his case if it should go to court. On the contrary, a conciliatory spirit will count in his favor in deciding the question of cost in the courts of law.

Any one in the least familiar with law-suits knows that a large number of cases originate in trifling or imaginary wrongs. That is true not only of personal injury cases, but also of many other controversies. Most people are apt to exaggerate wrongs they have suffered, and many are quick to see an intended injury in actions that are perfectly harmless, or at least not prompted by malice. Retaliation is frequently resorted to as a means of redress, and thus the accelerating pendulum of estrangement and aggression is set in motion. A slight cause, real or imaginary, results in strained relations or even a feeling of hostility between men, and there is always a lawyer at hand on either side, who knows how to

add fuel to the flame by magnifying the wrongs, and promising certain relief and revenge if he is only allowed to take the case into court. To fight the case out in court becomes a matter not only of pecuniary gain, but also of personal pride, and before they know it men who have been good neighbors, perhaps friends, find themselves involved in costly litigation about insignificant differences that might have been adjusted in a few minutes of calm, unbiased discussion. It is needless to say that in such instances both parties will lose in the end. The amount in controversy, or more, is eaten up generally in fees, and the litigants leave court out of money, and often enemies for life.

The influence of the court of conciliation is brought to bear upon a legal controversy while it is yet possible to bridge the chasm by peaceable means. The injured party has made up his mind to seek redress, but before he can rush into court he must pass through the gate of peace. Here the contestants meet without lawyers to spur them on and obscure the issue by legal verbiage. Each tells his own story in his own language, and in a plain, common-sense way. With the statements of both parties before them, the judges reduce the differences to their true proportions, emphasize the uncertainty and expensiveness of litigation, and endeavor to make it plain to the contestants that each, by a comparatively insignificant concession, can have the matter adjusted at once, save a large amount in court's and lawyer's fees, and in fact gain more than he would obtain even if successful in court.

Men generally listen willingly to this kind of talk. Their own better judgment responds to this homely logic. The controversy is lifted out of the sphere of prejudice and bias, and each feels that reasonable and sensible concessions do not humiliate him in the estimation of his friends and neighbors. It has come to be considered more creditable to re-

turn from such a meeting as friends than to carry the matter into court. In three cases out of four the contestants conclude that "a poor settlement is better than a fat judgment." The agreement of settlement is recorded and can be enforced the same as a final judgment. Thus, the institution not only prevents needless, inconsequential litigation, but also serves the purpose of furnishing speedy justice. The controversies that are disposed of in this quick and inexpensive way are of such a nature that they ought to be adjusted without the intervention of the courts, which are thus left free to devote all their time to really important litigation. The experience in Norway is that only twenty-five per cent of all civil cases that arise involve questions which are of such importance that it is considered best by either of the parties to bring them before the district court for adjudication, while seventy-five out of every hundred cases are peaceably adjusted in the courts of conciliation.

As already mentioned, the institution is a heritage from the absolute monarchy, the royal edicts establishing it dating back to the years 1795 and 1797. It had its origin in the king's "fatherly solicitude for the welfare of his poor ignorant peasant subjects." "Inasmuch as it has come to our notice," the royal law-maker says in the preamble to his ordinance, "that peasants and other lowly good and true subjects in our dominions are incited to quarrel about trifling things by dishonest lawyers, who generally keep their clutches on their unsuspecting clients till they have robbed them of all their property, we have, in our fatherly wisdom and for the protection of our loyal subjects, evolved a reform of the law of procedure designed to abate and check the monstrous evil." Then follows the body of the ordinance establishing the new institution.

A more popular or beneficent law was scarcely ever promulgated by a kingly autocrat. The new institution worked

well from the start, and became popular at once with all classes of the people, excepting, of course, legal "shysters" and greedy pettifoggers, who found their occupation gone. The opposition of the bar ceased entirely with the weeding out of the disreputable element from the profession.

To the people the reform brought not only a sorely needed remedy for a growing evil, but also a lesson in popular government. The new institution was at the same time a semi-revival of their ancient system of administering justice and a harbinger of the new era of liberty. When they had established free governments, Norway and Denmark both recast their systems of law so as to make them conform to the spirit of their constitutions. But this institution was not only left intact; it has been strengthened and perfected from time to time. In Norway it is regarded as one of the corner stones of the national system of justice, and it is not an exaggeration to say that any attempt to abolish it would provoke a revolution. The more recent Norwegian legislation on the subject has conferred larger powers upon these courts, and the indications are that further steps will be taken in the same direction. In addition to their function as conciliators, they are now empowered to arbitrate and

adjudicate controversies brought before them. If the parties to a case fail to agree, they can request the commissioners to act as arbitrators in the matter; or, if the case is one for recovering a debt, it can be submitted to their decision in their capacity as judges proper.

The institution has stood the test of a century, and has grown stronger from year to year. Conceived in the parental care of a well-meaning absolutism, it has received the enthusiastic sanction of two free nations. It is without a counterpart in the whole history of law. Legislators of all times have discouraged frivolous litigation; but nothing more simple, more symmetrical, or more effective has ever been devised as a preventive for this evil. It is as true in law as in medical science that prevention is better than cure. While checking litigation and dispensing speedy and inexpensive justice, the courts of conciliation save to the people an immense amount of fees, relieve the pressure upon the regular courts, reduce the ranks of lawyers to the number actually needed for the trial of cases worth trying, prevent hasty and groundless ruptures of bonds of friendship, and cultivate among the people a broad, liberal spirit of fair dealing and proper regard for the equitable rights of others.

Nicolay Grevstad.

THE AUTHOR HIMSELF.

WHO can help wondering, concerning the modern multitude of books, where all these companions of his reading hours will be buried when they die; which will have monuments erected to them; which escape the envy of time and live. It is pathetic to think of the number that must be forgotten, after being removed from the good places to make room for their betters.

Much the most pathetic thought about books, however, is that excellence will not save them. Their fates will be as whimsical as those of the humankind which produces them. Knaves find it as easy to get remembered as good men. It is not right living or learning or kind offices, simply and of themselves, but something else that gives immortality of fame. Be a book never so scholarly, it

may die; be it never so witty, or never so full of good feeling or of an honest statement of truth, it may not live.

When once a book has become immortal, we think that we can see why it became so. It contained, we perceive, a casting of thought which could not but arrest and retain men's attention; it said some things once and for all because it gave them their best saying. Or else it spoke with a grace or with a fire of imagination, with a sweet cadence of phrase and a full harmony of tone, which have made it equally dear to all generations of those who love the free play of fanciful thought or the incomparable music of perfected human speech. Or perhaps it uttered with full candor and simplicity some universal sentiment; perchance pictured something in the tragedy or the comedy of man's life as it was never pictured before, and must on that account be read and read again as not to be superseded. There must be something special, we judge, either in its form or in its substance, to account for its unwonted fame and fortune.

This upon first analysis, taking one book at a time. A look deeper into the heart of the matter enables us to catch at least a glimpse of a single and common source of immortality. The world is attracted by books as each man is attracted by his several friends. You recommend that capital fellow So-and-So to the acquaintance of others because of his discriminating and diverting powers of observation: the very tones and persons — it would seem the very selves — of every type of man live again in his mimeries and descriptions. He is the dramatist of your circle; you can never forget him, nor can any one else; his circle of acquaintances can never grow smaller. Could he live on and retain perennially that wonderful freshness and vivacity of his, he must become the most famous guest and favorite of the world. Who that has known a man quick and shrewd to see dispassionately the inner

history, the reason and the ends, of the combinations of society, and at the same time eloquent to tell of them, with a hold on the attention gained by a certain quaint force and sagacity resident in no other man, can find it difficult to understand why men still resort to Montesquieu? Possibly there are circles favored of the gods who have known some fellow of infinite store of miscellaneous and curious learning, who has greatly diverted both himself and his friends by a way peculiar to himself of giving it out upon any and all occasions, item by item, as if it were all homogeneous and of a piece, and by his odd skill in making unexpected application of it to out-of-the-way, unpromising subjects, as if there were in his view of things mental no such disintegrating element as incongruity. Such a circle would esteem it strange were Burton not beloved of the world. And so of those, if any there be, who have known men of simple, calm, transparent natures, untouched by storm or perplexity, whose talk was full of such serious, placid reflection as seemed to mirror their own reverent hearts, — talk often prosy, but oftener touchingly beautiful because of its nearness to nature and the solemn truth of life. There may be those, also, who have felt the thrill of personal contact with some stormy peasant nature full of strenuous, unsparing speech concerning men and affairs. These have known, have experienced, why a Wordsworth or a Carlyle must be read by all generations of those who love words of first-hand inspiration. In short, in every case of literary immortality there is present origination. Not origination simply, — that may be mere invention, which in literature has nothing immortal about it; but origination which takes its stamp and character from the originator, which is his substance given to the world, which is himself outspoken.

Individuality does not consist in the use of the very personal pronoun, *I*: it

consists in self-expression, in tone, in method, in attitude, in point of view; it consists in saying things in such a way that you will yourself be recognized as a force, an influence, in saying them. Do we not at once know Lamb when he speaks? And even more formal Addison, does not his speech bewray and endear him to us? His personal charm is less distinct, much less fascinating, than that which goes with Lamb's thought, but a charm he has sufficient for immortality. In Steele the matter is more impersonal, more mortal. Some of Dr. Johnson's essays, you feel, might have been written by a dictionary. It is impersonal matter that is dead matter. Are you asked who fathered a certain brilliant, poignant bit of political analysis? You say, Why, only Bagehot could have written that. Does a wittily turned verse make you hesitate between laughter at its hit and grave thought because of its deeper, its covert meaning? Do you not know that only Lowell could do that? Do you catch a strain of pure Elizabethan music and doubt whether to attribute it to Shakespeare or to another? Do you not *know* the authors who still live?

Now, the noteworthy thing about such individuality is that it will not develop under every star, or in one place as well as in another; there is an atmosphere which kills it, and there is an atmosphere which fosters it. The atmosphere which kills it is the atmosphere of sophistication, where cleverness and fashion and knowingness thrive: cleverness, which is froth, not strong drink; fashion, which is a thing assumed, not a thing of nature; and knowingness, which is naught.

Of course there are born, now and again, as tokens of some rare mood of Nature, men of so intense and individual a cast that circumstance and surroundings affect them little more than friction affects an express train. They command their own development without even the consciousness that to command

costs strength. These cannot be sophisticated; for sophistication is subordination to the ways of your world. But these are the very greatest and the very rarest; and it is not the greatest and the rarest alone who shape the world and its thought. That is done also by the great and the merely extraordinary. There is a rank and file in literature, even in the literature of immortality, and these must go much to school to the people about them.

It is by the number and charm of the individualities which it contains that the literature of any country gains distinction. We turn anyhow to know men. The best way to foster literature, if it may be fostered, is to cultivate the author himself, — a plant of such delicate and precarious growth that special soils are needed to produce him in his full perfection. The conditions which foster individuality are those which foster simplicity, thought and action from self out, naturalness, spontaneity. What are these conditions?

In the first place, a certain helpful ignorance. It is best for the author to be born away from literary centres, or to be excluded from their ruling set if he be born in them. It is best that he start out with his thinking, not knowing how much has been thought and said about everything. A certain amount of ignorance will insure his sincerity, will increase his boldness and shelter his genuineness, which is his hope of power. Not ignorance of life, but life may be learned in any neighborhood; — not ignorance of the greater laws which govern human affairs, but they may be learned without a library of historians and commentators, by imaginative sense, by seeing better than by reading; — not ignorance of the infinitudes of human circumstance, but knowledge of these may come to a man without the intervention of universities; — not ignorance of one's self and of one's neighbor, but innocence of the sophistifications of learning, its research without

love, its knowledge without inspiration, its method without grace; freedom from its shame at trying to know many things as well as from its pride of trying to know but one thing; ignorance of that faith in small confounding facts which is contempt for large reassuring principles.

Our present problem is not how to clarify our reasonings and perfect our analyses, but how to reënrich and re-energize our literature. It is suffering, not from ignorance, but from sophistication and self-consciousness. Ratiocination does not keep us pure, render us earnest, or make us individual and specific forces in the world. Those inestimable results are accomplished by whatever implants principle and conviction, whatever quickens with inspiration, fills with purpose and courage, gives outlook, and makes character. Reasoned thinking does indeed clear the mind's atmospheres and lay open to its view fields of action; but it is loving and believing, sometimes hating and distrusting, often prejudice and passion, always the many things called the one thing, character, which create and shape the acting. Life quite overpowers logic. Thinking and erudition alone will not equip for the great tasks and triumphs of life and literature, the persuading of other men's purposes, the entrance into other men's minds to possess them forever. Culture broadens and sweetens literature, but native sentiment and unmarred individuality create it. Not all of mental power lies in the processes of thinking. There is power also in passion, in personality, in simple, native, uncritical conviction, in unschooled feeling. The power of science, of system, is executive, not stimulative. I do not find that I derive inspiration, but only information, from the learned historians and analysts of liberty; but from the sonneteers, the poets, who speak its spirit and its exalted purpose, — who, recking nothing of the historical method, obey only the high methods of their own hearts, — what may

a man not gain of courage and confidence in the right ways of politics?

It is your direct, unhesitating, intent, headlong man, who has sources in the mountains, who digs deep channels for himself in the soil of his times and expands into the mighty river, who becomes a landmark forever; and not your "broad" man, sprung from the schools, who spreads his shallow, extended waters over the wide surfaces of learning, to leave rich deposits, it may be, for other men's crops to grow in, but to be himself dried up by a few score summer noons. The man thrown early upon his own resources, and already become a conqueror of success before being thrown with the literary talkers; the man grown to giant's stature in some rural library, and become exercised there in a giant's prerogatives before ever he has been laughingly told, to his heart's confusion, of scores of other giants dead and forgotten long ago; the man grounded in hope and settled in conviction ere he has discovered how many hopes time has seen buried, how many convictions cruelly given the lie direct by fate; the man who has carried his youth into middle age before going into the chill atmosphere of *blasé* sentiment; the quiet, stern man who has cultivated literature on a little oatmeal before thrusting himself upon the great world as a prophet and seer; the man who pronounces new eloquence in the rich dialect in which he was bred; the man come up to the capital from the provinces, — these are the men who people the world's mind with new creations, and give to the sophisticated learned of the next generation new names to conjure with.

If you have a candid and well-informed friend among city lawyers, ask him where the best masters of his profession are bred, — in the city or in the country. He will reply without hesitation, "In the country." You will hardly need to have him state the reason. The country lawyer has been obliged to study

all parts of the law alike, and he has known no reason why he should not do so. He has not had the chance to make himself a specialist in any one branch of the law, as is the fashion among city practitioners, and he has not coveted the opportunity to do it. There would not have been enough special cases to occupy or remunerate him if he had coveted it. He has dared attempt the task of knowing the whole law, and yet without any sense of daring, but as a matter of course. In his own little town, in the midst of his own small library of authorities, it has not seemed to him an impossible task to explore all the topics that engage his profession; the guiding principles, at any rate, of all branches of the great subject were open to him in a few books. And so it often happens that when he has found his sea legs on the sequestered inlets at home, and ventures, as he sometimes will, upon the great, troublous, and much-frequented waters of city practice in search of more work and larger fees, the country lawyer will once and again confound his city-bred brethren by discovering to them the fact that the law is a many-sided thing of principles, and not altogether a one-sided thing of technical rule and arbitrary precedent.

It would seem to be necessary that the author who is to stand as a distinct and imperative individual among the company of those who express the world's thought should come to a hard crystallization before subjecting himself to the tense strain of cities, the dissolvent acids of critical circles. The ability to see for one's self is attainable, not by mixing with crowds and ascertaining how they look at things, but by a certain aloofness and self-containment. The solitariness of some genius is not accidental; it is characteristic and essential. To the constructive imagination there are some immortal feats which are possible only in seclusion. The man must heed first and most of all the suggestions

of his own spirit; and the world can be seen from windows overlooking the street better than from the street itself.

Literature grows rich, various, full-voiced, largely through the repeated re-discovery of truth, by thinking re-thought, by stories re-told, by songs re-sung. The song of human experience grows richer and richer in its harmonies, and must grow until the full accord and melody are come. If too soon subjected to the tense strain of the city, a man cannot expand; he is beaten out of his natural shape by the incessant impact and press of men and affairs. It will often turn out that the unsophisticated man will display not only more force, but more literary skill even, than the trained *littérateur*. For one thing, he will probably have enjoyed a fresher contact with old literature. He reads not for the sake of a critical acquaintance with this or that author, with no thought of going through all his writings and "working him up," but as he would ride a spirited horse, for love of the life and motion of it.

A general impression seems to have gained currency that the last of the bullying, omniscient critics was buried in the grave of Francis Jeffrey, and it is becoming important to correct the misapprehension. There never was a time when there was more superior knowledge, more specialist omniscience, among reviewers than there is to-day; not pretended superior knowledge, but real. Jeffrey's was very real of its kind. For those who write books, one of the special, inestimable advantages of lacking a too intimate knowledge of the "world of letters" consists in not knowing all that is known by those who review books, in ignorance of the fashions among those who construct canons of taste. The modern critic is a leader of fashion. He carries with him the air of a literary worldliness. If your book be a novel, your reviewer will know all previous plots, all former, all possible motives and situations. You cannot write any-

thing absolutely new for him, and why should you desire to do again what has been done already? If it be a poem, the reviewer's head already rings with the whole gamut of the world's metrical music; he can recognize any simile, recall all turns of phrase, match every sentiment; why seek to please him anew with old things? If it concern itself with the philosophy of politics, he can and will set himself to test it by the whole history of its kind from Plato down to Henry George. How can it but spoil your sincerity to know that your critic will know everything? Will you not be tempted of the devil to anticipate his judgment or his pretensions by pretending to know as much as he?

The literature of creation naturally falls into two kinds: that which interprets nature or phenomenal man, and that which interprets self. Both of these may have the flavor of immortality, but the former not unless it be free from self-consciousness, and the latter not unless it be naïve. No man, therefore, can create after the best manner in either of these kinds who is an *habitué* of the circles made so delightful by those interesting men, the modern *litterati*, sophisticated in all the fashions, ready in all the catches of the knowing literary world which centres in the city and the university. He cannot always be simple and straightforward. He cannot be always and without pretension himself, bound by no other man's canons of taste in saying or conduct. In the judgment of such circles there is but one thing for you to do if you would gain distinction: you must "beat the record;" you must do certain definite literary feats better than they have yet been done. You are pitted against the literary "field." You are hastened into the paralysis of comparing yourself with others, and thus away from the health of unhesitating self-expression and directness of first-hand vision.

It would be not a little profitable if

we could make correct analysis of the proper relations of learning — learning of the critical, accurate sort — to origination, of learning's place in literature. Although learning is never the real parent of literature, but only sometimes its foster-father, and although the native promptings of soul and sense are its best and freshest sources, there is always the danger that learning will claim, in every court of taste which pretends to jurisdiction, exclusive and preëminent rights as the guardian and preceptor of authors. An effort is constantly being made to create and maintain standards of literary worldliness, if I may coin such a phrase. The thorough man of the world affects to despise natural feeling; does at any rate actually despise all displays of it. He has an eye always on his world's best manners, whether native or imported, and is at continual pains to be master of the conventions of society; he will mortify the natural man as much as need be in order to be in good form. What learned criticism essays to do is to create a similar literary worldliness, to establish fashions and conventions in letters.

I have an odd friend in one of the northern counties of Georgia, — a county set off by itself among the mountains, but early found out by refined people in search of summer refuge from the unhealthy air of the southern coast region. He belongs to an excellent family of no little culture, but he was surprised in the midst of his early schooling by the coming on of the war; and education given pause in such wise seldom begins again in the schools. He was left, therefore, to "finish" his mind as best he might in the companionship of the books in his uncle's library. These books were of the old sober sort: histories, volumes of travels, treatises on laws and constitutions, theologies, philosophies more fanciful than the romances encased in neighbor volumes on another shelf. But they were books which were used to

being taken down and read; they had been daily companions to the rest of the family, and they became familiar companions to my friend's boyhood. He went to them day after day, because theirs was the only society offered him in the lonely days when uncle and brothers were at the war, and the women were busy about the tasks of the home. How literally did he make those delightful old volumes his familiars, his cronies! He never dreamed the while, however, that he was becoming learned; it never seemed to occur to him that everybody else did not read just as he did, in just such a library. He found out afterwards, of course, that he had kept much more of such company than had the men with whom he loved to chat at the post office or around the fire in the chief village shops, the habitual resorts of all who were socially inclined; but he attributed that to lack of time on their part, or to accident, and has gone on thinking until now that all the books that come within his reach are the natural intimates of man. And so you will hear him, in his daily familiar talk with his neighbors, draw upon his singular stores of wise, quaint learning with the quiet colloquial assurance, "They tell me," as if books contained current rumor, and quote the poets with the easy unaffectedness with which others cite a common maxim of the street! He has been heard to refer to Dr. Arnold of Rugby as "that school-teacher over there in England."

Surely one may treasure the image of this simple, genuine man of learning as the image of a sort of masterpiece of Nature in her own type of erudition, a perfect sample of the kind of learning that might beget the very highest sort of literature; the literature, namely, of authentic individuality. It is only under one of two conditions that learning will not dull the edge of individuality: first, if one never suspect that it is creditable and a matter of pride to be learned, and

so never become learned for the sake of becoming so; or, second, if it never suggest to one that investigation is better than reflection. Learned investigation leads to many good things, but one of these is not great literature, because learned investigation commands, as the first condition of its success, the repression of individuality.

His mind is a great comfort to every man who has one; but a heart is not often to be so conveniently possessed. Hearts frequently give trouble; they are straightforward and impulsive, and can seldom be induced to be prudent. They must be schooled before they will become insensible; they must be coached before they can be made to care first and most for themselves: and in all cases the mind must be their schoolmaster and coach. They are irregular forces; but the mind may be trained to observe all points of circumstance and all motives of occasion.

No doubt it is considerations of this nature that must be taken to explain the fact that our universities are erected entirely for the service of the tractable mind, while the heart's only education must be gotten from association with its neighbor heart, and in the ordinary courses of the world. Life is its only university. Mind is monarch, whose laws claim supremacy in those lands which boast the movements of civilization, and he must command all the instrumentalities of education. At least such is the theory of the constitution of the modern world. It is to be suspected that, as a matter of fact, mind is one of those modern monarchs who reign, but do not govern. That old House of Commons, that popular chamber in which the passions, the prejudices, the inborn, unthinking affections long ago repudiated by mind, have their full representation, controls much the greater part of the actual conduct of affairs. To come out of the figure, reasoned thought is, though perhaps the presiding,

not yet the regnant force in the world. In life and in literature it is subordinate. The future may belong to it; but the present and past do not. Faith and virtue do not wear its livery; friendship, loyalty, patriotism, do not derive their motives from it. It does not furnish the material for those masses of habit, of unquestioned tradition, and of treasured belief which are the ballast of every steady ship of state, enabling it to spread its sails safely to the breezes of progress, and even to stand before the storms of revolution. And this is a fact which has its reflection in literature. There is a literature of reasoned thought; but by far the greater part of those writings which we reckon worthy of that great name is the product, not of reasoned thought, but of the imagination and of the spiritual vision of those who see, — writings winged, not with knowledge, but with sympathy, with sentiment, with heartiness. Even the literature of reasoned thought gets its life, not from its logic, but from the spirit, the insight, and the inspiration which are the vehicle of its logic. Thought presides, but sentiment has the executive powers; the motive functions belong to feeling.

"Many people give many theories of literary composition," says the most natural and stimulating of English critics, "and Dr. Blair, whom we will read, is sometimes said to have exhausted the subject; but, unless he has proved the contrary, we believe that the knack in style is to write like a human being. Some think they must be wise, some elaborate, some concise; Tacitus wrote like a pair of stays; some startle us, as Thomas Carlyle, or a comet, inscribing with his tail. But legibility is given to those who neglect these notions, and are willing to be themselves, to write their own thoughts in their own words, in the simplest words, in the words wherein they were thought. . . . Books are for

various purposes, — tracts to teach, almanacs to sell, poetry to make pastry; but this is the rarest sort of a book, — a book to read. As Dr. Johnson said, 'Sir, a good book is one you can hold in your hand, and take to the fire.' Now there are extremely few books which can, with any propriety, be so treated. When a great author, as Grote or Gibbon, has devoted a whole life of horrid industry to the composition of a large history, one feels one ought not to touch it with a mere hand, — it is not respectful. The idea of slavery hovers over the Decline and Fall. Fancy a stiffly dressed gentleman, in a stiff chair, slowly writing that stiff compilation in a stiff hand; it is enough to stiffen you for life." After all, the central and important point is the preservation of a sincere, unaffected individuality.

It is devoutly to be wished that we might learn to prepare the best soils for mind, the best associations and companionships, the least possible sophistication. We are busy enough nowadays finding out the best ways of fertilizing and stimulating mind; but that is not quite the same thing as discovering the best soils for it, and the best atmospheres. Our culture is, by erroneous preference, of the reasoning faculty, as if that were all of us. Is it not the instinctive discontent of readers seeking stimulating contact with authors that has given us the present almost passionately spoken dissent from the standards set themselves by the realists in fiction, dissatisfaction with mere recording of observation? And is not realism working out upon itself the revenge its enemies would fain compass? Must not all April Hopes exclude from their number the hope of immortality?

The rule for every man is, not to depend on the education which other men prepare for him, — not even to consent to it; but to strive to see things as they are, and to be himself as he is. Defeat lies in self-surrender.

Woodrow Wilson.

A MODERN MYSTIC.

THE *Memoir of Laurence and Alice Oliphant*, by Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant,¹ has been eagerly expected, both on account of the social standing and great personal popularity of that extraordinary pair and the literary repute of one of them, and because of the restless curiosity, half sympathetic and half scornful, of the public mind concerning the novel form of mysticism with which their names are associated. The most interesting of all persons to his fellow-creatures to-day is the man who professes to have caught that lost clue to the unseen for which so many are anxiously groping, and still to shape his course along this increasingly difficult life of ours by faith and not by sight. There is a passage in the life of Darwin by his son which every reader of the book will remember; and a good many, it would be safe to say, will long and clearly remember that passage only. It is where, in his latest years, the great naturalist confesses, with the candid humility which became him so nobly, to that progressive and finally almost complete atrophy of the æsthetic and spiritual perceptions which had accompanied the intense concentration of his faculties upon the business of scientific observation and induction. Once he had loved music and the plastic arts; once he had believed in a personal God and a future life. Now he found himself powerless to love and believe thus; but why, he indirectly suggests, should a private incapacity, for which he can see a perfectly natural and sufficient cause, affect in any way the existence of a transcendent objective reality? This last word of the gentlest of unbelievers, whose daily life had exemplified with peculiar beauty almost all the accepted "fruits

of the spirit," seemed to reflect light from an unexpected quarter upon the helpless bewilderment of some who were suffering from a like disability, without perhaps having attained to a similar state of grace. There is, alas, no doubt as to the prevalence of the disease in question, and little as to its contagious character. But if it be in truth a disease, and not a lasting destitution, it may well be susceptible of cure, and Laurence Oliphant commands our attention as one of those who claim to have found a remedy.

There is no need to do more than briefly review the extraordinarily picturesque career of incessant change and adventure which brought Laurence Oliphant, at the age of thirty-five, to the seeming goal of all his worldly ambitions,—a seat in the British House of Commons, and an assured position in that fine world of London where he had hitherto shone merely as a passing visitor.

He was born in 1829, at Cape Town, Africa, where his father, Sir Anthony Oliphant, was then Attorney-General. His pedigree was good, but not specially brilliant. He came, as his kinswoman and biographer gracefully says, "of one of those plain Scotch families in whose absence of distinction so much modest service to their country is implied." When about ten years old Laurence went with his mother to England, and was for two years in the private school of one Mr. Parr, at the end of which time he was provided with a private tutor in the person of a clever youth fresh from Oxford, and sent to his parents in Ceylon, his father having been appointed Chief Justice there. He was not yet thirteen, but his formal schooling was over. He had lessons in Ceylon, after

¹ *Memoir of the Life of Laurence Oliphant and of Alice Oliphant, his Wife.* By MARGARET

OLIPHANT W. OLIPHANT. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891.

a desultory fashion, along with the sons of Mr. Moydart, a Scottish neighbor at Colombo; and from these and the good society he saw he learned all that a gentleman's son absolutely needs to know. But the fact cannot be too strongly insisted on, whatever bearing it may be thought to have on his wonderful after career, that of mental discipline, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, he had simply none. Moral discipline he had, for his father and mother were both evangelical pietists of the old-fashioned Scottish type; not gloomy and severe, but strict and earnest, doing all in their power to stimulate in their only child the activity of a naturally tender conscience. The boy was very responsive to their appeals, bold and high-spirited, but artless, confiding, and affectionate, with that native grace of bearing which no teaching can better, — altogether, then as always, a most lovable creature. His relations with his parents were delightful, but especially so with his mother, whose incessant preoccupation about the soul of her brilliant son created no barrier between them; whom afterwards, in the fullness of his manhood, he seems easily to have drawn along with him into the strange paths which he elected to tread; and who was always more like an elder sister than a parent, for indeed, as Laurence himself used fondly to say, "there were only eighteen years" between them.

There was talk, when Laurence was about seventeen, of having him prepared for Cambridge; but his father got a holiday at this time, a part of which he proposed to spend on the continent of Europe, in one of those leisurely tours in a big traveling carriage which move the thrall of the locomotive to hopeless envy; and the indulgent pair, having been assured by their sapient son that such a trip would be far more advantageous to him than the university, decided to take him along: so that then and there, as it proved, vanished his

last chance for an academic course. He made a fitting *début* the next year in Rome (it was the memorable winter of 1847-48) in a far more congenial and less hackneyed career. He was in the thick of the mobs which drove the monks out of the Propaganda, tore the arms from the front of the Austrian Legation, and compelled the Princess Pamphili Doria to descend from her carriage and set fire to the symbols of despotism heaped up in the Piazza del Popolo. From these and similar adventures his good luck delivered the eighteen-year-old revolutionist without serious consequences; and he returned with his parents to Ceylon, became his father's private secretary with appointments to the comfortable amount of £400 a year, and was so far associated with him in his legal business as to be able to boast in after time that he had been engaged in twenty-three murder cases before he was as many years old. He was the life of the colonial society, being a special favorite with the feminine portion thereof; and he also found grace in the eyes of a native Indian prince, who halted at Ceylon on his way back from a visit to England, and took Laurence in his suite for a tour through India, introducing him — almost first among Europeans — to the wild joys and unusual perils of an elephant hunt, which the youth describes with great gusto in his letters to the home circle in Ceylon. But he finds room even in these to answer his mother's anxious inquiries about his spiritual state, remarking with admirable *naïveté* that "it is not easy to practice self-examination upon an elephant, with a companion who is always talking or singing within a few feet; but it is otherwise in a palkee, which is certainly a dull means of conveyance, but forces one into one's self more than anything."

He returned to England at the close of 1851, and began "eating his dinners" in Lincoln's Inn Hall, while society opened wide its arms to the well-

connected and fascinating youth, and a sincere sentiment of philanthropy allured him to try his hand and the power of his voice in the ever terrible slums.

But the course of legal study in London was too long and the ways of London lawyers were too slow for this young citizen of the world, who had also come out as an author by publishing some extracts from the diary which he had kept during his Indian expedition of the year before. He therefore decided, in the summer of 1852, to try the easier ordeal of an examination for the Scottish bar, which was rather a close corporation in those days, and numbered among its members a good many relatives and friends of the Oliphant family. "I have been introduced to all my examiners," he writes, "and have buttered them properly, and they look good-natured enough. Robert Oliphant has been overwhelming me with kindness, introducing me right and left, propitiating my examiners, and puffing me splendidly as a colonial lawyer, a young author, and altogether an interesting young personage, that it would be folly to pluck for the want of a little smattering of Latin."

His confidence was justified by the event, and he consoled himself for the dullness of Edinburgh society after London with the beauty of the place and its romantic associations. He felt a natural need of change in the autumn, however, and started with a young English sportsman, Mr. Oswald Smith, to go salmon-fishing on the rivers of Russian Lapland, with ulterior designs upon the white bears of Spitzbergen. But their accoutrements having been confiscated at St. Petersburg, or rather retained for a duty much larger than these wild huntsmen chose to pay, they decided instead on exploring the inland territory of Russia in Europe, with a view on Oliphant's part to writing another book. Again chance favored him. They made

their way to the Crimea, saw with their own eyes the lay of the land in that fatal peninsula, the fortifications in process of construction at Sevastopol, and all the vast military preparations going forward there; so that a year later, when the conflict in the East had become inevitable, Oliphant's little book, *The Russian Shores of the Black Sea*, projected and produced in *gaieté de cœur*, became almost the only authority accessible concerning the configuration of the seat of war; and Laurence was called to the councils of cabinet ministers, and his opinions were asked — and freely and graciously given, we may be sure — on the most momentous questions of policy. He thought he should at once have received some important appointment in the East, but this did not immediately come, and in the interval he was fain to accept the offer of Lord Elgin to go as the private secretary of that accomplished nobleman on a special mission to the United States and Canada. It is curious to find this novice in diplomacy, who, by natural gifts and the accidents of his training, or absence of training, had so much in common with the typical son of the universal Yankee nation, characterizing American civilization with that peculiarly candid contempt which is always affected by the English swell. A facetious and very readable account of his Washington experience may be found in Laurence Oliphant's *Episodes in a Life of Adventure*, from which it would indeed appear that the society of our national capital in those *ante bellum* days was, if anything, faster in its pace than it is now. But Lord Elgin's methods were adapted to his environment, and his enemies used to say that the treaty which he went to negotiate was "floated through on champagne."

Abundant use was found for the same great political agent after the embassy had moved on to Canada, where Laurence, who had reconciled himself in a degree to the freedom of Western man-

ners, entered with much enthusiasm into the round of social gayeties wherewith the wily Lord Elgin surrounded all his goings. Yet the young *attaché* was not without searchings of heart on the score of these festive entertainments, and he tells his tender mother unreservedly what obstacles he found to spiritual progress in wine, woman, and song. We may love him for the rare ingenuousness of the avowals that his temperament, "though not precisely amorous," was "joyous," and that he should not mind taking a good deal of champagne, in the way of business, if he did not like it so well. But when it comes to confiding misgivings of this nature to his chief in Quebec, we cannot wonder that the good-natured man of the world should have replied: "All these comments of yours upon our proceedings distress me very much. After all, we are only amusing people; and if you have got anything to repent of, I wish you'd wait and do it on board ship." The humor of this appealed to Lord Elgin's secretary, and he duly reported it to his mother.

Laurence Oliphant returned to Europe in 1855, with his mind full of a new and original plan of campaign for the besieging armies in the Crimea. He was permitted rather than formally authorized to proceed to the East, and lay before Lord Stratford de Redcliffe this plan, of which the principal feature was coöperation with the forces of the native Prince Schamyl in the eastern Caucasus, and he also obtained a place as *Times* correspondent. His amateur strategy came to naught, though he never ceased to believe and aver that the whole course of the war might have been changed had his views been adopted. While the fighting blood in his veins, of which there was plenty, leaped at the sight of armies in action, and he did some gallant volunteer service, the dread realities inseparable from war, the—incalculable anguish, the irremediable

destruction, moved him as he had never yet been moved, and imparted a new and grave character to the perpetual undercurrent of his religious reflections. It has all done him good, he thinks, and strengthened his faith. "I feel ready for anything that God may see fit,—for disappointment, I hope, as well as success."

He fell ill at last of that wasting Crimean fever which claimed more victims than the sword, and had to return to England early in 1856. There he amused his convalescence by standing for Parliament, contesting unsuccessfully the burghs of Stirling, for which he afterward sat. In the spring of that year he revisited America along with the famous Mr. Delane of the *Times*, made a tour of the Southern States with a view to writing a book on negro slavery, prophesied the desperate struggle which was to come five years later, as well as the disruption of the Union which was not to come, and wound up this particular "episode in a life of adventure" by joining the filibustering expedition of Walker to Nicaragua. I do not think that Laurence Oliphant's biographer puts the case too strongly when she describes this latter feat as affording "practical evidence of his extreme impatience with the as yet undetermined lines of his own life." It calmed that impatience, no doubt, when a British squadron intercepted the vessel on which Oliphant had embarked, and the commander, who chanced to be Admiral Erskine, a distant cousin of his, took summary possession of the young man "as a British subject being where no British subject ought to be," and "restored him to all the privileges of his rank," whatever that may mean. "The moral of all which," Mrs. Oliphant pleasantly adds, "would seem to be that, when you have a habit of getting into risky positions, the best thing in the world is to belong to a good Scotch family of 'kent folk' with relations in

every department of Her Majesty's service both at home and abroad." But surely this is an inverted moral. Why not say that if you belong to a family of Kent folk it is better not to compromise them by getting into risky positions at all?

But the witchery which Laurence Oliphant exercised over all those who knew him well, and the faith in his capacities which he inspired, prevailed over any passing mistrust of his "steadiness;" and the next year — 1857 — saw him on his way to China, once more as the private secretary of Lord Elgin. Their mission was delayed, and partially thwarted, by the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny. They surrendered the contingent of troops which had convoyed them to the East, and had to sit, as Laurence expressed it, "kicking their heels" in Hong-Kong, until a fresh detachment could be spared to accompany them.

During this period of inaction he fell again into his old ways of religious musing and speculation. Oliphant revolted from the phase of Christianity which he encountered in the English colony at Hong-Kong, — the "worldly holiness" of merchants and chaplains, and missionaries most of all. He freed himself completely at this time, or fancied that he did so, from the strait bonds of the evangelical creed in which he had been brought up, and to which, thus far, he had fitfully but sincerely striven to conform himself. Thorndale, or *The Conflict of Opinions*, fell in his way, a book long since outgrown, but a thoughtful work which did certainly mark one of the lower levels in the rising flood of rationalism. This ephemeral book seemed to the young seeker for truth a veritable revelation, and he was unspeakably touched and relieved when he found that his mother, to whom he had dreaded owning the change in his views, had also been much impressed by Thorndale, and had sent it to him at the precise moment when he was sending it to her.

His own peculiar simplicity and candor are in all that he says in his private letters concerning the workings of his mind at this time of transition; but the depth of his experience, as well as the range of his researches, may be judged by the fact that Longfellow was his favorite poet (he could not read Tennyson), and Theodore Parker his favorite theologian.

The evolution of theoretic heresy was interrupted by the exciting scenes which accompanied the bombardment of Canton; and when, through the help of this crushing argument, the "mission" of Lord Elgin had been brought to a successful termination, we find our adventurer paying a flying visit with his chief to Japan, and being quite fascinated by his first glimpse of that unearthly paradise. In 1860 he came back to Europe, turned up at Nice just at the critical moment of the cession of Nice and Savoy to France, espoused Garibaldi's quarrel with Cavour, and did his best, but happily in vain, to incite both Niçois and Savoyards to an armed resistance against the new arrangement. His diplomatic associations had already procured him an introduction to Count Cavour, with whom he had the honor of dining at Turin, and it would be difficult to find, even in Laurence Oliphant's own collected writings, a more striking instance of inadequate judgement than this on the one great creative statesman of our time, one of the few impassioned and absolutely selfless patriots of any time: "A thick-set, solid man, with a large, square head and spectacles, an able, mathematical, practical sort of head, without chivalry, principle, or genius." We are glad at least to be told of the casual agitator that he afterwards modified this opinion; and meanwhile he furnished some very entertaining articles to *Blackwood*, conceived in the spirit of the naïve remarks that "it is great fun to have another object in Italy than churches and picture galleries," and that one "cannot

stand by and see a good cause ruined, and such blackguards as the Emperor carrying all before him, without wagging a finger."

A deeper sense of responsibility awoke in this impressionable being when, in June of 1861, he received for the first time an important diplomatic appointment, and was made *chargé d'affaires* at Yeddo. The unfortunate result of that first English mission to Japan is well known, but Oliphant behaved with great coolness and gallantry on the occasion of the night attack upon the English Embassy, and as he lay severely wounded on board the British gunboat *Ringdove*, in the stifling July heat, he experienced a peacefulness and exaltation of spirit which find affecting expression in the few lines he succeeded in scrawling to his mother with his bandaged fingers: "My only thought that night was for you. For myself I am glad; it made me know I could face death, which at one time seemed inevitable. I found my creed or philosophy quite satisfactory. I take everything as in the day's work, and that is why, in one sense, I do not feel thankful like others. I have such a profound feeling of being in God's hands, and having nothing to do with my own fate, that gratitude even would be presumption. . . . It must all end; one has only to hold on and feel sure that the use and object of it all will be evident."

Such words make one feel that the root of the matter was in him, even in his most dubious enterprises and lawless escapades. It is this which arrests a too easy criticism, and forbids one lightly to cavil at what came later. After three years more of piquant experience, meteor-like apparitions in London society, where he was always warmly welcomed, cruises in the Mediterranean with the Prince of Wales, solitary rambles in the Abruzzi, in the Turkish provinces, in Poland, then convulsed by the throes of its last revolution, where we find him

lending the power of his generous lungs to the insurgents, as they raised their national anthem within hearing of the Russian camp, this modern knight-errant seems to have resolved to range himself once for all, and fulfill the expectations of his friends. After coquetting with several Scottish constituencies, he was returned to Parliament for the burghs of Stirling. His place was found; his innocuous wild oats were sown; he had nothing now to do but help himself to the dainties of life and make the most of this world. Instead, he renounced it.

But first he had signally disappointed the prophecies of those friends who, accustomed to his vivid writing and his fluent and persuasive eloquence in private talk, had expected him to make a great figure in the House of Commons as an orator and debater. During the two years he sat there, he never opened his lips on any question of national or international policy. Afterwards he said that he had been forbidden to do so by the obscure teacher of whom he was already a secret disciple. He was, however, suffered to express himself in the pages of *Blackwood*, where he came out as a satirist of social follies and hypocrisies in *Piccadilly*, *Fashionable Philosophy*, and other contributions of a similar character. Writing of this kind, if done even tolerably well, is sure to amuse and be popular; and Laurence Oliphant's was far more than tolerable. But it was never superlatively good, and his biographer, we think, praises it excessively and without discrimination. He lacked somewhat of the literary touch; he worked with a blunt instrument, and just missed oftentimes, through ignorance of books and imperfection of training, the effect at which he aimed so earnestly. His novels and satires are already unreadable. A little more skill, a better style and method, might have made them classic. He is at his best in statements of fact and tales of teeming incident which he tells

without reflection or affectation, speaking freely and offhand, as a man of the world to men of the world. But his equipment of language was quite inadequate to render intelligible the visionary beliefs and metaphysical subtleties which occupied his later years, and those who most incline to accept as supernatural the origin of the message he had to deliver in *Sympneumata* and *Scientific Religion* have really most reason to regret his eminently unscientific habit of mind and the frequent confusion and difficulty of his utterance.

The apostle and director whose guidance Laurence Oliphant thus implicitly accepted was an American named Harris, originally a Swedenborgian preacher, some of whose printed sermons had fallen in Lady Oliphant's way, and impressed her very much by their strain of artless and fervent piety, as early as when Laurence was in Italy. Harris was at this time lecturing and preaching in England, in provincial halls, dissenting chapels, wherever he could obtain a hearing for his views concerning the higher life. Afterwards he returned to his native land, and established at Brocton, on the shores of Lake Erie, a small community of his disciples, who were to exemplify his doctrines in their simple, self-denying, and laborious lives. The "life," Harris taught, was far more essential than the doctrine: it was to live a life of humble "use," not to adopt a creed of any kind, that he summoned the selfish children of men, and summoned them, as he claimed, by direct warrant from heaven. There were to be no distinctions of days or public religious services in his community; nevertheless, its members were all understood to accept certain of the tenets of the so-called New Church, such as the duality of God, consisting of a union in one person of the masculine and feminine principles, in place of the Trinity of the popular theology, a belief in the constant intervention in human affairs of

both good and evil spirits, and, more distinctively, that the second coming of Jesus Christ is even now being accomplished in the world by means of a transfusion of his divine life into the bodily frame of his true disciples, the witness of whose conversion, or election, is a certain peculiarity of respiration, recognizable by other disciples, but by those alone. Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant gives a striking account of the very interesting circumstances under which she herself first came to converse rather intimately with the subject of her memoir. It was in the House of Commons, the night when Disraeli brought forward the very measure of reform on which the Gladstone ministry had lately been defeated, and when it became evident that the Liberal leader was preparing to oppose as a party measure what he had previously advocated on the lofty ground of principle. The upright and candid soul of Laurence Oliphant—a disinterested Liberal if ever there was one, and indeed always and most conspicuously disinterested in all things—revolted from the adroit jugglery of both famous leaders. He expressed himself sick of his part in so false a business, and, though he was very guarded in his manner of replying to certain inquiries of his kinswoman concerning his new spiritual teacher, she was less amazed than the world in general to learn, a few months later, that he had turned his back on all his advantages and prospects of promotion in England, and thrown in his lot with the colony on Lake Erie.

"A man," says Mrs. Oliphant, "who thus abandons the world for religious motives is almost sure, amid the wide censure that is inevitable, to encounter also a great deal of contempt; yet had he become a monk, either Roman or Anglican, a faint conception of his desire to save his soul might have penetrated the universal mind; but he did not do anything so comprehensible. He

went into no convent, no place of holy traditions, but far away into the wilds, to 'live the life,' as he himself said, to work with his hands for his daily bread, giving up everything he possessed. . . . On his arrival at Brocton, or, as it is formally called, Salem-on-Erie, the home of the community, he was plunged into the severest and rudest elements of life. Coming straight from Mayfair, he was sent to sleep in a large loft, containing only empty orange-boxes and one mattress, and he remembered arranging these articles so as to form some semblance of a room. His earliest work was clearing out a large cattle-shed or stable. He said, often, he recalled in a sort of nightmare the gloomy, silent labor for days and days, wheeling barrows of dirt and rubbish in perfect loneliness, for he was not allowed to speak to any one; and even his food was conveyed to him by a silent messenger, to whom he might speak no word. Often, after this rough work was ended, and he came home dead-beat at nine o'clock, he was sent out again to draw water for household purposes till eleven o'clock, till his fingers were almost frost-bitten."

A two years' novitiate was required of every new member of the community, during which tests of varying degrees of severity were imposed at the option of the "master;" and this period was apparently lengthened by a year in the case of those who came from the higher walks of life, and had to undergo a more complete revolution in their personal and mental habits. A year later — that is to say in 1868 — Lady Oliphant also repaired to Brocton, but she was very seldom allowed to see her son, and never to hold any private communication with him. For Harris arranged his disciples in "groups of three or four persons to assimilate; but if the magnetism of one was found to be injurious to another, Harris was aware of it at once, and instantly separated them. Any strong, merely natural affection was injurious."

In such cases, all ties of relationship were broken ruthlessly, and separations made between parents and children, husbands and wives, until 'the affection was no longer selfish, but changed into a great spiritual love for the race; so that, instead of acting and reacting on one another, it could be poured out on all the world, or at least on those who were in a condition to receive this pure spiritual love,' to the perfection of which the most perfect harmony was necessary, any bickering or jealousy immediately dispelling the influx and 'breaking the sphere.'"

All this looks to the uninitiated like a spiritual tyranny of the most ruthless and intolerable order. But both the neophytes, the restless citizen of the world and the delicate lady of over fifty, profess to have found amid their sordid and uncongenial surroundings — at least in these early days — an unprecedented calm and contentment of spirit, and to have relied with the happiest and most childlike faith on the loving purpose of their divinely illuminated leader. In 1870 Laurence was permitted to return to Europe, — his mother had not yet served her term, — and to resume his old manner of life. He came back in the highest health and spirits, hilarious as a schoolboy in the holidays, his faith in Harris and the excellence of his discipline quite unshaken, his personal graces unimpaired, and more fascinating than ever, if possible, to men and to women for the almost incredible character of his latest adventure.

He had sunk all his private means in Brocton, but he had a subsidy from the community sufficient to keep him, very economically, until he could obtain remunerative employment of some kind which Harris should approve. It was the year of the great Franco-Prussian conflict, and Oliphant soon got a place as war correspondent of the *Times*, and was found to wield as ready and pithy a pen as ever. He renewed his engage-

ment as Paris correspondent in 1871, and in Paris his mother was permitted to join him for a time. And there, too, alike for his joy and his doom, — as his co-religionists continue to affirm, — he met Alice Le Strange, the beautiful, accomplished, and singularly congenial being whom he made his wife.

On all sides there was great opposition to their union: from Miss Le Strange's family, who were people of fortune and position, for perfectly conceivable reasons; and equally on the part of the "father" in America, who seems to have dreaded above all things in his community the association and collusion of people of the world. In the month of June, 1872, the wedding ceremony was performed with all due conventionality at St. George's, Hanover Square; but soon afterwards the married pair, as well as Lady Oliphant, were recalled to America and sundered as widely as possible. The mother meekly resumed her habits of household drudgery in the Brocton settlement; the bride was bidden to go and support herself by giving music lessons in a rough mining village in California; the bridegroom received orders to attempt the seemingly whimsical task of "living the life" and serving the interests of the community among the stockbrokers of New York.

All these behests were heroically obeyed; the daily task was accepted, the pang of separation borne, alike by the sensitive and fragile women and the world-experienced man. His New York residence is supposed to have furnished Laurence Oliphant with the materials for his tale of Irene Macgillcuddy, and for the scathing Autobiography of a Joint-Stock Company which appeared in his old organ, *Blackwood*. There is no sign on the part of any of the three, for fully seven years more, of a doubt concerning the infallibility of the self-elected pope on Lake Erie, or a weakening of their allegiance to him. From this point onward, however, the

story of the trio becomes so exasperating and even painful in its mystery, and so piteous in view of the tragic end appointed, that we lose heart and patience to relate it circumstantially.

In 1878 we find Laurence Oliphant again in Europe, full of the project of getting from the Turkish government a grant of land in Palestine, for the purpose of establishing a colony there, presumably on the principles of Brocton, and of Santa Rosa in California, where a new settlement had recently been started under the personal auspices of "Father" Harris. He even writes to *The Athenæum*, with a mixture of sanguine simplicity and involuntary cynicism the like of which it would be hard to find, that the northern and more fertile half of Palestine is capable of immense development, and "any amount of money can be raised upon it, owing to the belief which people have that they would be fulfilling prophecy and bringing on the end of the world. I don't know why they are so anxious for this latter event, but it makes the commercial speculation easy, as it is a combination of the financial and sentimental elements which will, I think, insure success." No grant was obtained from the Turks, but the results of Oliphant's reconnoitering tour were embodied in his interesting book on *The Land of Gilead*. The mystic spell of the East took full possession of his soul, and eventually he decided to fix his own home among the simple German colonists of Haifa, on the Bay of Acre. But this was after his revolt, or emancipation, from Harris.

All these years the husband and wife had remained apart, and the former even confessed at one time to his biographer that Harris entertained doubts, notwithstanding the stern tests to which he had put them, whether the lady of his (Oliphant's) choice were indeed his true mate, the partner of his spiritual breath, his "sympneumatic" soul. Happily this crafty suggestion had no effect,

except perhaps upon their own faith in the arbitrary ruler of their destinies.

Late in the year 1880 Mrs. Laurence Oliphant was permitted to rejoin her husband in England. "Their meeting made December June;" they were still one in heart and in self-devoted purpose; henceforth, during the very short time that remained to them here, there was to be no shadow on their mutual confidence.

They passed the next winter together in Egypt, where Laurence Oliphant gathered the material for his book on *The Land of Khemi*. The next summer a great sorrow and a great shock befell them both. A rumor reached them from Brocton that Lady Oliphant was in precarious health. Laurence hurried to his mother's side, and found her dying of cancer. The "father," as has been said, had now taken up his residence with his new colony at Santa Rosa, and those few sheep in the wilderness of western New York were deprived of the blessing of his immediate supervision. The faith of the mother and son, though much had already occurred to shake it, still sufficed to take them across the weary continent to the door of the mysterious being who had required and received so much from them both. There, however, — there seems no reasonable doubt about it, — they were refused not only aid, but even admission, except upon terms which neither could any longer accept. Two days later Lady Oliphant died, and her son, in great anguish of mind at the double loss and terrible revulsion of mind which overtook him, rent and cast away forever the bonds which had bound him so long.

A controversy is even now raging in the daily and weekly press of England concerning the circumstances which attended this painful rupture, and some disciples of Harris vehemently impugn the scrupulously mild and temperate statements of Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant. But the defense of their idol is couched

in terms which, to the outsider, seem strangely ambiguous; and there exists documentary evidence that, in his desperate determination to prevent Oliphant's secession, Harris first applied to the wife in England for authority to shut her husband up in a madhouse, and then, upon her refusal, denounced upon both the rebels, for their disobedience, the untimely fate which too truly overtook them.

Fortunately, Laurence Oliphant found powerful friends among the world's people in California, — as indeed he won such always and everywhere, — who served him loyally and efficiently at this sad crisis of his history. Chief among these was Mr. Walker, of San Rosario, who has lately interfered with much dignity and authority in the controversy above mentioned to correct certain misstatements on the part of Harris's defenders. Through this gentleman's exertions a portion of the property which both Laurence and Alice Oliphant had invested in Harris's scheme was redeemed, and the site of the Brocton community was finally made over to them. They gladly assumed along with it, as their peculiar charge, the pathetic remnant who were still toiling in the old fields, forsaken of their guide; and several of these "dear Brocton people," as Alice always called them, subsequently joined the Oliphants in Palestine, and became members of their modest household at Haifa. The most wonderful scene of all, perhaps, is that which "ends this strange, eventful history," and which shows the faith of this pair in Harris's original revelation, surviving their faith in the man, and in fact sustaining them to the last.

After their settlement in the East, there ensued for them a brief season of great outward peace and mutual contentment of soul. They lived simply and laboriously still, on terms of the frankest equality with their plain friends and co-religionists from over sea, and

with the sturdy German peasant folk about them. Every passing European traveler was made welcome under their roof. They exercised the large and simple hospitality of the early world. They had stripped themselves of every factitious advantage without detriment to their personal attractiveness or the social charm in which they were so like one another, and so superior to most other people. Sometimes they received guests of great distinction. General Gordon, that other modern mystic, with whom Laurence Oliphant had so much in common, and whom he had met in China when both were young, halted with them in February, 1884, on his way to the accomplishment of his own final sacrifice. The two men, though differing widely on some points, discovered a deep mutual sympathy; partly, perhaps, as one of them archly suggested, "because each of us is considered one of the craziest fellows alive." But we agree with Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant that "to have heard those two crazy fellows talking, as they wandered by the edge of the sunlit sea, would have been something to remember."

The heat of Haifa during the summer months proved so oppressive that a sort of lodge had to be built for the refuge of the colonists, in a Druse village, higher up on the slopes of Carmel; and there on those historic heights, on the 2d of January, 1886, Alice Oliphant died. Her slender strength had been fatally undermined by the severities of her life in the wild West, but she succumbed suddenly to an attack of fever contracted on the shores of the Lake of Tiberias. In the last year of her life she had dictated to her husband, or rather the two had produced, by virtue of that "marriage of true minds" which constituted the main article of their spiritualistic creed, the singular but undeniably striking book entitled *Sympneumata*.

After his wife's death and the blank days of uttermost desolation which im-

mediately followed it, Laurence Oliphant enjoyed, as he believed, a fuller influx of her spirit than ever before; and it was under her supposed inspiration from the other world that, two years later, among the same hill solitudes where she had breathed her last, he wrote out that fuller and more formal exposition of his beliefs which is embodied in *Scientific Religion*. He had wished to call this book *The Divine Feminine*, but his publishers perceived objections.

This was Oliphant's last work; the joint legacy to the world, as he firmly believed, of himself and his counterpart in heaven. He still traveled restlessly back and forth between England and the East, seeking, in the spirit of the primitive apostles, everywhere and by all means to disseminate the truth as he had received it. He even paid one more brief visit to America. But his bodily strength was visibly declining, and in November, 1888, he died in the house of one of the comrades of his youth, at Twickenham on the Thames. Three months before he had performed one of the most inexplicable and seemingly inconsistent acts of his eccentric career. He had contracted a second marriage with a daughter of the late Robert Dale Owen, who shared his visionary views, and nursed him in his last illness as only a wife could have done, but with a full understanding on both sides that this union of sad expediency was without prejudice to that spiritual first marriage of which the world had received such solemn attestation. The actual disciples of Harris presume to assert, as we have said, that both Laurence and Alice Oliphant died untimely because they denied the truth of his revelation, and thus cut themselves off from certain sources of life which are supposed to reside in the "father." It is even claimed by some that Harris himself and those who truly keep the faith will not die at all. But we have seen that Alice was cut off by malarial

fever, while Laurence's malady was the same as his martyred mother's, and no doubt inherited from her. Its course was rapid and singularly painless. The patient's mind was always clear, his faith confident and happy. He reverted, at the very last, to the religious language of his earliest years, and died with such phrases upon his lips as have for ages been deemed conclusive of a simple Christian hope.

It is worthy of remark that in Oliphant's case, as well as in Count Tolstoi's and that of certain other of the more radical innovators of our day, we are driven back perforce to the first century of our era for anything like a near parallel to their course, or plausible clue to their position. Viewed in the light of the New Testament, the actions of these men seem not altogether strange, whatever we may think of their tenets. For Laurence Oliphant's peculiar beliefs the reader is referred to his latest writings. He will find much hard and bewildering reading there, for the style is labored and obscure, and some remarkable reasoning. But he will also find an unflinching altruism and an ideal standard of morality; while the theory of the blended fatherhood and motherhood of God, as reflected in the new and closer union of true counterparts in married life, has unquestionably, as the biographer says, recommended itself to some of the best of people as a true revelation from heaven.

Were it indeed such, it could do no more at the outset than arrest the attention and claim the acceptance of a few good people. The Christian revelation itself did no more than this. But the testimony of Laurence Oliphant's life is far less ambiguous than that of his books. He shrank from no sharpest test of moral sincerity. By nature one of the most pleasure-loving of mortals, he stopped at no sacrifice of ease, or wealth, or joy. He stultified himself in the eyes of the worldly no less by what he did

than by what he wrote; nevertheless, his place is assuredly among those who have counted not their lives dear, so they might grasp the Highest Good. He followed, as some indeed in every age have done, the highest of known examples in choosing the "form of a servant," and resolutely abiding by that self-denying choice. It doth not yet appear what the sons of God shall hereafter be, but if the amazing promises to those who have left houses and lands and kindred for the kingdom of heaven's sake retain any lasting validity, or ever had any intelligible meaning, their fulfillment must be for such as he. Putting that celestial recompense quite out of the question, however, one is tempted to declare them sufficiently rewarded here if they are saved from spiritual atrophy; if they retain, as this wayward, uncalculating, credulous, fallible, and yet faithful pair undoubtedly did, a happy faith in things divine, an open vision of the unseen.

It would be almost impertinent to praise the manner in which Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant has executed her delicate and difficult task. Her great literary aptitude and experience, the keenness of her perceptions, the breadth of her charity, the mingled shrewdness and gentleness of her judgments, and her power, so many times exemplified as a sympathetic and eloquent yet discerning biographer, all pointed her out as the fittest person in the world to tell this extraordinary story. Her view of the prophet Harris appears to us the most charitable that the case permits, and essentially the right one. He was honest in the beginning, — a single-minded and devout fanatic. He was so still at the time when he obtained his despotic influence over the candid but impressionable mind of Lady Oliphant and her son. But his head was turned and his heart corrupted by the possession of unlawful power; while the assumption of a direct warrant from heaven was his

first fatal falsehood, and the parent of many more.

Mrs. Oliphant is really so great a lady of letters, and we have all received so largely of her bounty, that we feel she has a sort of right to certain literary privileges and favorite solecisms of language; and that it would be petty, if not unseemly, to cavil at her for sometimes confounding *shall* and *will*, for her supposed American use of the word *allow* for *concede* or *admit*, and for insisting upon writing *diplomat* as a masculine form of *diplomate*. Let us rather close this imperfect survey of what is at least the most suggestive and affecting book of an arid year with a significant passage from the author's final summing up of her subject: —

"The priests and martyrs of the old ages had even too much conscience of what they were doing, and never made light of the sacrifice; but the nineteenth century has this advantage over its predecessors which we call the ages of faith. It is all for materialism, for profit, for personal advantage; the most self-interested, the least ideal, of ages. But when, here and there, a generous spirit, emancipated from these bonds, rises above the age, his sacrifice is no longer marked with gloom, or made into an operation of pain; it is a willing offering, — more than willing, unconsidered, lavish, gay, the joyous giving up, without a backward look or thought, of everything for the love of God — except the love of man."

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS

Religion and Theology. Who Wrote the Bible? a Book for the People, by Washington Gladden. (Houghton.) The higher criticism has been expended now for some time upon the Bible, with the result that a certain consensus of judgment may be regarded as attained. It has been Dr. Gladden's plan to present this latest accepted word of the critics in such a form as to meet the inquiries of a large class of readers who are uneasy over the rumors which have reached them, and are intelligent enough to receive reasonably a statement of results if given in the vernacular. The author has not been eager to give his readers the very latest conjecture and suspicion, but shows himself to be at once conservative and frank. The book ought to help many to readjust their views and to fortify their faith. — The Professor's Letters, by Theophilus Parsons. (Roberts Bros.) Originally these letters were addressed to a young girl of sensitive religious nature by a well-known writer of law books, who was a follower of Swedenborg. The tenderness and friendliness of the writing give an attractive character to the work, which is

not so officially Swedenborgian as to repel those who are not in sympathy with the New Church, but are open to the refining thought which is apt to accompany the belief of its members. — Following the methods of other scholars, a number of students of church history have formed the American Society of Church History for the purpose of research, meetings, and publication. The third volume of these Papers (Putnam's) contains what is in effect a treatise on The Renaissance, by Dr. Schaff, as well as shorter papers on The Historical Geography of the Christian Church, The Anabaptists of the Sixteenth Century, and other topics. Perhaps this subdivision of work is desirable, but we hope the day will come when historical societies at large will regard ecclesiastical history as within their purview.

Social and Political Science. The American Citizen, by Charles F. Dole. (Heath.) It is interesting, in view of the large number of books devoted to teaching the duties and rights of the citizen, to observe in what a variety of ways writers approach the subject. The fact that the study is pushing

its way into the common school is leading writers to consider how it may be made comprehensive, and how it may engage the attention of those who have not been trained to think abstractly. Mr. Dole in this book begins at the right end, for he traces the notion of formal society in a very practical way through the family, the school, the playground, the social life of the young, up to the state, continuing with an application of principles to economics and to international law. A pretty wide range is taken, and some of the steps may be regarded as leaps; but the book unquestionably will set both teachers and scholars to thinking, and it bases all considerations on ethical and not conventional grounds. — *The Relation of Labor to the Law of To-day*, by Lujo Brentano. Translated from the German by Porter Sherman. (Putnams.) A compact treatise, proceeding on historical lines, which discusses the guilds as predecessors of trades-unions, then treats of these unions, and so comes to the heart of the struggle going on to-day. The second book deals with the economic principles of the labor question. The solution of the question, as it lies in the author's mind, rests finally in the realization of freedom and equality of all before the law. — The fifth and sixth numbers of the Ninth Series of Johns Hopkins University series (Baltimore) are occupied with an investigation into the causes which led to the development of municipal unity among the Lombard communes, by William Klapp Williams, and bears the title *The Communes of Lombardy from the Sixth to the Tenth Century*. His inquiry seems to demonstrate the more vigorous principle of Teutonic organization as compared with the weaker remnant of Roman system. — In the series *Questions of the Day* (Putnams) Mr. George Haven Putnam has issued a very serviceable book under the title *The Question of Copyright*, which gives a summary of the copyright laws at present in force in the chief countries of the world, together with a report of the legislation now pending in Great Britain, a sketch of the contest in the United States, 1837-1891, in behalf of international copyright, and contains also certain papers on the development of the conception of literary property, and on the probable effects of the new American law. Mr. Putnam appears here as author as well as editor,

and other writers are Mr. Bowker, Mr. Besant, Mr. Brander Mathews, and Sir James Stephen. — *The Yellow Ribbon Speaker, Readings and Recitations*, compiled by Anna H. Shaw, Alice Stone Blackwell, and Lucy Elmina Anthony. (Lee & Shepard.) As the names of the compilers indicate to those who do not know the significance of the yellow ribbon, this speaker contains passages in prose and verse which tell for the cause of woman's rights, as that term is popularly understood. — A second series of *Speeches, Lectures, and Letters*, by Wendell Phillips (Lee & Shepard), has been published, and further volumes are promised. These speeches will be read, we suspect, as Whittier's poems are read, more for their eloquence and impassioned invective than as contributions to the history of the country. Mr. Phillips had the courage of his convictions, but those convictions were not always justified by the event. In this volume is a stirring tribute to Lincoln, but possibly some of his auditors remembered Mr. Phillips's earlier judgment of the President when he characterized him with a sneer as a "first-rate second-rate man." — *Politics and Property, or Phronocracy, a Compromise between Democracy and Plutocracy*, by Slack Worthington. (Putnams.) Mr. Worthington begins with the serious statement: "It is evident to mankind in general that the earth on which we reside — an infinitesimal portion of the material universe — exists;" but in eighteen pages after this elemental start he reaches the Democratic and Republican parties. The main contention is for a system of cumulative taxation, but phronocracy involves also limitation of the suffrage and the occupation by the United States of all land from the frozen north to the Isthmus. Why should not the phronocratic philosopher wish to go further south? An isthmus is a most arbitrary stopping-place. — *Henry George's Protection or Free Trade* has been issued in a twenty-five-cent edition in paper covers. (Henry George & Co., New York.) — *The Criminal Jurisprudence of the Ancient Hebrews*, compiled from the Talmud and other Rabbinical Writings, and compared with Roman and English Penal Jurisprudence, by S. Mendelsohn. (M. Curlander, Baltimore.) A most interesting compilation, and one most suggestive as to the high moral standard of the Hebrew

nation. It would be of even more interest to modern students if the land and usury laws of the ancient Hebrews could be subjected to the same critical editing. Of no slight value is the chapter of Maxims and Rules which bears out the reputation of the Hebrews for proverbial wisdom.

Essays. Excursions in Art and Letters, by William Wetmore Story. (Houghton.) Mr. Story has written so learnedly upon subjects connected with the arts which he engages in, and yet has scattered his work through so many periodicals, that he has done a service to students and readers in thus collecting what otherwise would miss a long life. The papers in this volume are Michel Angelo, Phidias and the Elgin Marbles, The Art of Casting in Plaster among the Ancient Greeks and Romans, A Conversation with Marcus Aurelius, and Distortions of the English Stage as instanced in "Macbeth." The wide range of his scholarship and the sweep of his intellectual sympathy are well indicated by these subjects and his treatment of them. — Unhappy Loves of Men of Genius, by Thomas Hitchcock. (Harpers.) Mr. Hitchcock has chosen a dozen subjects, chiefly from the ranks of men of letters, since they usually furnish the largest number of documents in evidence. He has done his work with good taste and an interest which is communicated to the reader. Yet we wonder why it is that when we come to the passion of love, novels containing imaginary cases are so much more interesting than biographies which deal with actual and recorded psychological phenomena.

Music and the Drama. Music in its Relation to Intellectual Life; Romanticism in Music. Two Lectures by F. L. Ritter. (Edward Schuberth & Co., New York.) Mr. Ritter makes the second of these lectures to consist mainly in running comments on the succession of composers of the romantic school. — Hamlet from the Actor's Standpoint, its Representatives and a Comparison of their Performances, by Henry P. Phelps. (Edgar S. Werner, New York.) An odd medley, out of which one can pick a good many significant comments on the presentation of the character, but not many on the nature of Hamlet. The notes which Mr. Furness gathered from Mr. Booth and others, and used in his Va-

riorum edition, are rather more pointed in this respect. — Blind, The Intruder, translated from the French of Maurice Maeterlinck by Mary Vielé. (W. H. Morrison, Washington.) These two plays belong to the work of the impressionist school in literature, and it would be difficult to find elsewhere language so stripped of ideality in form and yet so charged with meaning. The author has, as it were, dealt with words in masses, and manages to convey to the mind distinct impressions which cannot be traced for origin to particular phrases. The work is a curiosity of form. Mrs. Vielé has skillfully done her work as a translator.

Hygiene. Power through Repose, by Annie Payson Call. (Roberts Bros.) A little book which presents in a lucid, earnest way the observations and reflections of a woman who has studied the various forms in which nervous tension shows itself in her sex, and has reached the perception of certain simple but far-reaching laws which, if obeyed, would correct the apparently fatal tendency to nervous exhaustion. Miss Call writes as one who has a mission, but her book in its method and style is an admirable illustration of her principle so well condensed in the title. — Drinking-Water and Ice Supplies, and their Relations to Health and Disease, by T. Mitchell Prudden. (Putnams.) A lively popular statement of the general conditions which affect the purity and impurity of water and ice. The author prudently abstains from specific instructions, but seeks to interest the householder in the subject, with the view to making him or her, very often her, more intelligently observant. — What to Eat, How to Serve it, by Christine Terhune Herrick. (Harpers.) It is surprising how many variations can be played on this familiar tune. Mrs. Herrick writes as freshly and as sensibly on breakfasts, lunches, dinners, and high teas, the rooms in which they are served, the furniture of the table and the service, as if ever so many housekeepers, she among them, had not been giving the same excellent advice any time the past dozen years. — The Daughter, her Health, Education, and Wedlock; Homely Suggestions for Mothers and Daughters, by William M. Capp, M. D. (F. A. Davis, Philadelphia.) An unpretentious, sensible little book, which would

perhaps make more of an impression if the writer had a more epigrammatic style ; but he says a good many things which will arrest attention because of the simplicity and reasonableness of the presentation.

History and Biography. Mr. John Fiske, in the friendly preface to his two-volume work on *The American Revolution* (Houghton), declares that he has never to this day understood the secret of the interest shown in the work when he was delivering it piecemeal before companies of young and old. We suspect his readers could reveal the secret to him by explaining to a mind not ordinarily obtuse that the power of coördination which he has enables him to select the really essential facts in a narrative of the Revolution, and to place them in such relation as to disclose the connection of cause and effect ; and that his own human interest in the story is communicated to the reader through the medium of a limpid, animated style. Mr. Fiske has a marvelous faculty for appropriating the best material and transforming it by his genius into the appearance of his own invention. These volumes read as if the author designed the American Revolution. — *The American Race, a Linguistic Classification and Ethnographic Description of the Native Tribes of North and South America*, by Daniel G. Brinton. (Hodges.) Dr. Brinton introduces his study with an inquiry into the origin of American races, and after disposing of other theories, maintains an European origin from the northwest. His main work, however, is to classify the races into five groups, on the basis of language, though he does not neglect the evidence of craniology. He gathers into this volume the results already announced by him in a more fragmentary form. — In his *The Life and Times of John Dickinson* (Lippincott), Dr. Charles J. Stillé has written a temperate and reasonable exposition of the career of a statesman who was so philosophical in mind, so legal in training, and so courageous in disposition that he was pretty sure to be misunderstood in a time of political upheaval, and we may add, pretty sure also to misunderstand the actual tendency of events. The study is an excellent contribution to historical literature, and marks quite well the new spirit in which our political history is written, — a spirit which is unpartisan, yet

national. — *Under a Colonial Roof-Tree, Fireside Chronicles of Early New England*, by Arria S. Huntington. (Houghton.) The apparent carelessness of this book adds to its charm. A more formal method and a closer regard to the demands of antiquarian students might have served to dissipate something of the agreeable flavor which now attaches to these rambling pages wherein old Hadley and the life it held reappear and disappear to the eye. One gets glimpses of household interiors which are not the reconstruction of the author, but the result of her affectionate unveiling of records and diaries. — *The Biography of Dio Lewis*, by Mary F. Eastman. (Fowler & Wells Co.) The author of this life must have despaired of putting on record a character so charged with vitality as that of Dr. Lewis. He was a whole battery in himself, giving off sparks in all directions, and electrifying every one with whom he came in contact. His work in promoting knowledge and observance of the laws of health was admirable and has been continued by many disciples ; but the public that knew him here may be somewhat surprised at the extent of his labors for temperance. He seemed, in New England parlance, always about to be flying off the handle, but in reality he was cutting at all sorts of evils. The biography is not too formal, and one gets a tolerably faithful notion of this lively reformer, with his generous nature and his restless impulses.

Poetry. *The Vision of Misery Hill, a Legend of the Sierra Nevada, and Miscellaneous Verse*, by Miles I'Anson. (Putnam's.) A collection of hearty rhymes which have sometimes the vigor as well as the slouch of the miner. The pictures were engraved by no ordinary engraver, or if the engraver was ordinary his tools were not.

Education and Textbooks. *Memorials of St. Paul's School*. (Appleton.) St. Paul's School at Concord, N. H., has contrived in its short career of thirty-six years to accumulate a body of traditions which, if all goes well, will furnish the basis for delightful memories for many generations. Very likely some of the varied forms of life which it has cultivated in these earlier years will disappear, but good customs which have stood the test of two generations of men are likely to prevail ; and this

volume, interesting now to on-lookers, will one of these days have peculiar interest to those who are curious as to the beginnings of things. We would not for this reason advise persons to buy it and store it against an indefinite future use, but we can assure the reader who does not happen to have been a St. Paul's boy, or a Concordian, as J. H. C. would have us call him, that he will find in this work a most lively account of a Knabengarten. The ingenuity which has gone into this cultivation of boy life at Concord is extraordinary. — French by Reading, a Progressive French Method, by Louise Seymour Houghton and Mary Houghton. (Heath.) The principle upon which this clever book is designed is that of a teacher and pupil working together. After a brief introduction giving the necessary information as to letters and their pronunciation, a series of lessons is given,

which start with interlinear translations, just as a teacher might read aloud to the pupil, follow with grammatical inferences, and conclude with the French passage free from the translation. The series proceeds from easy forms to more difficult.

Fiction. One of our Conquerors, by George Meredith. (Roberts.) The initiated may be left to analyze the elements of greatness in this book. To the reader bred on intelligible literature, the game seems hardly worth the candle. He finds characters enigmatically named whose story, simple in its main lines, is so swathed in envelopes of phrases which constantly suggest occult meaning as to make him wonder if he is not at work upon the inversion of a parable. One of our Conquerors is apparently loaded to the muzzle with meaning, and the result is likely to be nearly fatal to the innocent reader who touches it off.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

An Experience in Re-collecting.

It has occurred to the writer that the extent to which it is possible, by a determined and persistent effort of the will, to recall some special event long since forgotten, or revive a certain association of impressions which time and stress of circumstances seem to have blotted utterly and irrevocably out of our consciousness, has not yet been given its due share of attention.

The remarkable facts of Dr. Tanner served to extend the supposed limit of human endurance without food so far beyond any previous conceptions of it as to confound the physiologists. So, perhaps, some one, by a series of careful observations and experiments, may so extend our ideas of the limit of human recollection as to astonish the psychologists.

Indeed, already there seems enough of fact and experience to warrant the assumption that, given a healthy brain, the limit of recollection is determined simply by the measure of will power of which one is capable. For instance, there are our daily surprises of *involuntary* recollection, not only convincing us of the abiding nature of

our impressions, but also illustrating the strangely erratic ways they have of passing in and out of the orbit of our consciousness. And further confirmation of the remarkable tenacity of our impressions and the extraordinary possibilities of their revival is found in the familiar and uniform testimony of those persons rescued from drowning or other situations of great peril, who tell us how the events of a lifetime passed with incredible swiftness in review before them.

Now, if such conditions of mental exaltation are brought on *involuntarily* by such extreme emergencies, it seems not at all improbable that a similar condition of super-exalted and active memory might be invoked by the efforts of a strong, well-disciplined will. If people generally were possessed of this conviction, there can be little doubt of its proving of great practical advantage in many ways. Take, for example, the distressing situation of a person falsely accused, or of one whose life or fortune or honor may depend on the complete recollection of some little event, or the important words uttered on a certain occasion,

with all the attending and confirming circumstances : the usual course, after a few fitful and hopeless endeavors to recall these misty and faded-out impressions, is for the person to give up in utter despair ; but if he were encouraged to believe, and fully assured, that by long and sustained effort (it might be of days', it might be of weeks' duration), he would at last be able to recall the exculpating words and the collateral incidents, is it not quite probable that he would succeed ?

Such an illustration of the possibility of recollection is furnished by Dr. Holmes's story (in *Mechanism in Thought and Morals*) of the gentleman who, in the last agonies of drowning, had restored to him remembrance of having placed between the leaves of a book, years before, a certain bond, the loss of which involved not only a large sum of money, but his reputation for veracity as well. Now, if this person had been fully persuaded that by determined and prolonged effort to recall his act he could at last revive recollection of the missing bond, it is more than probable that he would have accomplished it, and not been indebted for its recovery to the adventitious aid of hydropathic treatment.

A little experience of the writer, though not claimed to be at all conclusive, yet leads him to believe that this might have been done. About twenty-five years ago, he, in company with two young ladies, attended a concert in Troy, the attractive feature of which was the singing of a certain worthy and aspiring young lady of Albany, then known simply as Miss Emma Lajeunesse, now as the famous singer Madame Albani.

The programmes provided for the occasion were of unusual amplitude, and included, besides the order of exercises, choice selections from noted authors, intended to amuse and edify the audience while waiting. It occurred to one of our company to propose that we should try which of us could soonest commit and recite a certain little poem ascribed to Goethe. The writer succeeded in doing it by the time the concert commenced.

The incident served its purpose for the time and, like other trivialities invented for an occasion, passed out of his mind, as did the poem also.

Months after, one of the ladies wrote

him, inquiring if he could then recall the lines which she had tried but evidently failed to recollect. At first, though he made quite prolonged effort to do so, he could not even remember the subject, and it was only after much further labor that part of a line came to him. But his pride revolting at a confession of failure, he still kept on trying to remember, and by this persistence through the day brought a few more scattered fragments to mind. That night he dropped to sleep with the resolve to waken early, and while the brain was clearest make another attempt to recall it. Accordingly, waking about four o'clock A. M., after struggling some time, he managed, as Mark Twain has expressed it, to "blast out" two of the stanzas, after which, being quite exhausted by the effort, he fell asleep again. But he must have left the recollecting machinery running, for, when he wakened again at seven, the words of the last stanza were not long in marshaling themselves in order, ready to pass out through the narrow gate into consciousness.

At that time he noted the fact that, just as the faults of a negative are reproduced in the copied photograph, so one or two little inaccuracies, into which he would fall in spite of himself when first committing the lines, again appeared in his labored recollection of them.

His experience, too, confirmed the observation of others, that, once give the brain an impulse towards the solving of any problem, the continuity of its effort in that direction is not entirely broken by the intervention of sleep, or its diversion for a time to other thoughts.

Some Unwritten Poems of "The Pa-thetic." — Adopting the theory that everybody is on occasion a poet whose felicitous single line, or even fragment of a line, deserves to go upon record, I began some time since to rescue from total oblivion such lyrical fugitives as came in my way. From the collection thus made, certain extracts, here submitted, seem to me very creditable to their unconscious or careless authors. The first of my fugitives, with all its appearance of bearing the "professional touch," was merely post-prandial in its origin, and doubtless has been long forgotten by its clever utterer. The conversation had turned upon the efficiency for good or ill of apparently

slight and generally unrecognized influences.

"A spark
Whose tiny flash has fired the prairie dies
Unseen amid the glory it has lighted,
Yet, after all, was nothing but a spark."

Here is another verse which might have been the opening of an ode by Quintus Horatius Flaccus addressed to Postumus :

"Ah, how the years exile us into dreams !"

It has, however, no context, and no record save the present one ; so the reader is at liberty to add (as I did when the words slipped unregarded into the air) whatever seems the true sequel, in the way of wistful reminiscence or of protest at Time's fierce haste.

Another one-line poem was the *sotto voce* exclamation of a romantic voyager of my acquaintance who, on a stormy night, from the deck of his steamer, recognized a beacon-light not set down in the Coast Survey :

"It is her lamp, — the only light in heaven !"

If the foregoing have a certain literary aroma, I flatter myself that the rest I have to offer are of a quite opposite character. Such, for instance, the conclusion reached by one who was sending a series of fond messages. Impatient that words could not be made to carry the whole freight of her feeling, the sender interrupted herself with,

"Oh, tell him the things I meant to say !"

Such, too, the perpetual monody of an insane woman, who unconsciously voiced a common disability of our beclouded human nature :—

"They said that my mind was too melancholy !"

Among these sombre canticles I recall the words of my old family physician, who had never heard of Omar Khayyám, but who spoke merely from the questioning standpoint of the medical profession, when he was wont to say, —

"There 's a long time after, — when you 're dead."

Also among my collection is a brief chant of leave-taking which I had from an ex-filibuster of Walker's Expedition. A young Spaniard, mortally wounded, was heard to cry out as he fell,

"Adios, mundo !"

A lyric of pain, briefer still and as heavily burdened with mortality, came from a sick

child who, looking up into his mother's face, crowded all inquiry into the one unanswerable word, —

"Why ?"

A Genius for Friendship. — The wholesome spirit of optimism pervading the Club forbids one's embracing any radically discouraged view of human life and its relations. Yet I trust that for once only an old member may be permitted to disburden a mind made heavy by the recent recital of two instances illustrating the occasional one-sidedness of a certain covenant which Cicero and others have treated with great discrimination. The first of these two instances presents the case of an unsuccessful man of business virtually ending his days by the inmedicable disease, chagrin. Hearing that the partner whose selfish dexterity has brought about this conclusion is pushing a magnificent architectural scheme, the dying man, with a querulous monotony, repeats these words : "No, no, it can't be ! One man builds a house, and another man dies without a roof to call his own !" The other instance is yet more poignantly relevant. An all-absorbing egotist, gifted with that facile and fatal possession, the "artistic temperament," has been the efficient cause of ruin to a liberal friend, a painter of no mean ability. The octopus — for to this prehensile order of predatory creature belongs the egotist in question — still recalls his old comrade in the following gracious manner : "Poor fellow ! nobody ever pretended that he could paint, but he did have a genius for friendship !"

Now I do not count myself a cynic, but I leave it with the Club : Do not such blots upon the 'scutcheon of amity suggest, in these two cases at least, that the whole matter is regulated by the law of "supply and demand" ? In other words, does it not somewhat too frequently happen that those who give all are thrown in the way of those whose nature it is to receive all and to give nothing ? Every generous and unsuspecting creature invites its fate. Hence it is that sheepfolds are decimated and the free horse goes to his death. "The genius for friendship" likewise tempts a hard master, who will not fail to provide exhaustive employment. There is current a rough truism which is not inapplicable to this subject : "Those who are willing to take the black end of the poker will always get it."